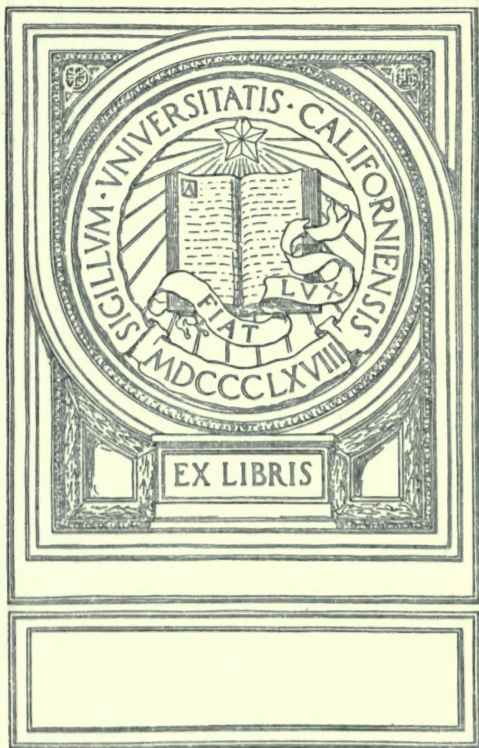
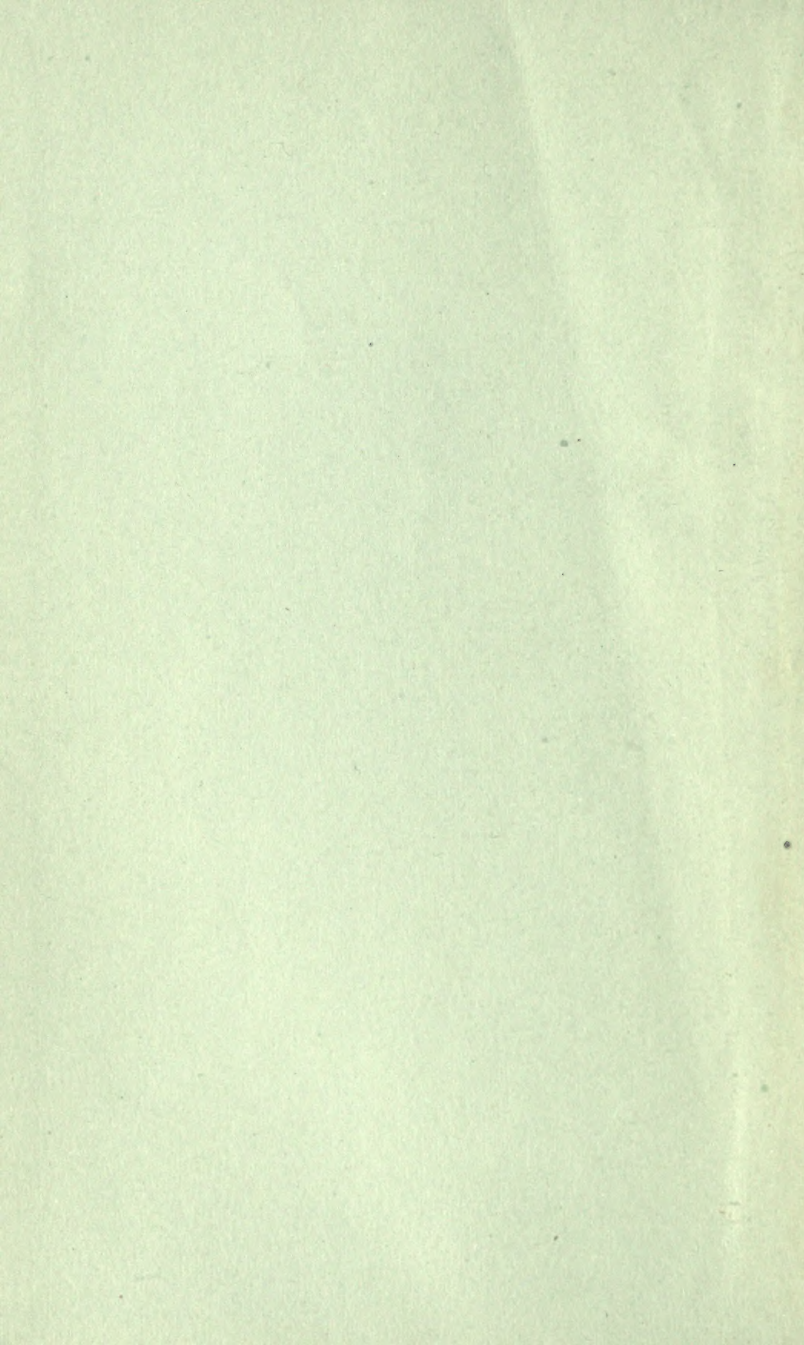


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A COLLEGE COURSE
IN
WRITING FROM MODELS

ARRANGED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

FRANCES CAMPBELL BERKELEY, A. M.

Instructor in English in the University of Wisconsin.



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PREFACE

THE order of selections in the following volume is recommended as a practicable one for a class to follow consecutively. The editor has particularly striven for a sequence in selections and exercises which should represent the normal, logical growth in comprehension and facility of the average Freshman or Sophomore. Under nearly every type of exercise, however, alternative "models" have been offered, in order to provide greater breadth of choice to students of varying tastes and capacities.

In printing the selections, the punctuation and spelling of the original texts have been almost invariably retained. Changes have been made only when they seemed absolutely necessary, either for greater intelligibility to students, or for the correction of obvious errors.

For permission to reprint various copyrighted selections, my acknowledgments are made.

I am indebted to Mr. Carl H. Ruenzel, Wisconsin, 1912, for the use of his themes on *The Fireless Cooker* and *How to Curve a Baseball*.

I have been fundamentally aided by the criticism and advice of Professor W. T. Brewster, and the late Professor G. R. Carpenter, of Columbia University. To the members of the Department of English at the University

of Wisconsin I am also greatly indebted for valuable suggestions, in particular to Professor W. B. Cairns, and Professor W. G. Bleyer. My chief acknowledgments are due, however, to Professor J. W. Cunliffe and Professor F. G. Hubbard, without whose counsel and assistance the completion of this volume would have been impossible.

F. C. B.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

JANUARY, 1910.

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INTRODUCTION

The present volume of prose selections urges, as its best excuse for being, the conviction of the editor that it is founded on a principle psychologically and pedagogically sound. Although this principle, in the abstract, has been recognized by teachers, and although it has been delightfully expounded and advocated by Robert Louis Stevenson, it has not, so far as I am aware, had a sufficiently wide nor definite application to the study of writing among undergraduates.

It is my own firm belief that no student ever yet learned to write by means of studying rules and abstract principles from a text-book on rhetoric. After a fairly long experience with the endeavors of Freshmen and Sophomores, I feel absolutely sure that, to these long-suffering youngsters, "unity, mass, coherence," and all their works remain "miching mallecho" to the end of the chapter. Still another objection to this sort of teaching, besides its abstractness, and consequent unintelligibility to the undergraduate mind, is that such teaching is mainly destructive. A freshman, for instance, is obliged to learn, for a recitation, chapter five of So-and-so's book, on the particular question of "Diction and Usage," or—say—on "Style." He memorizes ten or a dozen minute prohibited points. All of these things he is told never to do,—many of them he never does do, anyhow. The actual writing required of him, at the same time, may be an entirely irrelevant sort of thing, in which no connection between theory and practice is either contemplated or achieved by the instructor. It is little wonder that we fail to "get results," or that rhetoric is considered "dry," and "Freshman English"

“a stupid bore.” We all, indeed, feel the inadequacy of much of our present system, with its abundant destructive and its scanty constructive elements. Who has not been more than once confronted, after class, with a flushed and puzzled face, and disconcerted by the innocent, yet searching plaint: “If I only knew what to do to improve my writing, I would try to do it!”

To this practical question, then,—“What must I do to improve my writing?”—the following exercises are offered as an attempt at a constructive answer. They are based on the proposition that we learn to write as the result of a very subtle, and, for the most part, unconscious process of absorption and imitation. It is a truism to say that, other things being equal, the man who has read widely, who is saturated with literary prose, will be the man who will *unconsciously* write well. In what other way, on the whole, can we account for the prose style of Macaulay, of Hazlitt, of J. S. Mill, of Lamb? And, strangely enough, although rhetorical principles seem to be hopelessly recondite to most undergraduates, nearly every Freshman, even, has the power of imitating a definite form or effect once it is shown him, squarely. He may do it in a queer, clumsy way, perhaps often unconsciously, but—he does it! The teaching of abstract prohibitive rules has, of course, its function,—the function of pruning the too-carelessly growing, or over-luxuriant, foliage. But such teaching can never ultimately succeed in vivifying the germ and fostering the growing plant.

The average instructor of Freshmen, in English composition, is confronted with a difficult problem. To him are entrusted a more or less heterogeneous company of young people, whom he is to have charge of for only a limited period. In this limited period, he is expected to “get results,” and, before the year is over, to reduce fifty

or more variously imperfect "preparations" to some sort of uniform power of achievement. Few of these Freshmen have had an adequate home or school training. It then becomes the instructor's duty to produce, in eight or nine months, some tithe of the effect that should have been produced in the past, by long years of unconscious absorption.

To meet this need, the ideal Freshman course in writing would represent as much and as varied reading as might be crowded into the time, with a sufficient amount of reading aloud, from week to week, in order that the student's ear as well as his eye may be trained. Writing in the course would be equally constant and, at least in part, based upon or adapted from the reading. The discussions of rules and theory would be confined, as far as possible, to text criticism on themes and to conferences. This last might easily be done with the aid, for reference, of so orderly and useful a compendium of rules, for example, as Dr. E. C. Woolley's *Handbook of Composition*. (D. C. Heath, 1907). In such a course, the work of the class room would be entirely constructive, entirely concerned with the actual expression of ideas in the writing of people who write effectively, and with the immediate assimilation of all these modes and suggestions into the actual practice of the student.

It is far from my intention to seem ignorant of the already well-nigh universal practice of "studying models," after one fashion or another, in the teaching of composition. The following exercises claim originality, indeed, only in the adaptation of such "models" to a more definite and immediate end,—to give the student, along with his subject, an example of how some one else has written upon a subject largely, if not entirely similar in type. Even these extracts are, so to speak, hardly original, since many of

them have already been "selected" by previous editors. If the book has any merit of choice, it lies rather in what has been excluded than in what has been included. It might be added that I have myself tried nearly all of these exercises, with satisfactory results.

The "adapted subjects" and the "suggestions" are intended to be suggestive rather than definitive. Every class will have to have its subjects modified, or more closely adapted to local conditions.

It is recommended that the exercises be used as a basis for at least half of the writing, and for a good deal of the class work in a Freshman course in composition. The extracts from the *American Commonwealth*, for example, should be carefully studied in class for several recitations before the students do any writing whatever. Then the first or the second exercise might be assigned as a theme to be prepared outside, and the third exercise be given as an impromptu. The adapted writing should be interspersed systematically with optional writing,—that is, with themes written from subjects of the student's own choosing, and without assistance from the instructor.

The remaining work of the course would consist of "outside reading," to be very carefully done and reported on, at regular intervals. These reading reports might be either written or oral. Four whole books for the year would not be too much to require. One of the following combinations, for example, would be sure to profit our hypothetical "average Freshman."

A

1. HUXLEY'S *Essays* (selected).
2. RUSKIN: *The Crown of Wild Olive*, or *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*.
3. STEVENSON: *An Inland Voyage*, or *Travels with a Donkey*.
4. Any good novel, or volume of short stories.

B.

1. JOHN BURROUGHS' *Essays* (selected).
2. STEVENSON: *Memories and Portraits* or *Virginibus Puerisque*.
3. One of Lafcadio Hearn's books of travel.
4. Some short stories by Kipling.

Yet every class will of course have to have a different treatment in the matter of outside reading. It is an advantage to have a whole section reading the same books, however, as this makes general class discussion practicable.

A word is perhaps needed to explain, or to justify, the absence of any models for Argumentation. As this book, however, has grown out of an elementary course in which there was no time for the study of argument, it has seemed inexpedient to add, arbitrarily, exercises in a kind of writing which is usually postponed until the later years of a college course.

My great indebtedness, finally, must be acknowledged to such collections as "*Modern English Prose*," by Professors G. R. Carpenter and W. T. Brewster, and "*Studies in Structure and Style*," by Professor Brewster. By Miss Gertrude Buck's two books, also,—"*Narrative Writing*" and "*Expository Writing*,"—I have been assisted fundamentally, if not in a way that may be specifically acknowledged. I likewise owe much, indirectly, to "*Materials for the Study of Rhetoric and Composition*," by Professor Fred N. Scott, published at Ann Arbor for use in the University of Michigan.

EXPOSITION

THE RHINES VOTE-RECORDING MACHINE*

THE practical machine is an oblong brass box, about 10 x 14 inches, six inches deep, with a hinged cover. This box is placed on a small stand in the rear of the polling-room, and in plain sight of the judges and clerks of election. The voter is identified by the judges and passes into the stall where the machine is. On raising the lid of the box, a screen is drawn up before the stall, shutting both voter and machine from view. The lid when raised discloses a number of keys not unlike organ stops. There are as many rows of keys as there are tickets in the field, and as many keys in a row as there are offices to be filled. The printed name of each candidate and the office to which he aspires are placed in the top of these keys.

The elector in voting presses down the key bearing the name of the candidate he wishes to support. The key remains down. In being pressed it has locked all the keys of other candidates to the same office, thus making it impossible for an elector to vote for more than one candidate to the same office; at the same time this key has imprinted indelibly, on a slip of paper beneath, a number—which is the total vote cast for that candidate at that time. The elector votes for each of the other offices in turn, in the same way, shuts down the lid of the box, thus ringing an alarm bell and dropping the screen

*Quoted from *An Introduction to Theme-Writing*, by J. B. Fletcher and G. R. Carpenter.

in front, exposing machine and voter to the view of the judges. The box lid on being closed liberates all the keys, and the machine is ready for the next voter.

—*The Nation*, April 18, 1889, p. 326.

THE FIRELESS COOKER

THE fireless cooker is the most modern device for saving 5
fuel and trouble in cooking. The principle upon
which it is based is the non-conductivity of heat of some
substances, such as dry hay, mineral wool, and excelsior.
When a heated liquid or solid is enveloped in one of these
substances the time required for the heat to escape is 10
greatly lengthened, and the process of cooking continues
for a long time, even though the source of heat is with-
drawn. There is, moreover, no danger from burning
or boiling over.

The fireless cooker is such a simple device that it can 15
be made by the prospective user with little trouble and a
great saving. The cooker, as made in the home, consists
of an outer wooden box which contains a good-sized metal
pail, the box being made large enough to allow for at least
five inches of packing with one of the above-named 20
substances on all sides of the pail except the top. Into
the metal pail a dish containing the substance to be cooked
is placed and the pail is provided with a tight-fitting cover.
To insure against the escape of heat from the top of the
pail, a cushion of the same substance as that used for 25
the packing is provided. This cushion is about four
inches thick and is of the same size as the interior of the

box, so that it fits snugly on all sides. The cover of the box is hinged on one side, and upon raising the cover the cushion can be removed and food can be put into or taken out of the pail at will. The outer pail is usually partly
5 filled with boiling water when food is to be cooked in it; this water retains its high temperature until fresh air is allowed to reach it, when the cover of the box and pail is removed. The food is cooked in the usual way for a short time before being put into the pail. The heating
10 of the boiling water and that imparted to the food before putting it into the cooker is sufficient to prepare the dish, and the food is now left in the cooker until it is thoroughly done.—A STUDENT'S THEME.

HOW A GONDOLA IS ROWED

15 **A** GONDOLA is in general rowed only by one man, standing at the stern; those of the upper classes having two or more boatmen, for greater speed and magnificence. In order to raise the oar sufficiently, it rests, not on the side of the boat, but on a piece of crooked timber like the branch of a tree, rising about a foot from
20 the boat's side, and called a "*fórcola*." The *fórcola* is of different forms, according to the size and uses of the boat, and it is always somewhat complicated in its parts and curvature, allowing the oar various kinds of rests and catches on both its sides, but perfectly free play in
25 all cases; as the management of the boat depends on the gondolier's being able in an instant to place his oar in any position. The *fórcola* is set on the right-hand side of the

boat, some six feet from the stern: the gondolier stands on a little flat platform or deck behind it, and throws nearly the entire weight of his body upon the forward stroke. The effect of the stroke would be naturally to turn the boat's head round to the left, as well as to send 5 it forward; but this tendency is corrected by keeping the blade of the oar under the water on the return stroke, and raising it gradually, as a full spoon is raised out of any liquid, so that the blade emerges from the water only an instant before it again plunges. A *downward* and lateral 10 pressure upon the *fórcola* is thus obtained, which entirely counteracts the tendency given by the forward stroke; and the effort, after a little practice, becomes hardly conscious, though, as it adds some labor to the back stroke, rowing a gondola at speed is hard and breathless 15 work, though it appears easy and graceful to the looker-on.

If then the gondola is to be turned to the left, the forward impulse is given without the return stroke; if it is to be turned to the right, the plunged oar is brought forcibly 20 up to the surface; in either case a single stroke being enough to turn the light and flat-bottomed boat. But as it has no keel, when the turn is made sharply, as out of one canal into another very narrow one, the impetus of the boat in its former direction gives it an enormous 25 leeway, and it drifts laterally up against the wall of the canal, and that so forcibly, that if it has turned at speed, no gondolier can arrest the motion merely by strength or rapidity of stroke of oar; but it is checked by a strong thrust of the foot against the wall itself, the head of the 30 boat being of course turned for the moment almost completely round to the opposite wall, and greater exertion made to give it, as quickly as possible, impulse in the new direction.—RUSKIN, *Stones of Venice*. vol. ii, pp. 373-4 Dana, Estes & Co.

HOW TO THROW A CURVE WITH A BASEBALL

THE average American boy who becomes interested in baseball starts to play the game with the intention of becoming a pitcher. He gets the idea that in order to be a real pitcher, he must be able to curve the ball in every way known to baseball, so he sets out to master the curves which are easiest to throw. I will try to tell the reader how the most simple curve, known as the out-curve, is thrown by a right-handed pitcher. This curve is called the out-curve because it curves out from a right-handed batter.

The ball is grasped in the right hand and is held mainly by the thumb and first two fingers, the third finger resting lightly against the sphere and helping to support it, while the fourth or little finger does not come into contact with the ball at all. When the ball is to be delivered, the arm is brought around with a sweeping over-handed or under-handed motion and the ball is allowed to leave the hand just before the swing is completed. When the ball leaves the hand, it is allowed to roll over the inner surface of the first finger, the thumb being used to start the ball in this direction. By rolling over the index finger in this manner and by giving the hand an outward turn when the ball leaves it, the ball is made to spin on a vertical axis and this spinning causes the ball to curve in the desired direction. The curve may be thrown as a sweeping curve or as a quick-breaking one. A sweeping curve is one that curves slowly from the time it leaves the pitcher's hand until it strikes some resistance, while a quick-breaking curve goes straight until it comes to within two or three feet of the plate and then suddenly shoots out and away from the batter. The latter curve is the more deceptive

of the two, and is caused to break so quickly by snapping the wrist back just before the ball is allowed to leave the hand. Speed is not required to throw the sweeping out-curve, so that any boy can learn to deliver it, but a medium amount of speed is required to throw the quick-breaking one. Hence the latter curve is rarely seen among the younger set of baseball enthusiasts, who have not acquired the speed necessary to throw this ball.—A STUDENT'S THEME.

SUGGESTIONS: Observe, in each of these short explanations, the logical plan that is clearly followed: (1) A preliminary description of parts. (2) An explanation of the combination and uses of these parts, or of the principle upon which the combination is based. Note that the preliminary description is essential for clearness.

Write for some one younger than yourself and use as simple words as possible.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Machines and apparatus:

A fountain pen.	A milking machine.
An electric door-bell.	A cash register.
A telephone transmitter.	The weather flags.
A type-writer.	A piece of laboratory apparatus.
The turbine wheel.	A racing shell.
A camera.	A street sprinkler.
A coffee-percolator.	A "penny-in-the-slot" machine.

Processes:

How to paddle a canoe.	How a boat goes through a lock.
The lariat and its uses.	Two modes of high jumping.
How to manage an automobile.	Sailing a boat.
Harnessing a horse.	Throwing the hammer.
Calling up a telephone number.	Making a stroke in golf.
	How to tell time.
	The Lawford stroke, in tennis.
	Learning to sew on a sewing machine.

HOW LETTERS GO THROUGH THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE

C. H. HUGHES

SIX hundred thousand letters dropped into the boxes and chutes at the post office on Park Row, between 5 p. m., and 8 p. m. in three hours, one of the days before Christmas, gives an idea of what the holidays meant to Superintendent Roome and his assistants. The letters had to be assorted and out of the building before the early morning mail arrived. But with pneumatic tubes, cancelling machines, and experienced clerks, tables that were piled high in the evening were emptied and waiting for the incoming mail.

December, 1908, was a busy month for the postal department. Official figures from Postmaster Morgan give the receipts from the sale of stamps as \$2,018,949, the largest in the history of the New York Post Office, exceeding that of December, 1907, by \$141,411.95. Several of the sub-stations during the past year had a most remarkable growth, particularly the one at the Hudson Terminal building, opened last July, where the sale of stamps for the first month was \$18,000, and in December six months later it was over \$50,000, an increase of nearly 200 per cent.

From the chutes marked "Outgoing Domestic Mail" along Park Row and Broadway the mail is taken to tables where the primary assortment is made, i. e., separation by States and Territories. The mail for the South and West is sent through pneumatic tubes to the Hudson Terminal Station and from there to the trains at Jersey City. En route, it is in charge of the railroad mail clerks,

who handled in 1908 nearly 20,000,000,000 pieces of first class matter and 35,000,000 of second class, and whose errors averaged one in about 12,000 pieces correctly distributed. The mail for the North and East is sent through tubes to Station H, and from there to the New York Central, and New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroads.

Letters dropped into the chutes for "New York City Only" are at once dispatched to the nearest station, where they are given to the carriers for distribution. 10

It is the aim of the clerks to get rid of the mail as soon as it arrives, and never allow it to accumulate. With the enormous quantities received at the post office, the breaking down of a compressor or an accident at a sub-station would mean, perhaps, several hours extra work. 15

New mechanical labor-saving devices are often tried, and the three that have proved the most successful, and have done much toward making the present rapid handling of the mail possible, are pneumatic tubes, cancelling machines, and belt conveyors. 20

Pneumatic tubes for transmitting packages, are of comparatively recent origin; yet the principle was exploited as long ago as 1667 by Denis Papin in England. Nearly two hundred years later, the International Telegraph Company, London, England, succeeded in sending carriers by compressed air through a tube an inch and a half in diameter and about 660 feet long. Its success was so marked that others were installed larger in diameter, and instead of a single tube, there were two, one for sending and one for receiving. 25 30

The system developed in England has the tubes radiate from a central station to sub-stations in different parts of the city, with two to the largest and one to the smallest. The outgoing carriers are dispatched by air pressure of

about ten pounds to the square inch, which, with a corresponding vacuum, makes the speed of the carriers the same in both directions. The English Post Department operates sixty miles of tubes, forty of which are in the London district.

Germany and other European countries have the Siemens system, differing in many respects from the English. In the Siemens the tubes are laid in circuits serving several stations, and the air is stored in large tanks and turned into the tubes whenever a carrier is dispatched. Berlin has thirty miles in operation, while Paris and Vienna have nearly the same number.

The Batcheller system is used in New York and extensively in the United States. In this system a continuous current of air flows through the tubes, and the carriers containing the letters are inserted and removed without interfering with the flow of air; in fact, they travel with it.

From the post office on Park Row, there are five branches, with terminals at the Custom House, Brooklyn Post Office, Station H (Grand Central), Hudson Terminal building, and Station L, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Lexington Avenue (West Side branch), the last two having been completed a short time ago. Before the branch to Station L was in operation, the mail was carried in bags by the elevated trains, but this service has been done away with.

The Custom House or Produce Exchange branch has a single carrier station, at No. 60 Wall Street. The branches to Brooklyn and Hudson Terminal building have no stations. The Grand Central has stations at No. 103 East Twelfth Street; Madison Square, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets, on Fourth Avenue; F, between Lexington and Third Avenues, on Thirty-fourth Street, and H, corner of Forty-third Street and

Madison Avenue. The West Side branch is the longest, with stations at A, between Prince and Houston Streets, on Green Street; V, corner of West Broadway and Canal Street; O, No. 122 Fifth Avenue; E, West Thirty-second Street, near Sixth Avenue; Times Square, No. 231 West 5
Thirty-ninth Street; G, West Fifty-first Street, near Broadway; N, Broadway, corner of Sixty-ninth Street; W, corner of Columbus Avenue and Eighty-fourth Street; J, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue, and L, corner of Lexington Avenue and One 10
Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.

It is proposed to connect H, of the Grand Central branch with L, of the West Side, by tubes through Stations Y, Sixty-eighth Street, near Third Avenue; K, Eighty-eighth Street, near Third Avenue, and U, One Hundred and 15
Third Street, corner of Third Avenue, thus making a circuit of two independent branches, and greatly improving the East Side service, as mail can then be sent to the post office either by the West Side branch or by the proposed branch and the present one from the Grand Central. A 20
cross-town branch is also contemplated from Times Square to H, that would add to the efficiency of the circuit. Still another is from O, No. 122 Fifth Avenue, to C, West Thirteenth Street and Ninth Avenue. This branch (called the Foreign Exchange) would be of great advantage 25
to the shipping interests on West Street.

Every station served by the pneumatic system in New York has an apparatus for transmitting and receiving carriers. At the post office there are two types of transmitters, the horizontal and the inclined. The former 30
is the older, and has a frame that swings out from the main line to receive the carrier, and then back again to dispatch it, the air forcing the carrier forward. An automatic time lock prevents the carriers from being

dispatched with less than twelve seconds' headway, thus insuring a fixed distance between them.

The inclined transmitters are used on the new Hudson Terminal and West Side branches. The carrier, instead of being inserted horizontally, is at an angle of about thirty degrees, and the large swinging frame is done away with. A considerable saving in floor space is made, and, owing to the cramped conditions, such a saving is valuable.

The striking force of a carrier traveling thirty miles an hour is no mean amount, and to design a receiver to stop it without injury called for ingenuity on the part of the designer. As the system is operated by compressed air, advantage was taken of it—in preference to springs or other devices. The carriers enter a chamber, the air forming a cushion in front of them, and are brought almost to a state of rest when they are discharged on to a table striking a buffer at one end. They are then taken from the table and opened.

During the rush hours a carrier is dispatched from the post office over each of the five branches every fifteen seconds; that is, one to the Hudson Terminal every fifteen seconds, one to Brooklyn every fifteen seconds, and so on, with a return service at the same rate. Twenty carriers are dispatched, and a like number received every minute. The men at the tubes are constantly on the jump, and none has any idle moments, for the slightest loafing or holding back would start the carriers collecting, and in two or three minutes there would be endless confusion.

A carrier takes three and one-half minutes to go to Brooklyn, two minutes to the Custom House, five minutes to Station L, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Lexington Avenue, and nearly nine minutes to H (Grand

Central), the latter requiring the extra time because of the rehandling at the Madison Square station.

The carriers are cylindrical in form, thirty inches long, weigh sixteen pounds, and hold 500 to 600 letters, tied together in small bundles marked with the station at which 5 they are to be delivered. They are about seven inches in diameter, or one inch less than the tubes, but they are made to fit snugly by two cotton rings, one at each end, held in place by wrought iron bands.

Carriers have been designed with doors on the side and 10 on the end. It is very important that no amount of jolting or shaking of the carrier in transit should open the door, and at the same time it must be easily and quickly opened by the men at the stations. The end door has been adopted in New York, and has proved satisfac- 15 tory.

When the five branches are in operation the carriers from all the stations can bring, it is estimated, 10,000 letters to the post office and take a similar number away 20 every minute.

The tubes consist of two eight-inch wrought iron pipes from the post office to each station, laid five to ten feet below the surface of the street. One is for the outgoing and the other for the incoming mail, and both are joined at the station and the post office, making a complete circuit 25 for the air to travel in. To the circuit is connected a compressor supplying air at a pressure sufficiently high to drive the carriers twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. For short distances, as to the Custom House, about five pounds per square inch is required, and for longer, as 30 to H, seven or more pounds.

Should a carrier accidentally get stuck in a tube it can sometimes be dislodged by increasing the pressure. If this is of no use, then a vacuum is made in the tube be-

hind it, and the air turned on in front, pushing the carrier back to the station it started from. Another way is to disconnect the transmitter at the station nearest the carrier and fire a revolver into the tube. The time is
5 noted that elapses from the discharge to the echo of the report reflected back by the obstructing carrier. Then, knowing the velocity of sound, it is easy to calculate the distance the carrier is from the station. In one instance it was found to be within a foot of the calculated distance.
10

In the basement of the post office are the compressors for the different branches. Three are driven by steam, but two recently installed are driven by electric motors geared to high pressure blowers.

15 The cancelling of first-class mail is now done by machines. Imagine the force of clerks that would be required to cancel by hand the 1,000,000 or so letters daily received at the post office. Of course, second and third-class mail and irregular shaped packages cannot be run
20 through machines, but then their number is small compared to the first class.

The machines do three things—first, cancel the stamp with a series of wavy lines; second, postmark the envelope with the city, state, date, and hour, and, third, count
25 the letter. Then there will be noticed in the line a number and also a letter, either C or D. The number designates the machine that did the cancelling, and the letter, C if collected by a carrier, or D if dropped into one of the chutes at the station.

30 The machines at the post office, Wall Street, and Hudson Terminal stations are called the “fliers,” and they rightly live up to the name, for each will cancel, postmark, and count 65,000 to 75,000 letters an hour, or seventeen to twenty per second. The letters leave in a perfect stream,

and batches of a thousand are run through in a minute. So rapid is the "flier" in stamping and cancelling that it is impossible to count the letters, except by a mechanical counter.

The flier consists of several sets of rollers and dies on a table and two racks for holding letters. The table is supported at a convenient height above the floor by a hollow cast-iron column. The rollers and dies are driven by an electric motor in the column. The letters are arranged with the stamps all in the same position, and then placed in the feeding rack. The operator starts the motor, and by lightly pressing on the letters they are drawn along one at a time by rubber-covered rollers to the steel dies that cancel the stamps and post-mark the envelopes. After passing the dies they are drawn by other rollers to the delivery rack, whence they are taken for distribution. The interesting feature is the arrangement of the dies to accommodate envelopes of different lengths, so that one nine inches long following one only three inches will be marked once, and not several times as might be expected.

There is now being tested at the Hudson Terminal Station a system of belt conveyors. Before it was installed the mail was dragged in large baskets or placed on small trucks and pushed from one part of the station to another. Belt conveyors have been widely used for carrying sand, stone, coal, and other materials, yet this is the first time they have been used for mail in New York.

Extending around the station and hanging about four feet from the ceiling by small rods are two lines of belt conveyors, one for the incoming and the other for the outgoing mail. The belts are of canvas eighteen inches wide, with boards along the sides preventing anything put on them from falling off.

The belt for the incoming mail is designed for taking metal trays to nine distribution boards. Each board has hundreds of pigeon-holes, marked with the names of cities and towns all over the United States. The trays
5 hold about 500 letters apiece, and across one of the ends has numbers from 1 to 9, representing the different boards. Suppose it is required to send letters from board 2 to board 6. A pointer on the tray is moved to number 6, the tray placed on the belt, runs past boards 3, 4 and 5,
10 but at 6 hits a lug that causes it to leave the belt and stop at the shelf for board 6.

The conveyor for the outgoing mail has chutes to the tables. The mail either in bags or packages is thrown onto the belt, carried along by it, and falls off at the chute.
15 Both conveyors run at a speed of about 200 feet a minute, and the one for the trays is driven by a five-horse-power-electric motor and the other by a three-horse-power. They were first used New Year's Eve (December 31, 1908), and it is doubtful if they will ever receive a more severe
20 test than they did that night. The amount of mail handled was a record-breaker, exceeding 1,000,000 pieces, and the conveyors worked without a hitch. It is estimated that they do away with the services of fifteen men.—New York *Evening Post*, February 20, 1909.

SUGGESTIONS: This is an easy and clear, if somewhat "journalistic" exposition of a rather complicated process. How does the writer open his exposition? What general function does such an opening perform? Of what does the body of the exposition consist? How far is description employed? Would pictures or diagrams help to make the apparatus clearer?

In treating your own subject, consider carefully the main things that are to be explained. Reduce the process to three or four principal stages or parts, if this is possible; then group all minor points under these heads. Use a diagram if you find it necessary.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

How paper is made.	A brewery.
The printing of a newspaper.	Raising tobacco.
	A flour mill.
Taking and developing a photograph.	An automobile factory.
	A steel plant.
The coining of money.	The Dead-Letter Office.
A model dairy.	A model barn.

THE CHARACTERISTIC DIVERGENCES OF
PIGEONS*

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

AMONG the enormous variety,—I believe there are somewhere about a hundred and fifty kinds of pigeons,—there are four kinds which may be selected as representing the extremest divergences of one kind from another. Their names are the Carrier, the Pouter, the Fantail, and the Tumbler. In these large diagrams that I have here they are each represented in their relative sizes to each other. This first one is the Carrier; you will notice this large excrescence on its beak; it has a comparatively small head; there is a bare space round the eyes; it has a long neck, a very long beak, very strong legs, large feet, long wings, and so on. The second one is the Pouter, a very large bird, with very long legs and beak. It is called the Pouter because it is in the habit of causing its gullet to swell up by inflating it with air. I should tell you that all pigeons have a tendency to do this at times, but in the Pouter it is carried to an enormous extent. The

*The Perpetuation of Living Beings. (*Man's Place in Nature: and other Essays.* J. M. Dent & Co.)

birds appear to be quite proud of their power of swelling and puffing themselves out in this way; and I think it is about as droll a sight as you can see to look at a cage full of these pigeons puffing and blowing themselves
5 out in this ridiculous manner.

This diagram is a representation of the third kind I mentioned—the Fantail. It is, you see, a small bird, with exceedingly small legs and a very small beak. It is most curiously distinguished by the size and extent of its tail,
10 which, instead of containing twelve feathers, may have many more,—say thirty, or even more,—I believe there are some with as many as forty-two. This bird has a curious habit of spreading out the feathers of its tail in such a way that they reach forward, and touch its head;
15 and if this can be accomplished, I believe it is looked upon as a point of great beauty.

But here is the last great variety,—the Tumbler; and of that great variety, one of the principal kinds, and one most prized, is the specimen represented here—the short-
20 faced Tumbler. Its beak, you see, is reduced to a mere nothing. Just compare the beak of this one and that of the first one, the Carrier—I believe the orthodox comparison of the head and beak of a thoroughly well-bred Tumbler is to stick an oat into a cherry, and that will
25 give you the proper relative proportions of the beak and head. The feet and legs are exceedingly small, and the bird appears to be quite a dwarf when placed side by side with this great Carrier.

These are differences enough in regard to their external
30 appearance; but these differences are by no means the whole or even the most important of the differences which obtain between these birds. There is hardly a single point of their structure which has not become more or less altered; and to give you an idea of how extensive

these alterations are, I have here some very good skeletons, for which I am indebted to my friend Mr. Tegetmeier, a great authority in these matters; by means of which, if you examine them by-and-by, you will be able to see the enormous difference in their bony structures. 5

I had the privilege, some time ago, of access to some important MSS. of Mr. Darwin, who, I may tell you, has taken very great pains and spent much valuable time and attention on the investigation of these variations, and getting together all the facts that bear upon them. I 10 obtained from these MSS. the following summary of the differences between the domestic breeds of pigeons; that is to say, a notification of the various points in which their organization differs. In the first place, the back of the skull may differ a good deal, and the development of 15 the bones of the face may vary a great deal; the back varies a good deal; the shape of the lower jaw varies; the tongue varies very greatly, not only in correlation to the length and size of the beak, but it seems also to have a kind of independent variation of its own. Then the 20 amount of naked skin round the eyes, and at the base of the beak, may vary enormously; so may the length of the eyelids, the shape of the nostrils, and the length of the neck. I have already noticed the habit of blowing out the gullet, so remarkable in the Pouter, and comparatively 25 so in the others. There are great differences, too, in the size of the female and the male, the shape of the body, the number and width of the processes of the ribs, the development of the ribs, and the size, shape, and development of the breastbone. We may notice, too,— 30 and I mention the fact because it has been disputed by what is assumed to be high authority,—the variation in the number of the sacral vertebræ. The number of these varies from eleven to fourteen, and that without any

diminution in the number of the vertebræ of the back or of the tail. Then the number and position of the tail-feathers may vary enormously, and so may the number of the primary and secondary feathers of the wings. Again, 5 the length of the feet and of the beak,—although they have no relation to each other, yet appear to go together,—that is, you have a long beak wherever you have long feet. There are differences also in the periods of the acquirement of the perfect plumage,—the size and shape 10 of the eggs,—the nature of flight, and the powers of flight,—so-called “*homing*” birds having enormous flying powers; while, on the other hand, the little Tumbler is so called because of its extraordinary faculty of turning head over heels in the air, instead of pursuing a distinct 15 course. And, lastly, the dispositions and voices of the birds may vary. Thus the case of the pigeons shows you that there is hardly a single particular,—whether of instinct, or habit, or bony structure, or of plumage,—of either the internal economy or the external shape, in which 20 some variation or change may not take place, which by selective breeding, may become perpetuated, and form the foundation of, and give rise to, a new race.

If you carry in your mind’s eye these four varieties of pigeons, you will bear with you as good a notion as you 25 can have, perhaps, of the enormous extent to which a deviation from a primitive type may be carried by means of this process of selective breeding.

SUGGESTIONS: Observe that Huxley’s exposition here was evidently accompanied by diagrams and pictures. From how much explaining do these relieve him? How can you make up for the absence of pictures in your own theme?

What characteristics does Huxley emphasize? Why? How much previous knowledge does he assume on the part of his readers or hearers?

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

External divergences of the Pug, the Spaniel, and the Mastiff.	How to know a pine tree from a maple tree.
The difference between an An- gora cat and an ordinary cat.	How to know an orchid when you see one.
How to know a duck from a chicken.	The differences between a Leyden jar and a voltaic cell.
The difference between a "Ply- mouth Rock" and a "Buff Orpington."	External differences between two kinds of typewriters.

THE METHOD OF SCIENTIFIC
INVESTIGATION*

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

THE method of scientific investigation is nothing but the expression of the necessary mode of working of the human mind. It is simply the mode at which all phenomena are reasoned about, rendered precise and exact. There is no more difference, but there is just the same 5 kind of difference, between the mental operations of a man of science and those of an ordinary person, as there is between the operations and methods of a baker or of a butcher weighing out his goods in common scales, and the operations of a chemist in performing a difficult and 10 complex analysis by means of his balance and finely-graduated weights. It is not that the action of the scales in the one case, and the balance in the other, differ in the principles of their construction or manner of working; but the beam of one is set on an infinitely finer axis than 15 the other, and of course turns by the addition of a much smaller weight.

*From *Man's Place in Nature: and other Essays*. J. M. Dent & Co.

You will understand this better, perhaps, if I give you some familiar example. You have all heard it repeated, I dare say, that men of science work by means of Induction and Deduction, and that by the help of these operations, they, in a sort of sense, wring from Nature certain other things, which are called Natural Laws, and Causes, and that out of these, by some cunning skill of their own, they build up Hypotheses and Theories. And it is imagined by many, that the operations of the common mind can be by no means compared with these processes, and that they have to be acquired by a sort of special apprenticeship to the craft. To hear all these large words, you would think that the mind of a man of science must be constituted differently from that of his fellow-men; but if you will not be frightened by terms, you will discover that you are quite wrong, and that all these terrible apparatus are being used by yourselves every day and every hour of your lives.

There is a well-known incident in one of Molière's plays, where the author makes the hero express unbounded delight on being told that he had been talking prose during the whole of his life. In the same way, I trust that you will take comfort, and be delighted with yourselves, on the discovery that you have been acting on the principles of inductive and deductive philosophy during the same period. Probably there is not one here who has not in the course of the day had occasion to set in motion a complex train of reasoning, of the very same kind, though differing of course in degree, as that which a scientific man goes through in tracing the causes of natural phenomena.

A very trivial circumstance will serve to exemplify this. Suppose you go into a fruiterer's shop, wanting an apple,—you take up one, and, on biting it, you find it sour; you

look at it, and see that it is hard and green. You take up another one, and that too is hard, green, and sour. The shopman offers you a third; but, before biting it you examine it, and find that it is hard and green, and you immediately say that you will not have it, as it must be sour, like those that you have already tried. 5

Nothing can be more simple than that, you think; but if you will take the trouble to analyze and trace out into its logical elements what has been done by the mind, you will be greatly surprised. In the first place, you have performed the operation of Induction. You found that, in two experiences, hardness and greenness in apples went together with sourness. It was so in the first case, and it was confirmed by the second. True, it is a very small basis, but still it is enough to make an induction from; you generalize the facts, and you expect to find sourness in apples where you get hardness and greenness. You found upon that a general law, that all hard and green apples are sour; and that, so far as it goes, is a perfect induction. Well, having got your natural law in this way, when you are offered another apple which you find is hard and green, you say, "All hard and green apples are sour; this apple is hard and green, therefore this apple is sour." That train of reasoning is what logicians call a syllogism, and has all its various parts and terms,—its major premise, its minor premise, and its conclusion. And, by the help of further reasoning, which, if drawn out, would have to be exhibited in two or three other syllogisms, you arrive at your final determination, "I will not have that apple." So that, you see, you have in the first place, established a law by Induction, and upon that you have founded a Deduction, and reasoned out the special conclusion of the particular case. Well now, suppose, having got your law, that at some time 10 15 20 25 30

afterward, you are discussing the qualities of apples with a friend: you will say to him, "It is a very curious thing, —but I find that all hard and green apples are sour!"

Your friend says to you, "But how do you know that?"

5 You at once reply, "Oh, because I have tried them over and over again, and have always found them to be so."

Well, if we were talking science instead of common sense, we should call that an Experimental Verification. And, if still opposed, you go further, and say, "I have heard

10 from the people in Somersetshire and Devonshire, where a large number of apples are grown, that they have observed the same thing. It is also found to be the case in Normandy, and in North America. In short, I find

it to be the universal experience of mankind wherever

15 attention has been directed to the subject." Whereupon,

your friend, unless he is a very unreasonable man, agrees with you, and is convinced that you are quite right in the conclusion you have drawn. He believes, although per-

haps he does not know he believes it, that the more ex-

20 tensive verifications are,—that the more frequently experiments have been made, and results of the same kind arrived at,—that the more varied the conditions

under which the same results are attained, the more certain is the ultimate conclusion, and he disputes the

25 question no further. He sees that the experiment has been tried under all sorts of conditions, as to time, place,

and people, with the same result; and he says with you, therefore, that the law you have laid down must be a good

one, and he must believe it.

30 In science we do the same thing,—the philosopher exercises precisely the same faculties, though in a much more delicate manner. In scientific inquiry it becomes

a matter of duty to expose a supposed law to every possible kind of verification, and to take care, moreover, that

this is done intentionally, and not left to a mere accident, as in the case of the apples. And in science, as in common life, our confidence in a law is in exact proportion to the absence of variation in the result of our experimental verifications. For instance, if you let go your grasp of an article you may have in your hand, it will immediately fall to the ground. That is a very common verification of one of the best established laws of nature—that of gravitation. The method by which men of science establish the existence of that law is exactly the same as that by which we have established the trivial proposition about the sourness of hard and green apples. But we believe it in such an extensive, thorough, and unhesitating manner because the universal experience of mankind verifies it, and we can verify it ourselves at any time; and that is the strongest possible foundation on which any natural law can rest.

So much, then, by way of proof that the method of establishing laws in science is exactly the same as that pursued in common life. Let us now turn to another matter (though really it is but another phase of the same question), and that is, the method by which, from the relations of certain phenomena, we prove that some stand in the position of causes toward the others.

I want to put the case clearly before you, and I will therefore show you what I mean by another familiar example. I will suppose that one of you, on coming down in the morning to the parlor of your house, finds that a tea-pot and some spoons which had been left in the room on the previous evening are gone,—the window is open, and you observe the mark of a dirty hand on the window-frame, and perhaps, in addition to that, you notice the impress of a hob-nailed shoe on the gravel outside. All these phenomena have struck your atten-

tion instantly, and before two seconds have passed you say, "Oh, somebody has broken open the window, entered the room, and run off with the spoons and the tea-pot!" That speech is out of your mouth in a moment. And
5 you will probably add, "I know there has; I am quite sure of it!" You mean to say exactly what you know; but in reality you are giving expression to what is, in all essential particulars, an Hypothesis. You do not
10 *know* it at all; it is nothing but an hypothesis rapidly framed in your own mind! And, it is an hypothesis founded on a long train of inductions and deductions.

What are those inductions and deductions, and how have you got at this hypothesis? You have observed,
15 in the first place, that the window is open; but by a train of reasoning involving many Inductions and Deductions, you have probably arrived long before at the General Law—and a very good one it is—that windows do not
20 open of themselves; and you therefore conclude that something has opened the window. A second general law that you have arrived at in the same way is, that tea-pots and spoons do not go out of a window spontaneously, and you are satisfied that, as they are not now where you
25 left them, they have been removed. In the third place, you look at the marks on the window-sill, and the shoe-marks outside, and you say that in all previous experience the former kind of mark has never been produced by anything else but the hand of a human being; and the same
30 experience shows that no other animal but man at present wears shoes with hob-nails in them such as would produce the marks in the gravel. I do not know, even if we could discover any of those "missing links" that are talked about, that they would help us to any other conclusion! At any rate the law which states our present experience

is strong enough for my present purpose. You next reach the conclusion, that as these kinds of marks have not been left by any other animals than men, or are liable to be formed in any other way than by a man's hand and shoe, the marks in question have been formed by a man in that way. You have, further, a general law, founded on observation and experience, and that, too, is, I am sorry to say, a very universal and unimpeachable one,—that some men are thieves; and you assume at once from all these premises—and that is what constitutes your hypothesis—that the man who made the marks outside and on the window-sill, opened the window, got into the room, and stole your tea-pot and spoons. You have now arrived at a *Vera Causa*;—you have assumed a Cause which it is plain is competent to produce all the phenomena you have observed. You can explain all these phenomena only by the hypothesis of a thief. But that is a hypothetical conclusion, of the justice of which you have no absolute proof at all; it is only rendered highly probable by a series of inductive and deductive reasonings.

I suppose your first action, assuming that you are a man of ordinary common sense, and that you have established this hypothesis to your own satisfaction, will very likely be to go off for the police, and set them on the track of the burglar, with the view to the recovery of your property. But just as you are starting with this object, some person comes in, and on learning what you are about, says, "My good friend, you are going on a great deal too fast. How do you know that the man who really made the marks took the spoons? It might have been a monkey that took them, and the man may have merely looked in afterward." You would probably reply, "Well, that is all very well, but you see it is con-

trary to all experience of the way tea-pots and spoons are abstracted; so that, at any rate, your hypothesis is less probable than mine." While you are talking the thing over in this way, another friend arrives, one of that
5 good kind of people that I was talking of a little while ago. And he might say, "Oh, my dear sir, you are certainly going on a great deal too fast. You are most presumptuous. You admit that all these occurrences took place when you were fast asleep, at a time when you
10 could not possibly have known anything about what was taking place. How do you know that the laws of Nature are not suspended during the night? It may be that there has been some kind of supernatural interference in this case." In point of fact, he declares that your hypothesis is one
15 of which you cannot at all demonstrate the truth, and that you are by no means sure that the laws of Nature are the same when you are asleep as when you are awake.

Well, now, you cannot at the moment answer that
20 kind of reasoning. You feel that your worthy friend has you somewhat at a disadvantage. You will feel perfectly convinced in your own mind, however, that you are quite right, and you say to him, "My good friend, I can only be guided by the natural probabilities of the case, and
25 if you will be kind enough to stand aside and permit me to pass, I will go and fetch the police." Well, we will suppose that your journey is successful, and that by good luck you meet with a policeman; that eventually the burglar is found with your property on his person, and
30 the marks correspond to his hand and to his shoes. Probably any jury would consider those facts a very good experimental verification of your hypothesis, touching the cause of the abnormal phenomena observed in your parlor, and would act accordingly.

Now, in this supposititious case, I have taken phenomena of a very common kind, in order that you might see what are the different steps in an ordinary process of reasoning, if you will only take the trouble to analyze it carefully. All the operations I have described, you will see, are involved in the mind of any man of sense in leading him to a conclusion as to the course he should take in order to make good a robbery and punish the offender. I say that you are led, in that case, to your conclusion by exactly the same train of reasoning as that which a man of science pursues when he is endeavoring to discover the origin and laws of the most occult phenomena. The process is, and always must be, the same; and precisely the same mode of reasoning was employed by Newton and Laplace in their endeavors to discover and define the causes of the movements of the heavenly bodies, as you, with your own common sense, would employ to detect a burglar. The only difference is, that the nature of the inquiry being more abstruse, every step has to be most carefully watched, so that there may not be a single crack or flaw in your hypothesis. A flaw or crack in many of the hypotheses of daily life may be of little or no moment as affecting the general correctness of the conclusions at which we may arrive; but in a scientific inquiry a fallacy, great or small, is always of importance, and is sure to be in the long run constantly productive of mischievous, if not fatal results.

Do not allow yourselves to be misled by the common notion that an hypothesis is untrustworthy simply because it is an hypothesis. It is often urged, in respect to some scientific conclusion, that, after all, it is only an hypothesis. But what more have we to guide us in nine-tenths of the most important affairs of daily life than hypotheses, and often very ill-based ones? So that in science, where

the evidence of an hypothesis is subjected to the most rigid examination, we may rightly pursue the same course. You may have hypotheses and hypotheses. A man may say, if he likes, that the moon is made of green cheese: that is an hypothesis. But another man, who has devoted a great deal of time and attention to the subject, and availed himself of the most powerful telescopes and the results of the observations of others, declares that in his opinion it is probably composed of materials very similar to those of which our own earth is made up: and that is also only an hypothesis. But I need not tell you that there is an enormous difference in the value of the two hypotheses. That one which is based on sound scientific knowledge is sure to have a corresponding value; and that which is a mere hasty, random guess, is likely to have but little value. Every great step in our progress in discovering causes has been made in exactly the same way as that which I have detailed to you. A person observing the occurrence of certain facts and phenomena asks, naturally enough, what process, what kind of operation known to occur in nature applied to the particular case, will unravel and explain the mystery? Hence you have the scientific hypothesis; and its value will be proportionate to the care and completeness with which its basis had been tested and verified. It is in these matters as in the commonest affairs of practical life: the guess of the fool will be folly, while the guess of the wise man will contain wisdom. In all cases, you see that the value of the result depends on the patience and faithfulness with which the investigator applies to his hypothesis every possible kind of verification.

SOME RECENT THEORIES OF THE ETHER*

W. A. SHENSTONE

I THINK I can scarcely contrive a more fitting preface to an article on "the ether" than the two quotations which follow. They indicate in the fewest possible words how far we have traveled since the days when "the ether" was invented by Huygens, for the simple purpose of accounting for the propagation of light.

The first of these quotations is taken from the late Professor Preston's book on Light, and it runs as follows: "The present tendency indeed of physical science is to regard all the phenomena of Nature, and even of matter itself, as manifestations of energy stored in 'the ether.'" The second comes from a "Silliman Lecture," delivered at Yale University, by Professor J. J. Thomson, about three years ago. On one view of the constitution of matter, said Professor Thomson, "All mass is mass of the ether, all momentum, momentum of the ether, and all kinetic energy, kinetic energy of the ether." These two extracts will sufficiently explain the appearance of an article on this subject in the *Cornhill Magazine*. For, if they truly represent, in any considerable degree, the present trend of physical speculation, could any scientific topic be more important or more interesting?

Only as recently as the year 1894, when he was President of the British Association, at its last meeting at Oxford, the late Marquis of Salisbury told the assembled parliament of science that at present we know absolutely nothing about this all-pervading entity, the ether, except this one fact—that it can be made to undulate, and that it performs even this solitary function in an abnormal fashion which

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has caused infinite perplexity. It is my object to tell something about the present state of our knowledge of this elusive entity, and to indicate, as far as I may, the lines followed by some recent speculations concerning its nature and its relations to those other manifestations named by us matter and electricity.

First, let us consider how it has come about that this hypothetical medium called, or I should say recalled, into existence a century ago by Dr. Thomas Young for the single purpose of explaining the phenomena of light, now plays so dominating a part as that assigned it in the two passages quoted above.

I need hardly remind my readers that the notion that there exists an invisible intangible material, filling all that part of space not occupied by ordinary matter, is one of the oldest in science. But many of them may not know that, at one time, ethers were created by men of science almost as plentifully as blackberries by a blackberry bush, that they were called into existence in every difficulty with almost reckless profusion. Ethers have been invented, as Clerk Maxwell has said, "for the planets to swim in, to constitute electric atmospheres and magnetic effluvia, to convey sensations from one part of our body to another, till all space was filled several times over with ethers," with the result that science in the end turned restive under this "multiplication of entities," this constant piling up, so to speak, of the ethereal population of space and, after a period of reaction during which it became almost a point of honor to discard the assistance of ethers, now contents itself with a single ether—viz., that invented by Huygens in 1690—to explain the propagation of light. But this single ether, as we shall see, has to carry a heavy burden and to perform many and sometimes incongruous functions. It is, as Miss Agnes Clerke has wittily re-

marked, at once the universal provider and universal messenger. It is Atlas and Mercury rolled into one.

It may be said, I think, in a general way, that our single ether owes its survival to the unwillingness of science to admit the possibility of "action at a distance," its unwillingness to admit, for example, that gravity is a primary property of masses incapable of explanation, and acting at all distances across empty space; for it follows from this that when the undulatory theory of light was established by Young and Fresnel in the early part of the last century, the conception of a luminiferous ether was accepted as a necessary part of the theory. How could waves of light and heat emitted, for example, by the sun reach the earth unless some medium capable of undulating occupied the interstellar space between them? For if waves travel from the sun to the earth, then is it not evident that these waves must be waves of something or waves in something? Or, to look at the matter from another point of view, if light be a manifestation of energy, which is *ex hypothesi* indestructible, and if it be not carried to us by minute particles, as Newton supposed, then what becomes of it during the eight minutes which elapse between the moment when it leaves the sun, and that at which it reaches the earth's atmosphere? Where is it stored during those eight minutes when it is neither on the sun nor on the earth? The answer to these questions is this: The missing energy is in the ether, and the propagation of light across the interstellar space, and anywhere and everywhere, depends upon waves in this ether which fills all space and permeates all matter.

Most of us will agree that, if we accept the undulatory theory of light, we are bound to admit the existence of some medium such as the ether. But when we attempt to form a mental picture of this ether, even if we neglect

for the moment all its properties except its optical properties, we find ourselves in difficulties, for none of us have ever met with anything like it before. It cannot be a gas, for light passes through an exhausted vessel, and through the interstellar void, which we believe contains no gas; and for similar reasons, still less can it be regarded as a liquid or a solid, though it must be incompressible and resist cutting even more strongly than steel itself. One thing, as Lord Salisbury said, we do know about the ether. If it exists at all, it can undulate. We feel we tread solid ground here, for if the ether could not undulate, then it could not transmit the vibrations which we call light. The ethereal undulations which constitute light must differ widely from the motions which originate the waves of the sea, or the aerial disturbances known as sound, and the elasticity of the ether must be of a different order from that of the familiar gases, liquids, and solids. Air yields to pressure, and sound depends upon oscillations of its particles backward and forward along the line of propagation of the audible disturbances. The ether, on the other hand, must be regarded as incompressible; for the properties of light require us to assume that light-waves are not produced by the compression and rarefaction of a medium like the air, that they are not waves such as might be produced, for example, if the separate type on this page should presently begin to oscillate backward and forward from left to right, and right to left, along the lines of print, but transverse waves such as we should have before us if the type were to swing upward and downward across the lines so as to produce more or less the effect suggested by the following diagram.



Now, it is difficult to picture a substance which we cannot weigh, which is as rigid as steel to pressure, and yet yields, to some extent, to the distortional stresses that will account for the propagation in it of luminous undulations. Nor are our difficulties diminished when we remember that we must conceive this bewildering substance as filling all space, permeating the inmost recesses of all matter, solid, liquid, and gaseous (for in its absence how could these transmit light and other electromagnetic disturbances?); rigid, as I have said, as steel, and yet permitting material particles like grains of sand or the earth to move freely through it. Clearly the most learned of us has no experience to appeal to here. How can we draw a mental picture of such stuff as this? Think of men blind from their birth groping their way through a world they have never seen, and you will have some conception of the difficulties which stand in our way.

But on fuller thought you will see also that the problem may not be altogether beyond our powers. The blind man with his stick learns much that is true about the world he lives in—sufficient, in fact, to enable him to construct in his mind a useful, if imperfect, hypothesis or working model of his invisible environment; and so, similarly, with the resources at our command, limited though they may be, why should we not discover a great deal about this ether which we can neither see nor feel, but which exists, as we are convinced, in us and around us?

The picture we may form, like a blind man's model of his unseen world, may be, at first, but an imperfect and colorless reproduction of the reality. But what of that? It will grow more true and more perfect, and in time may even gain something corresponding to color, if we press on.

But while the task of forming a clear idea or mental picture of the ether constitutes one of the most difficult

labors allotted to science, even when we consider only its function of propagating the transverse vibrations which constitute light, the difficulty of that problem is increased a hundred-fold when we burden our medium with the duty
5 of transmitting the pull of gravity from particle to particle, and from world to world, and seek to evolve from it matter in its myriad phases, and electrons, that is electricity—if, indeed, matter and electricity really be distinct, and not merely two different phases of a single primary material,
10 viz., “the ether” itself.

Needless to say, recent speculations on the subject before us do not all start from a common point. Two of the chief of these attempts to sound the depths deal with matter from the point of view of the engineer or physicist,
15 while in a third case the picture is drawn for us by the eminent Russian chemist, Professor Mendeléeff. The authors of the former, starting with the functions of the ether, endeavor to give us pictures or models more or less precise of a medium which might conceivably execute
20 those functions. Professor Mendeléeff, on the other hand, starting with the eighty elements known to the chemist, attempts to work backward from these to a mind picture of the ether. Let us first go over the ground in company with the chemist, and learn what he has to
25 tell us.

Mendeléeff takes for his starting point the great periodic law of chemistry, which he did so much to establish, and the modern discovery of the inactive gases of the atmosphere, argon, helium, neon, xenon, and krypton.
30 He asks us to believe that the ether is an extremely inactive and extremely attenuated gas, and then attempts to apply the periodic law to the discovery of this gas, or rather to the purpose of proving that such a gas exists, or may exist, through the universe.

According to the periodic law of Newlands and Mendeléeff, the properties of the chemical atoms vary periodically with their weights in such a manner that if we arrange the elements in the order of these weights, we shall find that similar variations in their properties recur at more or less regular intervals. Thus, if we write down in this order lithium and the thirteen elements which follow it, viz.:

Lithium	Beryllium	Boron	Carbon
7.0	9.0	11.0	12.0
Sodium	Magnesium	Aluminum	Silicon
23.0	24.0	27.0	28.0
Nitrogen		Oxygen	Fluorine
14.0		16.0	19.0
Phosphorus		Sulphur	Chlorine
31.0		32.0	35.0

we find they form seven successive pairs, each pair so much alike that if we know the properties of one member of any pair and the properties of its compounds, we can state with considerable certainty the character of the second member, and forecast the characters of its compounds with other elements. Thus, for example, if we know that sodium, the second element in the first pair, is a metal which decomposes water, and that its oxide is strongly alkaline, caustic, and able to form a soap when heated with oil, we may reasonably conclude that lithium also is a metal which will act more or less strongly on water, and that its oxide, like that of sodium, is alkaline, caustic, and able to saponify oils and fats. Now, the whole of the elements can be arranged in a number of series like those given above with more or less satisfactory results, but though the two series I have selected to illustrate the law are, as it happens, complete, this is not true of every series, and when Mendeléeff originally drew

up his table of the elements he found it necessary to leave many blank spaces in it. In fact, these blank spaces were so numerous that he might very well have concluded that the whole system was wrong. Fortunately, he did
5 not do this, but, on the contrary, pointed out that the occurrence of such spaces was to be expected, that it was not likely that chemists had as yet become aware of all the elements in the universe or even on the earth, and that these vacant places might well be supposed to correspond
10 to elements which exist somewhere and might yet be discovered. Indeed, he went much further than this. On the strength of his opinion he deduced the properties and atomic weights of some of the missing elements. And with most triumphant results. In a few years, when the three
15 new elements gallium, scandium, and germanium were discovered, each was found to fill a vacant place in Mendeléeff's table, each had an atomic weight corresponding to that of one of the missing elements, and each had the properties which Mendeléeff had foreseen and foretold
20 as likely to be exhibited by the element having that particular atomic weight. Thus the periodic law became firmly established. It not only coördinated the known elements, it afforded in addition a simple and trustworthy means of foretelling the existence of others still unknown.
25 But though the periodic law could be employed in predicting the existence of many unknown elements, it did not, and in fact could not, enable Mendeléeff to foretell the existence of argon, helium, and their companions, for no inactive element like these was known when the law
30 was first enunciated. Therefore, when these were discovered it became necessary to extend the table drawn up by the great Russian chemist by adding to it a new group. This addition at once placed him in a position to predict the existence of elements of the inactive or argon type,

and enabled him to form his chemical conception of the ether.

The element which has the lightest atom known to us, if for the present we exclude the coronium of the sun's corona, is hydrogen. That which has the heaviest atom is uranium, and the respective atomic weights of these elements are approximately as 1 to 240.* When Mendeléeff first used the periodic law as a means of predicting the existence of certain unknown elements, he followed what mathematicians call the method of interpolation; that is, he inserted the predicted new elements among the rest, at points where obvious gaps occurred, deducing their properties from those of the elements around them. Accordingly all the elements thus predicted fell within the limits mentioned above: none of them had atoms lighter than hydrogen atoms, and none had atoms heavier than those of uranium. In the case of the ether, however, the method of prediction was of necessity different. There can be no doubt, if we admit that the hypothesis is in any degree valid, that the ether of Mendeléeff must consist of particles vastly smaller than those of the lightest gas, and far smaller, again, than even the electrons of the Crookes vacuum tube, which are a thousand times smaller than the atoms of hydrogen; for the ether must not only be able to penetrate solids slightly as hydrogen does, or somewhat freely like the electrons, but to an extent far transcending anything we can imagine from our experience with these. Therefore it was impossible to adopt the method of interpolation in the case of the ether, for no place could be found in Mendeléeff's table for an element having atoms thousands and thousands of times lighter than hydrogen atoms. In fact, it was necessary to ex-

*This means that an atom of uranium weighs as much as 240 atoms of hydrogen.

trapolate the ether; to venture, that is, outside the limits of the periodic law into regions beyond the range of actual experience. The results of Mendeléeff's excursion into these regions are as follows: First, he predicts
5 the existence of a new inactive element whose atoms are not more than four-tenths as heavy as those of hydrogen. This, as he foresees, may very possibly be the coronium whose spectrum is clearly visible in the solar corona, which is already suspected to occur on this earth among the gases
10 belched out by volcanoes. And secondly, after inventing a new series which, however, includes at present no known element, he infers the existence of yet another new element, x , which he considers to be the lightest of the elements, the most mobile gas, the element least apt of all to combine
15 with others, and in addition an all-permeating and penetrating substance. Here then is Mendeléeff's theory of the ether. In a sentence, the ether is an inactive element having excessively light atoms. That such an element may exist does not seem altogether inconceivable, and
20 chemists will admire the ingenious process by which the great master has secured this aftermath of the periodic law. But whether this mobile element can be shown to constitute the ether is another question.

Though the data afforded by the table of known atomic
25 weights enables Mendeléeff to calculate the weight of the atom of the heavier of the two new elements thus predicted, since its value carries us but little beyond the range of actual experience, they are not equally helpful in the case of x . In fact, it must be admitted that there is not yet
30 much real evidence of the existence of x , and the hypothesis, so pleasing to the chemist, must be declared to be not proven; nor, indeed, does its distinguished author do much more than put it forward as a suggestion which deserves to be considered. It is not, I believe, denied that the

phenomena of light could, given certain conditions, be accounted for upon a hypothesis of this order. But before such an ether as that of Mendeléeff can be accepted, it must be established that the particles which compose it move, broadly speaking, with the velocity of light in every direction, that their free paths are of such vast length that collisions among them can never occur, that it is impossible for vibrating bodies to impress upon them some property, such as rotation about an axis, which shall not interfere with their motion of translation; and lastly, that light shall be shown to consist in the alternation of the average value of the property in question.

Now let us turn to the pictures drawn by the physicists.

Of all the theories of the ether, that lately propounded by Professor Osborne Reynolds is perhaps the most startling. It inverts all our previous ideas on the subject. According to this, the youngest theory of the ether, we must look upon the ether as the one really substantial thing in the universe, its density being ten thousand times greater than that of water; while matter, which seems so substantial, consists, so to speak, in an absence of mass, and has the character of a mere wave in the ether. On this newest theory "we are all waves," as the author of the theory, bursting into poetry, exclaimed at the close of the eighth section of his Rede lecture. This astonishing proposition, which has cost its author no less than twenty years of labor, asks us to imagine that the universe, except those minor portions which constitute matter, is built up, like a bag of sand, of grains of definite shape and in size so inconceivably small that their diameters are no greater than the seven hundred thousand millionth part of the wave-length of violet light, which in its turn amounts to only sixteen millionths of an inch, and so closely packed that, though not absolutely immovable, the four hundred

thousand millionth of the seven hundred thousand millionth of one sixty thousandth part of an inch—*i. e.*, the four hundred thousand millionth part of their own diameter—would represent approximately the free path through which
5 these particles are free to move. Professor Reynolds tells us that the density of this medium, far from being almost indefinitely small, is nearly five hundred times as great as that of the densest matter known to us on earth, and its pressure more than three thousand times greater than that
10 which any material yet tried has been known to sustain.

To get some idea of this conception of ether, picture to yourself a billiard table carefully packed from one end to the other with line after line of billiard balls, each line so nicely fitted or geared into the next that the balls are
15 packed almost as close to each other as is possible, yet not so very tightly as to prevent, absolutely, all motion among them. Imagine, again, that you have not one layer of balls, as on a billiard table, confined by the sides of the table, but layer upon layer piled one above the other
20 and extending absolutely without limit in every direction. Remember that these balls or grains are so minute that, say, 11,200,000,000,000,000,000 of them laid side by side along a line would only occupy a single inch, and you will have a picture, so far as may be, of Professor Reynolds'
25 conception of the universal medium, the ether.

Now, it is a peculiar fact, which can be illustrated practically by means of some small shot in an india-rubber bag, that such a system of particles as that which I have just described does not contract when submitted to
30 pressure, but, on the contrary, undergoes expansion, and for the following reason. When a system of hard grains arranged in "normal piling," as Professor Reynolds calls the state of affairs described above, is disturbed by pressure, the particles must of necessity move not toward one another

if they move at all, but, on the contrary, away from one another, since to begin with they are packed as close together, practically speaking, as they can be. When such a system is submitted to a strain the gearing of the particles is affected, layers of particles being thrown out of gearing here and there, whereby certain "singular surfaces" or lines of misfit are formed in the system.* These lines of misfit can be propagated in any direction, and being so propagated they constitute, on this hypothesis, matter in motion. Thus, as I said before, according to this astonishing conception, the ether alone has any concrete existence in the universe, and matter consists of mere waves or eddies passing through it. We have all watched the golden ears of corn waving in the wind on summer days. With this remembrance to help, you may perhaps be able to picture broadly such a state of things as that which I have endeavored to depict. Imagine undulations due to the translation of "lines of misfit," moving eternally in every direction through a universe full of closely packed particles. Then these waves, due to the propagation of singular surfaces, constitute matter, on Professor Osborne Reynolds' hypothesis. In them he sees the molecules of the chemist, and by means of his theory he claims to account for such phenomena as electricity, gravitation, and the propagation of light. In thinking of matter from this point of view we must not forget that motion is as real as matter; that the waves which play over the corn are not less real than the corn itself, otherwise we may do the theory and its distinguished author less than justice.

We owe the last new theory of the ether, which space permits us to dwell upon, to Dr. Larmor, of the University

*To see what is meant by a line of misfit you may make an experiment with some marbles in a plate, first gearing them together all through the mass and then throwing two lines out of gearing by pressing a strip of cardboard or thin sheet-metal between them.

of Cambridge. This has but little in common with the hypothesis we have just considered, except that Dr. Larmor, like his colleague, seems to regard the ether as the concrete reality, and asks us to look upon matter as
5 so comparatively intangible and unsubstantial in character that a friendly critic, after perusing his recent book on *Æther and Matter*, remarked that he presumed its title was the result of a typographical error, and must have been written originally *Æther and no Matter*. Dr. Larmor
10 is a leader in that distinguished school of physicists which is disposed to consider it likely that the chemical atoms are built up "of positive and negative electrons interleaved or interlocked in a state of violent motion so as to produce a stable configuration under the influence of their centrifugal
15 inertia and their electric forces." Hence the electric theory of matter, as might have been expected, plays a leading part in this attempt to penetrate the secret of the structure of the ether.

A few years ago Lord Kelvin charmed and delighted the
20 world with a conception of matter which pictured it as consisting of "vortex rings" formed in a perfectly frictionless fluid—the ether.

It is rather difficult at first to imagine conditions under which flexible chains or india-rubber tubes filled with
25 water could become rigid, without the links of the chain being bolted together or the water frozen; and yet there are circumstances under which this occurs. For example, if you join the two ends of a common watch-chain, and then by means of pulleys set the chain rotating rapidly, it will
30 become stiff, and presently if the rate of rotation be raised sufficiently, will be found to retain its rigidity so completely when the pulleys are withdrawn that it might easily be mistaken for a ring of solid metal. And, again, although a circular india-rubber tube filled with water is limp and

flexible, the same tube becomes so stiff when its liquid contents are made to rotate vigorously that it will stand upright. The following experiment illustrates the point still better.

Get a wooden box having sides about twenty-four inches square—a common sugar box will do—replace its lid loosely by a piece of cotton cloth fixed securely round the edges. Cut a sharp-edged circular hole four or five inches in diameter in the center of that side of the box which faces the cloth. Place inside the box a small dish containing some very strong solution of ammonia, together with a second dish containing either some very strong spirits of salts, gently warmed, or a mixture of oil of vitriol and common salt, and let them stand till the box is filled with a fine white smoke of ammonium chloride. Then place this apparatus at one end of a large room, and convey a series of sharp impulses to the air within the box by withdrawing the cloth covering and suddenly pushing it back into the box. When you do this, a magnificent smoke ring will sail across the room after each operation. These rings consist for the most part of air, but are made visible by the opaque particles of ammonium chloride mingled with the latter. They will blow out a candle placed several feet away from their point of origin, and probably will retain their form until they impinge on some solid object, such as the wall of the room. In short, these rings of rotating air possess some considerable degree of rigidity. They will even bear blows, in moderation, as you may prove by sending one such ring quickly after another which is traveling at a slower rate, when you will see that as they approach, and still more when they come into contact, each visibly affects the other much as two solid objects might do. Look at some of these smoke-rings closely, and you will soon be satisfied that the air composing them is in circular motion—that the rings are

built up, as it were, of a number of "vortex stream lines" more or less resembling the rotating chain described above.

The rigidity of a rotating chain rapidly diminishes and soon disappears if we stop the machine which drives it, and, similarly, though a smoke ring may travel a good many feet in still air, yet after a while it gradually falls to pieces before our eyes. This is due to friction among the rotating parts of the system. The energy of the system is gradually frittered away as heat, the motion diminishes, the rings gradually lose their rigidity, and presently their component particles are once more indistinguishable from those of the surrounding air. But imagine vortex rings set up in a perfect frictionless fluid. Would not these be eternal? Or suppose the fluid to be only a very near approximation to a frictionless fluid. Then would they not, at any rate, seem eternal? In short, does it not appear conceivable that the atoms of the chemist may be vortex rings formed in the ether? This was Lord Kelvin's theory, of which it has been said that it is so beautiful that whether it be true or whether it be untrue, at least it deserves to be true. On this view, the atoms of the chemist, atoms of radium, atoms of oxygen, atoms of argon, helium, and all the rest of the elements are not detached particles of alien matter bedded in the ether, like plums in a pudding, but differentiated portions of the ether itself.

Lord Kelvin's theory accounts for much. With its aid we begin to understand, or to feel we understand, the indestructibility of atoms and their capacity for definite vibrations which is revealed to us by the spectroscope. Further, this theory gratifies in a striking manner the strong sentiment in favor of a simple universe, which has been the source of so many attempts to unify our conceptions of the physical basis of the latter. But it fails to include an electric charge as part of the constitution of the sub-atoms

of matter, and thus on this ground, apart from other difficulties,* fails to satisfy the demands of at least one great school of physicists.

A satisfactory theory of the ether, as Dr. Larmor has pointed out, must account for the conveyance of electric attraction across the ether by elastic action, and an electric field must be a field of strain. Hence each sub-atom, with its permanent electric charge, must be surrounded by a field of permanent strain in the ether. This condition requires us to reject hypotheses based upon the conception of a perfectly fluid ether, and forces us to regard the ether as endowed with some quality of the nature of elasticity. "A protion," or sub-atom of matter, therefore, Dr. Larmor tells us, "must be in whole or in part a nucleus of intrinsic strain in the ether, a place at which the continuity of the medium has been broken and cemented together again (to use a crude but effective image) without accurately fitting the parts, so that there is a residual strain all round the place." The ultimate element of material constitution becomes, on this view, an electric charge or nucleus of permanent strain in the ether instead of a vortex ring generated out of a perfect fluid, as in the hypothesis last discussed, and we may venture to look upon molecules as composed of systems of electrically positive and negative protions in a state of steady orbital motion round about each other. In short, as Dr. Larmor says in *Ether and Matter*, it seems as if the master key to a complete unravelling of the general dynamical and physical relations of matter may lie in the fact that it is constituted of discrete molecules "involving in their constitutions orbital systems of electrons, and moving through practically stagnant ether." I am afraid this will hardly make the matter

*E. g., vortex rings at a moderate distance from each other will not exhibit in their behavior to one another anything of the nature of gravitation.

clear to all; still, perhaps most of us will gather in a general way that, according to this view, the ether is not a perfectly frictionless fluid, but, on the contrary, is endowed with an elastic quality; that, somehow, electrons, which are minute
5 charged particles of matter carrying electricity or perhaps particles of electricity alone, are generated in this ether, and that systems consisting of electrons revolving round about one another—may we say more or less like the systems of the heavens?—form the atoms and mole-
10 cules of which the familiar forms of matter are built up. And this must suffice, as it would be impossible in a short article to develop Dr. Larmor's argument fully, or to give even a sketch of the specification of an ideal medium by which he illustrates his conception of the ether as "a
15 perfect fluid endowed with the rotational elasticity demanded by its more obvious properties."

Here, then, we have the outlines of three pictures of the eternal ether, each presenting it as it shapes itself in the mind of a great contemporary thinker. To Men-
20 deléeff, the chemist, it appears to be the lightest of gases, the most inactive of all the elements. Professor Osborne Reynolds, the engineer, pictures it as a mass of dense, closely packed grains; Dr. Larmor as a rotationally elastic fluid. In Professor Mendeléeff's eyes the ether seems but
25 a finer kind of matter. In those of his colleagues it is the one concrete reality; while matter, according to Professor Reynolds, consists merely of waves, and, according to Dr. Larmor, of systems of electrons, or nuclei of permanent etherial strains, in rapid motion.

30 How are we to reconcile these diverse presentments of the ether? Perhaps the best answer I can offer is to remind you that throughout the history of science truth has ever been the offspring of diversity rather than of uniformity. Three men describing a neighbor's house

might very well give discordant and yet not untrue accounts of it, according as their own windows looked upon its front, its back, or one of its sides. It may be—I do not venture to say it is—that each of these seemingly diverse theories of the ether expresses something that is true about that aspect of the subject which chiefly has presented itself to its author.

SUGGESTIONS: This is a good example of “popular” exposition of a scientific question very recent in its interest. Observe how carefully the author starts, passing from point to point, each based on what has preceded it. Into what divisions does the exposition fall? How is the subject matter proportioned?—*i. e.*, what portions are emphasized and why? For what sort of audience is the exposition intended? Just how clear to you is the explanation of Mendeléeff’s “periodic law?” Note the clear and relatively simple vocabulary of the expositor. Observe the illuminating summary with which the exposition closes.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

- (1) Throw into clear and connected literary form, with familiar analogies and illustrations, some scientific explanation that you have heard in class recently.
- (2) Explain, for a younger person, any of the following conceptions: the theory of the tides; why we see only one side of the moon; the nebular hypothesis; liquefaction of air; the undulatory theory of light; the theory of cyclonic storms; the theory of the ice machine; electric traction; the vortex theory of matter; the X-ray; radium.

MEMORY*

WILLIAM JAMES

MEMORY proper, or secondary memory as it might be styled, is the knowledge of a former state of mind after it has already once dropped from consciousness; 10

*A *Briefer Course in Psychology*. Henry Holt & Co., pp. 287-88.

or rather *it is the knowledge of an event, or fact, of which meantime we have not been thinking, with the additional consciousness that we have thought or experienced it before.*

5 The first element which such a knowledge involves would seem to be the revival in the mind of an image or copy of the original event. And it is an assumption made by many writers that such revival of an image is all that is needed to constitute the memory of the original occurrence. But such a revival is obviously not a *memory*,
10 whatever else it may be; it is simply a duplicate, a second event, having absolutely no connection with the first event except that it happens to resemble it. The clock strikes to-day; it struck yesterday; and may strike a million times
15 ere it wears out. The rain pours through the gutter this week; it did so last week; and will do so *in sæcula sæculorum*. But does the present clock-stroke become aware of the the past ones, or the present stream recollect the past stream because they repeat and resemble them? Assured-
20 ly not. And let it not be said that this is because clock-strokes and gutters are physical and not psychical objects; for psychical objects (sensations, for example,) simply recurring in successive editions will remember each other
25 *on that account* no more than clock-strokes do. No memory is involved in the mere fact of recurrence. The successive editions of a feeling are so many independent events, each snug in its own skin. Yesterday's feeling is dead and buried; and the presence of to-day's is no reason why it should resuscitate along
30 with to-day's. A farther condition is required before the present image can be held to stand for a *past original*.

That condition is that the fact imaged be *expressly referred to the past*, thought as *in the past*. But how can

we think a thing as in the past, except by thinking of the past together with the thing, and of the relation of the two? And how can we think of the past? In the chapter on Time-perception we have seen that our intuitive or immediate consciousness of pastness hardly carries us more than a few seconds backward of the present instant of time. Remote dates are conceived, not perceived; known symbolically by names, such as "last week," "1850;" or thought of by events which happened in them, as the year in which we attended such a school, or met with such a loss. So that if we wish to think of a particular past epoch, we must think of a name or other symbol, or else of certain concrete events, associated therewithal. Both must be thought of, to think the past epoch adequately. And to "refer" any special fact to the past epoch is to think that fact *with* the names and events which characterize its date; to think it, in short, with a lot of contiguous associates.

But even this would not be memory. Memory requires more than mere dating of a fact in the past. It must be dated in *my* past. In other words, I must think that I directly experienced its occurrence. It must have that "warmth and intimacy" which were so often spoken of in the chapter on the Self, as characterizing all experiences "appropriated" by the thinker as his own.

A general feeling of the past direction in time, then, a particular date conceived as lying along that direction, and defined by its name or phenomenal contents, an event imagined as located therein, and owned as part of my experience,—such are the elements of every object of memory.

LABOUR*

WILLIAM STANLEY JEVONS

IT is easy to meet with definitions or at least descriptions of the term labour, especially among non-British economists. We need hardly notice the definition of Cicero, who says, "*Labor est functio quædam vel animi vel corporis.*" If we are thus to make labour include all action of mind or body, it includes all life. . . . Malthus expressly defines labour as follows: "The exertions of human beings employed with a view to remuneration. If the term be applied to other exertions, they must be particularly specified." In this proposition, however, the word remuneration is very uncertain in meaning. Does it mean only wages paid by other persons than the labourer, or does it include the benefit which a labourer may gain directly from his own labour?

It is plain that labour must consist of some energy or action of the body or mind, but it does not follow that every kind of exertion is to be treated in economics. Lay has restricted the term by the following concise definition: "*Travail; action suivie, dirigée vers un but.*" The action here contemplated excludes mere play and sport, which carries its whole purpose with it. There must be some extrinsic benefit to be purchased by the action, which moreover must be continued, consistent action, directed steadily to the same end. This correctly describes the great mass of economic labour which is directed simply to the earning of wages and the producing of the commodities which eventually constitute wages. But there is nothing in this definition to exclude the long-continued

**The Principles of Economics.* Macmillan & Co., 1905. pp. 72-76.

exertions of a boat's crew training for a race, the steady practice of a company of cricketers, or even the regular constitutional walk of the student who values his good health. Moreover, no considerable continuity of labour is requisite to bring it under economic laws. A poor man 5 who gathers groundsell in the morning and sells it about the streets the same afternoon may complete the circle of economic action within twenty-four hours.

* * * * *

Senior has given a definition of the term in question, saying, "Labour is the voluntary exertion of bodily or 10 mental faculties for the purpose of production." Here the term production is made the scapegoat. Does production include the production of pleasure or prevention of pain in every way? Does it include the training of the cricketer? The word "voluntary," again, excludes the 15 forced labour of slaves and prisoners, not to speak of draught animals. Yet many economic questions arise about the productiveness of the exertions of such agents. . . .

Some later economists consider pain or disagreeableness to be a necessary characteristic of labour, and probably 20 with correctness. Thus Mill defines labour as "muscular or nervous action, including all feelings of a disagreeable kind, all bodily inconvenience or mental annoyance connected with the employment of one's thoughts or muscles, or both, in a particular occupation." He seems 25 to intend that only what is disagreeable, inconvenient or annoying, shall be included. Professor Hearn also says that such effort as the term labour seems to imply is "more or less troublesome." It may be added that in all the dictionaries pain seems to be regarded as a 30 necessary constituent of labour.

Nevertheless it cannot possibly be said that all economic labour is simple pain. Beyond doubt a workman in good health and spirits, and fresh from a good night's rest actually enjoys the customary exertion of his morning task.

5 To a man brought up in the steady round of daily trade and labour, inactivity soon becomes tedious. Happiness has been defined as the reflex of unimpeded energy, and whatever exactly this may mean, there can be no doubt that any considerable degree of pleasure can be

10 attained only by setting up some end to be worked for and then working. The real solution of the difficulty seems to be this—that, however agreeable labour may be when the muscles are recruited and the nerves unstrained, the hedonic condition is always changed as the labour

15 proceeds. As we shall see, continued labour grows more and more painful, and when long-continued becomes almost intolerable. However pleasurable the beginning, the pleasure merges into pain. Now when we are engaged in mere sport, devoid of any conscious perception of

20 future good or evil, exertion will not continue beyond the point when present pain and pleasure are balanced. No motive can exist for further action. But when we have any future utility in view the case is different. The mind of the labourer balances present pain against future

25 good, so that the labour before it is terminated becomes purely painful. Now the problems and theorems of economics always turn upon the point where equality or equilibrium is attained; when labour is itself pleasurable no questions can arise about its continuance. There is

30 the double gain—the pleasure of the labour itself and the pleasure of gaining its produce. No complicated calculus is needed where all is happy and certain. It is on this ground that we may probably dismiss from economic science all sports and other exertions to which may be

applied the maxim—leave off as soon as you feel inclined. But it is far otherwise with that advanced point of economic labour when the question arises whether more labour will be repaid by the probability of future good.

I am by no means sure that it is possible to embody 5
in a single definition the view here put forward. If obliged to attempt a definition, I should say that labour includes all exertion of body ^{and} _{or} mind eventually becoming painful if prolonged, and not wholly undertaken for the sake of immediate pleasure. This proposition plainly includes 10
all painful exertion which we undergo in order to gain future pleasures or to ward off pains, in such a way as to leave a probable hedonic balance in our favor; but it does not exclude exertion which, even at the time of exertion, is producing such a balance. 15

AMERICANISM—AN ATTEMPT AT A DEFINITION*

BRANDER MATTHEWS

THERE are many words in circulation among us which we understand fairly well, which we use ourselves, and which we should, however, find it difficult to define. I think that *Americanism* is one of these words; and I think also it is well for us to inquire into the exact meaning of 20
this word, which is often most carelessly employed. More than once of late we have heard a public man praised for his “aggressive Americanism,” and occasionally we have seen a man of letters denounced for his “lack of American-

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ism." Now what does the word really mean when it is thus used?

It means, first of all, a love for this country of ours, an appreciation of the institutions of this nation, a pride in the history of this people to which we belong. And to this extent *Americanism* is simply another word for *patriotism*. But it means, also, I think, more than this: it means a frank acceptance of the principles which underlie our government here in the United States. It means, therefore, a faith in our fellowman, a belief in liberty and in equality. It implies, further, so it seems to me, a confidence in the future of this country, a confidence in its destiny, a buoyant hopefulness that the right will surely prevail.

In so far as Americanism is merely patriotism, it is a very good thing. The man who does not think his own country the finest in the world is either a pretty poor sort of a man or else he has a pretty poor sort of a country. If any people have not patriotism enough to make them willing to die that the nation may live, then that people will soon be pushed aside in the struggle of life, and that nation will be trampled upon and crushed; probably it will be conquered and absorbed by some race of a stronger fiber and of a sterner stock. Perhaps it is difficult to declare precisely which is the more pernicious citizen of a republic when there is danger of war with another nation—the man who wants to fight, right or wrong, or the man who does not want to fight, right or wrong; the hot-headed fellow who would plunge the country into a deadly struggle without first exhausting every possible chance to obtain an honorable peace, or the cold-blooded person who would willingly give up anything and everything, including honor itself, sooner than risk the loss of money which every war surely entails. "My country, right or wrong," is a

good motto only when we add to it, "and if she is in the wrong, I'll help to put her in the right." To shrink absolutely from a fight where honor is really at stake, this is the act of a coward. To rush violently into a quarrel when war can be avoided without the sacrifice of things 5 dearer than life, this is the act of a fool.

True patriotism is quiet, simple, dignified; it is not blatant, verbose, vociferous. The noisy shriekers who go about with a chip on their shoulders and cry aloud for war upon the slightest provocation belong to the class 10 contemptuously known as "Jingoes." They may be patriotic,—and as a fact they often are,—but their patriotism is too frothy, too hysteric, too unintelligent, to inspire confidence. True patriotism is not swift to resent an insult; on the contrary, it is slow to take offense, slow to 15 believe that an insult could have been intended. True patriotism, believing fully in the honesty of its own acts, assumes also that others are acting with the same honesty. True patriotism, having a solid pride in the power and resources of our country, doubts always the likelihood of any 20 other nation being willing carelessly to arouse our enmity.

In so far, therefore, as Americanism is merely patriotism it is a very good thing, as I have tried to point out. But Americanism is something more than patriotism. It calls not only for love of our common country, but also for 25 respect for our fellow-man. It implies an actual acceptance of equality as a fact. It means a willingness always to act on the theory, not that "I'm as good as the other man," but that "the other man is as good as I am." It means leveling up rather than leveling down. It 30 means a regard for law, and a desire to gain our wishes and to advance our ideas always decently and in order, and with deference to the wishes and ideas of others. It leads a man always to acknowledge the good faith of those

with whom he is contending, whether the contest is one of sport or of politics. It prevents a man from declaring, or even from thinking, that all the right is on his side, and that all the honest people in the country are
5 necessarily of his opinion.

And, further, it seems to me that true Americanism has faith and hope. It believes that the world is getting better, if not year by year, at least century by century; and it believes also that in this steady improvement of the
10 condition of mankind these United States are destined to do their full share. It holds that, bad as many things may seem to be to-day, they were worse yesterday, and they will be better to-morrow. However dark the outlook for any given cause may be at any moment the man
15 imbued with the true spirit of Americanism never abandons hope and never relaxes effort; he feels sure that everything comes to him who waits. He knows that all reforms are inevitable in the long run; and that if they do not finally establish themselves it is because they are not really re-
20 forms, though for a time they may have seemed to be.

And a knowledge of the history of the American people will supply ample reason for this faith in the future. The sin of negro-slavery never seemed to be more secure from overthrow than it did in the ten years before it was finally
25 abolished. A study of the political methods of the past will show that there has been immense improvement in many respects; and it is perhaps in our political methods that we Americans are most open to censure. That there was no deterioration of the moral stamina of the whole
30 people during the first century of the American republic any student can make sure of by comparing the spirit which animated the inhabitants of the thirteen Colonies during the Revolution with the spirit which animated the population of the Northern States (and of the Southern

no less) during the Civil War. We are accustomed to sing the praises of our grandfathers who won our independence, and very properly; but our grandchildren will have also to sing the praises of our fathers who stood up against one another for four years of the hardest fighting the world 5 has ever seen, bearing the burdens of a protracted struggle with an uncomplaining cheerfulness which was not a characteristic of the earlier war.

True Americanism is sturdy but modest. It is as far removed from "Jingoism" in times of trouble as it is 10 from "Spread-Eagleism" in times of peace. It is neither vainglorious nor boastful. It knows that the world was not created in 1492, and that July 4, 1776, is not the most important date in the whole history of mankind. It does not overestimate the contribution which America has made 15 to the rest of the world, nor does it underestimate this contribution. True Americanism, as I have said, has a pride in the past of this great country of ours, and a faith in the future; but none the less it is not so foolish as to think that all is perfection on this side of the Atlantic, 20 and that all is imperfection on the other side.

It knows that some things are better here than anywhere else in the world, that some things are no better, and that some things are not so good in America as they are in Europe. For example, probably the institutions of the 25 nation fit the needs of the population with less friction here in the United States than in any other country in the world. But probably, also, there is no other one of the great nations of the world in which the government of the large cities is so wasteful and so negligent. 30

True Americanism recognizes the fact that America is the heir of the ages, and that it is for us to profit as best we can by the experience of Europe, not copying servilely what has been successful in the old world, but modifying

what we borrow in accord with our own needs and our own conditions. It knows, and it has no hesitation in declaring, that we must always be the judges ourselves as to whether or not we shall follow the example of Europe.

5 Many times we have refused to walk in the path of European precedent, preferring very properly to blaze out a track for ourselves. More often than not this independence was wise, but now and again it was unwise.

Finally, one more quality of true Americanism must be
10 pointed out. It is not sectional. It does not dislike an idea, a man, or a political party because that idea, that man, or that party comes from a certain part of the country. It permits a man to have a healthy pride in being a son of Virginia, a citizen of New York, a native of Massachusetts,
15 but only on condition that he has a pride still stronger that he is an American, a citizen of the United States. True Americanism is never sectional. It knows no North and no South, no East and no West. And as it has no sectional likes and dislikes, so it has no international likes
20 and dislikes. It never puts itself in the attitude of the Englishman who said, "I've no prejudices, thank Heaven, but I do hate a Frenchman!" It frowns upon all appeals to the former allegiance of naturalized citizens of this country; and it thinks that it ought to be enough for any
25 man to be an American without the aid of the hyphen which makes him a British-American, an Irish-American, or a German-American.

True Americanism, to conclude, feels that a land which bred Washington and Franklin in the last century, and
30 Emerson and Lincoln in this century, and which opens its schools wide to give every boy the chance to model himself on these great men, is a land deserving of Lowell's praise as "a good country to live in, a good country to live for, and a good country to die for."

SUGGESTIONS: Study the foregoing definitions with the greatest care, and look in the dictionary for the meaning of each word that you do not know. Consider the difference between such expository definitions as "Memory," "Labour," and "Americanism," and the ordinary dictionary definition.

Do you notice any differences in logical method between "Memory" and "Labour?" Which seems to you the more exact and convincing?

A Harvard student once wrote, beside the last paragraph of the definition of Memory, "Why didn't you say so in the first place?" Does this comment seem to you justifiable, as a criticism upon the method of Professor James' exposition?

Observe that Professor Matthews' definition of "Americanism" is not analytical, but constructive: he is fixing and giving point to a term that has hitherto been loosely and carelessly employed.

Define and illustrate, in one or several meanings, any one of the following terms.*

Religion.

College Spirit.

Honor.

Heroism.

Value.

Society.

Charity.

Faith.

Romance.

Citizenship.

Eternity.

Snobbishness.

Peace.

Scholarship.

WIT AND HUMOR †

E. P. WHIPPLE

WIT was originally a general name for all the intellectual powers, meaning the faculty which kens, perceives, knows, understands; it was gradually narrowed in its significance to express merely the resemblance between ideas; and lastly to note that resemblance when 5

*This list may, of course, be indefinitely extended.

† From *Literature and Life*, pp. 91-93. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

it occasioned ludicrous surprise. It marries ideas, lying wide apart, by a sudden jerk of the understanding. Humor originally meant moisture, a signification it metaphorically retains, for it is the very juice of the mind, oozing from the
5 brain, and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls. Wit exists by antipathy; Humor by sympathy. Wit laughs *at* things; Humor laughs *with* them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates single foibles into character; Humor glides into the heart of its
10 object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; Humor is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, destructive; Humor is creative. The
15 couplets of Pope are witty, but Sancho Panza is a humorous creation. Wit, when earnest, has the earnestness of passion, seeking to destroy; Humor has the earnestness of affection, and would lift up what is seemingly low into our charity and love. Wit, bright, rapid, and blasting as
20 the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes, in an instant; Humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light. Wit implies hatred or contempt of folly and crime, produces its effects by brisk shocks of surprise, uses the whip of scorpions,
25 and the branding-iron, stabs, stings, pinches, tortures, goads, teases, corrodes, undermines; Humor implies a sure conception of the beautiful, the majestic, and the true, by whose light it surveys and shapes their opposites. It is an humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged
30 inequalities of existence, promoting tolerant views of life, bridging over the spaces which separate the lofty from the lowly, the great from the humble. Old Dr. Fuller's remark, that a negro is "the image of God cut in ebony," is humorous; Horace Smith's inversion of it, that the task-

master is "the image of the devil cut in ivory," is witty. Wit can co-exist with fierce and malignant passions; but Humor demands good feeling and fellow-feeling, feeling not merely for what is above us, but for what is around and beneath us. When Wit and Humor are commingled, 5 the result is a genial sharpness, dealing with its objects somewhat as old Izaak Walton dealt with the frog he used for bait,—running the hook neatly through his mouth and out at his gills, and in so doing "using him as though he loved him!" Sidney Smith and Shakespeare's Touchstone 10 are examples.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Genius and Talent.
Culture and Education.
Fancy and Imagination.
Learning and Knowledge.
Life and Existence.

Fame and Notoriety.
Conventionality and Propriety.
Truth and Veracity.
Work and Labor.
Sentiment and Feeling.

THE NATION AND THE STATES*

JAMES BRYCE

A FEW years ago the American Protestant Episcopal Church was occupied at its annual Convention in revising its liturgy. It was thought desirable to introduce among the short sentence prayers a prayer for the whole 15 people; and an eminent New England divine proposed the words "O Lord, bless our nation." Accepted one afternoon on the spur of the moment, the sentence was brought up the next day for reconsideration, when so many

**American Commonwealth.* v. i, pt. 1, ch. 2, pp. 16-22.

objections were raised by the laity to the word "nation," as importing too definite recognition of national unity, that it was dropped, and instead there were adopted the words "O Lord, bless these United States."

5 To Europeans who are struck by the patriotism and demonstrative national pride of their transatlantic visitors, this fear of admitting that the American people constitute a nation seems extraordinary. But it is only the expression on its sentimental side of the most striking and pervading
10 characteristic of the political system of the country, the existence of a double government, a double allegiance, a double patriotism. America—I call it America (leaving out of sight South America, Canada, and Mexico), in order to avoid using at this stage the term United States—
15 America is a Commonwealth of commonwealths, a Republic of republics, a State which, while one, is nevertheless composed of other States even more essential to its existence than it is to theirs.

20 This is a point of so much consequence, and so apt to be misapprehended by Europeans, that a few sentences may be given to it.

When within a large political community smaller communities are found existing, the relation of the smaller to the larger usually appears in one or other of the two
25 following forms. One form is that of a league, in which a number of political bodies, be they monarchies or republics, are bound together so as to constitute for certain purposes, and especially for the purpose of common defence, a single body. The members of such a composite
30 body or league are not individual men but communities. It exists only as an aggregate of communities, and will therefore vanish so soon as the communities which compose it separate themselves from one another. Moreover it deals with and acts upon these communities only. With

the individual citizen it has nothing to do, no right of taxing him, or judging him, or making laws for him, for in all these matters it is to his own community that the allegiance of the citizen is due. A familiar instance of this form is to be found in the Germanic Confederation as it existed from 1815 until 1866. The Hanseatic League in medieval Germany, the Swiss Confederation down till the present century, are other examples.

In the second form, the smaller communities are mere subdivisions of that greater one which we call the Nation. They have been created, or at any rate they exist, for administrative purposes only. Such powers as they possess are powers delegated by the nation, and can be overridden by its will. The nation acts directly by its own officers, not merely on the communities, but upon every single citizen; and the nation, because it is independent of these communities, would continue to exist were they all to disappear. Examples of such minor communities may be found in the departments of modern France and the counties of modern England. Some of the English counties were at one time, like Kent or Dorset, independent kingdoms or tribal districts; some, like Bedfordshire, were artificial divisions from the first. All are now merely local administrative areas, the powers of whose local authorities have been delegated from the national government of England. The national government does not stand by virtue of them, does not need them. They might all be abolished or turned into wholly different communities without seriously affecting its structure.

The American Federal Republic corresponds to neither of these two forms, but may be said to stand between them. Its central or national government is not a mere league, for it does not wholly depend on the component communities which we call the States. It is itself a common-

wealth as well as a union of commonwealths, because it claims directly the obedience of every citizen, and acts immediately upon him through its courts and executive officers. Still less are the minor communities, the States, mere subdivisions of the Union, mere creatures of the national government, like the counties of England or the departments of France. They have over their citizens an authority which is their own, and not delegated by the central government. They have not been called into being by that government. They existed before it. They could exist without it.

The central or national government and the state governments may be compared to a large building and a set of smaller buildings standing on the same ground, yet distinct from each other. It is a combination sometimes seen where a great church has been erected over more ancient homes of worship. First the soil is covered by a number of small shrines and chapels, built at different times and in different styles of architecture, each complete in itself. Then over them and including them all in its spacious fabric there is reared a new pile with its own loftier roof, its own walls, which may perhaps rest on and incorporate the walls of the older shrines, its own internal plan.* The identity of the earlier buildings has however not been obliterated; and if the later and larger structure were to disappear, a little repair would enable them to keep out the wind and weather, and be again what they once were, distinct and separate edifices. So the American States are now all inside the Union, and have all become subordinate to it. Yet the Union is more than an aggregate of States, and the States are more than parts of the Union. It might be destroyed, and they,

*I do not profess to indicate any one building which exactly corresponds to what I have attempted to describe, but there are several both in Italy and Egypt that seem to justify the simile.

adding a few further attributes of power to those they now possess, might survive as independent self-governing communities.

This is the cause of that immense complexity which startles and at first bewilders the student of American institutions, a complexity which makes American history and current American politics so difficult to the European, who finds in them phenomena to which his own experience supplies no parallel. There are two loyalties, two patriotisms; and the lesser patriotism, as the incident in the Episcopal Convention shows, is jealous of the greater. There are two governments, covering the same ground, commanding, with equally direct authority, the obedience of the same citizen.

The casual reader of American political intelligence in European newspapers is not struck by this phenomenon, because State politics and State affairs generally are seldom noticed in Europe. Even the traveler who visits America does not realize its importance, because the things that meet his eye are superficially similar all over the continent, and that which Europeans call the machinery of government is in America conspicuous chiefly by its absence. But a due comprehension of this double organization is the first and indispensable step to the comprehension of American institutions: as the elaborate devices whereby the two systems of government are kept from clashing are the most curious subject of study which those institutions present.

How did so complex a system arise, and what influences have molded it into its present form? This is a question which cannot be answered without a few words of historical retrospect. I am sensible of the danger of straying into history, and the more anxious to avoid this danger, because the task of describing American institutions as they

now exist is more than sufficiently heavy for one writer and one book. But an outline, a brief and plain outline, of the events which gave birth to the Federal system in America, and which have nurtured national feeling without
5 extinguishing State feeling, seems the most natural introduction to an account of the present Constitution, and may dispense with the need of subsequent explanations and digressions. It is the only excursion into the historical domain which I shall have to ask the reader to make.

SUGGESTIONS: How many main points has this chapter? State them, in your own words. Note the way in which Mr. Bryce tests actual conditions by these rules, so to speak.

What general characteristics have Mr. Bryce's paragraphs, (a) as to their outward form, (b) as to their internal structure? How many different methods of paragraph development can you trace?

What of the sentences? Analyze their principal rhetorical characteristics. Note the cadence of these sentences when they are read aloud.

What is your strongest general impression of Mr. Bryce's style? Try to produce a similar effect in your own theme.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

The relation of the colleges to the university.

The departments and the college.

The organization of the Presbyterian, (Episcopal), (Catholic) church.

A bank.

A social settlement.

My preparatory school.

The management of a summer hotel.

The organization of the — insurance company.

My father's business.

The mail order department of the — manufacturing company.

The Salvation Army.

PARTY ORGANIZATIONS*

JAMES BRYCE

THE Americans are, to use their favorite expression, a highly executive people, with a greater ingenuity in inventing means, and a greater promptitude in adapting means to an end, than any European race. Nowhere are large undertakings organized so skilfully; nowhere is there so much order with so much complexity; nowhere such quickness in correcting a suddenly discovered defect, in supplying a suddenly arisen demand. 5

Government by popular vote, both local and national, is older in America than in continental Europe. It is far more complete than even in England. It deals with larger masses of men. Its methods have engaged a greater share of attention, enlisted more ingenuity and skill in their service, than anywhere else in the world. They have therefore become more elaborate and, so far as mere mechanism goes, more perfect than elsewhere. 15

The greatest discovery ever made in the art of war was when men began to perceive that organization and discipline count for more than numbers. This discovery gave the Spartan infantry a long career of victory in Greece, and the Swiss infantry a not less brilliant renown in the later Middle Ages. The Americans made a similar discovery in politics some fifty or sixty years ago. By degrees, for even in America great truths do not burst full-grown upon the world, it was perceived that the victories of the ballot-box, no less than the sword, must be won by the cohesion and disciplined docility of the troops, and that these merits can only be secured by skilful 25

**American Commonwealth*. vol. ii, pt. 3, ch. 59, pp. 412-19.

organization and long-continued training. Both parties flung themselves into the task, and the result has been an extremely complicated system of party machinery, firm yet flexible, delicate yet quickly set up and capable of working well in the roughest communities. Strong necessity, long practice, and the fierce competition of the two great parties, have enabled this executive people to surpass itself in the sphere of electioneering politics. Yet the principles are so simple that it will be the narrator's fault if they are not understood.

One preliminary word upon the object of a party organization. To a European politician, by which I mean one who knows politics but does not know America, the aims of a party organization, be it local or general, seem to be four in number—

Union—to keep the party together and to prevent it from wasting its strength by dissensions and schisms.

Recruiting—to bring in new voters, *e. g.*, immigrants when they obtain citizenship, young men as they reach the age of suffrage, new-comers, or residents hitherto indifferent or hostile.

Enthusiasm—to excite the voters by the sympathy of numbers, and the sense of a common purpose, rousing them by speeches or literature.

Instruction—to give the voters some knowledge of the political issues they have to decide, to inform them of the virtues of their leaders, and the crimes of their opponents.

These aims, or at least the first three of them, are pursued by the party organizations of America with eminent success. But they are less important than a fifth object which has been little regarded in Europe, though in America it is the mainspring of the whole mechanism. This is the selection of party candidates; and it is important, not only because the elective places are so numer-

ous, far more numerous than in any European country, but because they are tenable for short terms, so that elections frequently recur. Since the parties, having of late had no really distinctive principles, and therefore no well-defined aims in the direction of legislation or ad- 5 ministration, exist practically for the sake of filling certain offices, and carrying on the machinery of government, the choice of those members of the party whom the party is to reward, and who are to strengthen it by the winning of the offices, becomes a main end of its being. 10

There are three ways by which in self-governing countries candidates may be brought before electors. One is by the candidate's offering himself, appealing to his fellow citizens on the strength of his personal merits, or family connections, or wealth, or local influence. This was a 15 common practice in most English constituencies till our own time; and seems to be the practice over parliamentary Europe still. Another is for a group or junto of men influential in the constituency to put a candidate forward, intriguing secretly for him or openly recommending him 20 to the electors. This also largely prevailed in England, where, in counties, four or five of the chief landowners used to agree as to the one of themselves who should stand for the county; or to choose the eldest son of a duke or marquis as the person whom his rank designated.* So, 25 in Scotch boroughs, a little knot of active bailies and other citizens combined to bring out a candidate, but generally kept their action secret, for "the clique" was always a term of reproach. The practice is common in France now, where the committee of each party recommend a candi- 30 date.

The third system is that in which the candidate is

*Thus, in Mr. Disraeli's novel of *Tancred*, the county member, a man of good birth and large estates, offers to retire in order to make room for the eldest son of the Duke when he comes of age.

chosen neither by himself nor by the self-elected group, but by the people themselves, *i. e.*, by the members of a party, whether assembled in mass or acting through representatives chosen for the purpose. This plan offers
5 several advantages. It promises to secure a good candidate, because presumably the people will choose a suitable man. It encourages the candidate, by giving him the weight of party support, and therefore tends to induce good men to come forward. It secures the union of the
10 party, because a previous vote has determined that the candidate is the man whom the majority prefer, and the minority are therefore likely, having had their say and been fairly outvoted, to fall into line and support him. This is the system which now prevails from Maine to
15 California, and is indeed the keystone of transatlantic politics. But there is a further reason for it than those I have mentioned.

That no American dreams of offering himself for a post unless he has been chosen by the party* is due not to the
20 fact that few persons have the local preëminence which the social conditions of Europe bestow on the leading landowners of a neighborhood, or on some great merchants or employers in a town, nor again to the modesty which makes an English candidate delay presenting himself as a
25 candidate for Parliament until he has got up a requisition to himself to stand, but to the notion that the popular mind and will are and must be all in all, that the people must not only create the office-bearer by their votes, but even designate the persons for whom the votes may be
30 given. For a man to put himself before the voters is deemed presumptuous, because an encroachment on their right to say whom they will even so much as consider.

*It may sometimes, though rarely, be a schismatic or recalcitrant section of the party, as will be seen hereafter.

The theory of popular sovereignty requires that the ruling majority must name its own standard-bearers and servants, the candidates, must define its own platform, must in every way express its own mind and will. Were it to leave these matters to the initiative of candidates offering 5 themselves, or candidates put forward by an unauthorized clique, it would subject itself to them, would be passive instead of active, would cease to be worshipped as the source of power. A system for selecting candidates is therefore not a mere contrivance for preventing party 10 dissensions, but an essential feature of matured democracy.

It was not however till democracy came to maturity that the system was perfected. As far back as the middle of last century it was the custom in Massachusetts, and probably in other colonies, for a coterie of leading citizens 15 to put forward candidates for the offices of the town or colony, and their nominations, although clothed with no authority but that of the individuals making them, were generally accepted.* This lasted on after the Revolution, for the structure of society still retained a certain aristo- 20 cratic quality. Clubs sprang up which, especially in New York State, became the organs of groups and parties, brought out candidates, and conducted election campaigns; while in New England the clergy and men of substance continued to act as leaders. Presently, as the 25 democratic spirit grew, and people would no longer acquiesce in self-appointed chiefs, the legislatures began to be recognized as the bodies to make nominations for the higher Federal and State offices. Each party in Congress nominated the candidate to be run for the 30 presidency, each party in a State legislature the candidate for governor, and often for other places also. This lasted

*It should be remembered that Mr. Bryce wrote this before 1888. [Editor.]

during the first two or three decades of the present century, till the electoral suffrage began to be generally lowered, and a generation which had imbibed Jeffersonian principles had come to manhood, a generation so filled with the spirit of democratic equality that it would recognize neither the natural leaders whom social position and superior intelligence indicated, nor the official leadership of legislative bodies. As party struggles grew more bitter, a party organization became necessary, which better satisfied the claims of petty local leaders, which knit the voters in each district together and concentrated their efforts, while it expressed the absolute equality of all voters, and the right of each to share in determining his candidate and his party platform. The building up of this new organization was completed, for the Democratic party, about 1835; for the Whig party not until some years later. When the Republican party arose about 1854, it reproduced so closely, or developed on lines so similar, the methods which experience had approved, that the differences between the systems of the two great parties are now unimportant, and may be disregarded in the sketch I have to give.*

The essential feature of the system is that it is from bottom to top strictly representative. This is because it has power, and power can flow only from the people. An organization which exists, like the political associations of England, solely or mainly for the sake of canvassing, conducting registration, diffusing literature, getting up courses of lectures, holding meetings and passing resolutions, has little or no power. Its object is to excite, or to persuade, or to manage such business as the defective

*What makes it hard to present a perfectly accurate and yet concise description is that there are variations between the arrangements in cities and those in rural districts, as well as between the arrangements in different States.

registration system of the country leaves to be fulfilled by voluntary agencies. So too in America the committees or leagues which undertake to create or stimulate opinion have no power, and need not be strictly representative. But when an organization which the party is in the habit 5 of obeying, chooses a party candidate, it exerts power, power often of the highest import, because it practically narrows the choice of a party, that is, of about half the people, to one particular person out of the many for whom they might be inclined to vote.* Such power would not 10 be yielded to any but a representative body, and it is yielded to the bodies I shall describe because they are, at least in theory, representative.

THE NOMINATING CONVENTION AT WORK†

JAMES BRYCE

A SPIRANTS hoping to obtain the party nomination 15 from a national convention may be divided into three classes, the last two of which, as will appear presently, are not mutually exclusive, viz.—

Favorites. Dark Horses. Favorite Sons.

*The rapid change in the practice of England in this point is a curious symptom of the progress of democratic ideas and usages there. As late as the general elections of 1868 and 1874, nearly all candidates offered themselves to the electors, though some professed to do so in pursuance of requisitions emanating from the electors. In 1880 many—I think most—Liberal candidates in boroughs, and some in counties, were chosen by the local party associations, and appealed to the Liberal electors on the ground of having been so chosen. In 1885 nearly all new candidates were so chosen, and a man offering himself against the nominee of the association was denounced as an interloper and traitor to the party. The same process has been going on in the Tory party, though more slowly.

†*American Commonwealth*. vol. ii, pt. 5, ch. 70, pp. 551-53.

A Favorite is always a politician well known over the Union, and drawing support from all or most of its sections. He is a man who has distinguished himself in Congress, or in the war, or in politics of some State so large that its politics are matter of knowledge and interest to the whole nation. He is usually a person of conspicuous gifts, whether as a speaker, or a party manager, or an administrator. The drawback to him is that in making friends he has also made enemies.

10 A Dark Horse is a person not very widely known in the country at large, but known rather for good than for evil. He has probably sat in Congress, been useful on committees, and gained some credit among those who dealt with him in Washington. Or he has approved him-
15 self a safe and assiduous party man in the political campaigns of his own and neighboring States, yet without reaching national prominence. Sometimes he is a really able man, but without the special talents that win popularity. Still, speaking generally, the note of the Dark Horse
20 is respectability, verging on colorlessness; and he is therefore a good sort of person to fall back upon when able but dangerous Favorites have proved impossible. That native mediocrity rather than adverse fortune has prevented him from winning fame is proved by the
25 fact that the Dark Horses who have reached the White House, if they have seldom turned out bad presidents, have even more seldom turned out distinguished ones.

A Favorite Son is a politician respected or admired in
30 his own State, but little regarded beyond it. He may not be, like the Dark Horse, little known to the nation at large, but he has not fixed its eye or filled its ear. He is usually a man who has sat in the State legislature; filled with credit the post of State governor; perhaps gone as

senator or representative to Washington, and there approved himself an active promoter of local interests. Probably he possesses the qualities which gain local popularity—geniality, activity, sympathy with the dominant sentiment and habits of his State; or while endowed with gifts excellent in their way, he has lacked the audacity and tenacity which push a man to the front through a jostling crowd. More rarely he is a demagogue who has raised himself by flattering the masses of his State on some local questions, or a skilful handler of party organizations who has made local bosses and spoilsmen believe that their interests are safe in his hands. Anyhow, his personality is such as to be more effective with neighbors than with the nation, as a lamp whose glow fills the side chapel of a cathedral sinks to a spark of light when carried into the nave.

A Favorite Son may be also a Dark Horse; that is to say, he may be well known in his own State, but so little known out of it as to be an unlikely candidate. But he need not be. The types are different, for as there are Favorite Sons whom the nation knows but does not care for, so there are Dark Horses whose reputation, such as it is, has not been made in State affairs, and who rely very little on State favor.

SUGGESTIONS: (See page 69.)

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Class Organizations at — College.

Class Elections at — College.

Societies in Our High School.

The New England Town Meeting.

The "Machine" in My Home Town.

The Kind of Man Who Is Usually Elected Class-President.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS AS MOLDING
PUBLIC OPINION*

JAMES BRYCE

AS the public opinion of a people is even more directly than its political institutions the reflection and expression of its character, it is convenient to begin the analysis of opinion in America by noting some of those
5 general features of national character which give tone and color to the people's thoughts and feelings on politics. There are, of course, varieties proper to different classes, and to different parts of the vast territory of the Union;
10 but it is well to consider first such characteristics as belong to the nation as a whole, and afterward to examine the various classes and districts of the country. And when I speak of the nation I mean the native Americans. What follows is not applicable to the recent immigrants
15 from Europe, and, of course, even less applicable to the Southern negroes; though both these elements are potent by their votes.

The Americans are a good-natured people, kindly, helpful to one another, disposed to take a charitable view
20 even of wrongdoers. Their anger sometimes flames up, but the fire is soon extinct. Nowhere is cruelty more abhorred. Even a mob lynching a horse thief in the West has consideration for the criminal, and will give him a good drink of whisky before he is strung up. Cruelty
25 to slaves was rare while slavery lasted, the best proof of which is the quietness of the slaves during the war when all the men and many of the boys of the South were serving in the Confederate armies. As everybody knows,

**American Commonwealth*. v. iii, pt. 4, ch. 80, pp. 48-64.

juries are more lenient to offences of all kinds but one, offences against women, than they are anywhere in Europe. The Southern "rebels" were soon forgiven; and though civil wars are proverbially bitter, there have been few struggles in which the combatants did so many little friendly acts for one another, few in which even the vanquished have so quickly buried their resentments. It is true that newspapers and public speakers say hard things of their opponents; but this is a part of the game, and is besides a way of relieving their feelings: the bark is sometimes the louder in order that a bite may not follow. Vindictiveness shown by a public man excites general disapproval, and the maxim of letting bygones be bygones is pushed so far that an offender's misdeeds are often forgotten when they ought to be remembered against him.

All the world knows that they are a humorous people. They are as conspicuously the purveyors of humor to the nineteenth century as the French were the purveyors of wit to the eighteenth. Nor is this sense of the ludicrous side of things confined to a few brilliant writers. It is diffused among the whole people; it colors their ordinary life, and gives to their talk that distinctly new flavor which a European palate enjoys. Their capacity for enjoying a joke against themselves was oddly illustrated at the outset of the Civil War, a time of stern excitement, by the merriment which arose over the hasty retreat of the Federal troops at the battle of Bull Run. When William M. Tweed was ruling and robbing New York, and had set on the bench men who were openly prostituting justice, the citizens found the situation so amusing that they almost forgot to be angry. Much of President Lincoln's popularity, and much also of the gift he showed for restoring confidence to the North at the darkest moments of the war, was due to the humorous way he used to turn things,

conveying the impression of not being himself uneasy, even when he was most so.

That indulgent view of mankind which I have already mentioned, a view odd in a people whose ancestors were
5 penetrated with the belief in original sin, is strengthened by this wish to get amusement out of everything. The want of seriousness which it produces may be more apparent than real. Yet it has its significance; for people become affected by the language they use, as we see men
10 grow into cynics when they have acquired the habit of talking cynicism for the sake of effect.

They are a hopeful people. Whether or no they are right in calling themselves a new people, they certainly seem to feel in their veins the bounding pulse of youth.
15 They see a long vista of years stretching out before them, in which they will have time enough to cure all their faults, to overcome all the obstacles that block their path. They look at their enormous territory with its still only half-explored sources of wealth, they reckon up the growth of
20 their population and their products, they contrast the comfort and intelligence of their laboring classes with the condition of the masses of the Old World. They remember the dangers that so long threatened the Union from the slave power, and the rebellion it raised, and see peace and
25 harmony now restored, the South more prosperous and contented than at any previous epoch, perfect good feeling between all sections of the country. It is natural for them to believe in their star. And this sanguine temper makes them tolerant of evils which they regard as transitory,
30 removable as soon as time can be found to root them up.

They have unbounded faith in what they call the People and in a democratic system of government. The great States of the European continent are distracted by the contests of Republicans and Monarchists, and of rich and

poor,—contests which go down to the foundations of government, and in France are further embittered by religious passions. Even in England the ancient Constitution is always under repair, and while many think it is being ruined by changes, others hold that still greater 5 changes are needed to make it tolerable. No such questions trouble American minds, for nearly everybody believes, and everybody declares, that the frame of government is in its main lines so excellent that such reforms as seem called for need not touch those lines, but are required only 10 to protect the Constitution from being perverted by the parties. Hence a further confidence that the people are sure to decide right in the long run, a confidence inevitable and essential in a government which refers every question to the arbitrament of numbers. There have, of 15 course, been instances where the once insignificant minority proved to have been wiser than the majority of the moment. Such was eminently the case in the great slavery struggle. But here the minority prevailed by growing into a majority as events developed the real issues, so that this also has 20 been deemed a ground for holding that all minorities which have right on their side will bring round their antagonists, and in the long run win by voting power. If you ask an intelligent citizen why he so holds, he will answer that truth and justice are sure to make their way into the minds 25 and consciences of the majority. This is deemed an axiom, and the more readily so deemed, because truth is identified with common sense, the quality which the average citizen is most confidently proud of possessing.

This feeling shades off into another, externally like 30 it, but at bottom distinct—the feeling not only that the majority, be it right or wrong, will and must prevail, but that its being the majority proves it to be right. This feeling appears in the guise sometimes of piety and some-

times of fatalism. Religious minds hold—you find the idea underlying many books and hear it in many pulpits—that Divine Providence has especially chosen and led the American people to work out a higher type of freedom and civilization than any other state has yet attained, and that this great work will surely be brought to a happy issue by the protecting hand which has so long guided it. Before others who are less sensitive to such impressions, the will of the people looms up like one of the irresistible forces of nature, which you must obey, and which you can turn and use only by obeying. In the famous words of Bacon, *non nisi parendo vincitur*.

The Americans are an educated people, compared with the whole mass of the population in any European country except Switzerland, parts of Germany, Norway, Iceland and Scotland; that is to say, the average of knowledge is higher, the habit of reading and thinking more diffused, than in any other country.

I speak, of course, of the native Americans, excluding negroes and recent immigrants. They know the constitution of their own country, they follow public affairs, they join in local government and learn from it how government must be carried on, and in particular how discussion must be conducted in meetings, and its results tested at elections. The town meeting has been the most perfect school of self-government in any modern country. They exercise their minds on theological questions, debating points of Christian doctrine with no small acuteness.* Women in particular, though their chief reading is fiction and theology, pick up at the public schools and from the popular magazines far more

*See, for a curious, though it must be admitted, somewhat dismal account of these theological discussions among the ordinary citizens of a small Western community, the striking novel of Mr. E. W. Howe, *The Story of a Country Town*.

miscellaneous information than the women of any European country possess, and this naturally tells on the intelligence of the men.

That the education of the masses is nevertheless a superficial education goes without saying. It is sufficient to enable them to think they know something about the great problems of politics: insufficient to show them how little they know. The public elementary school gives everybody the key to knowledge in making reading and writing familiar, but it has not time to teach him how to use the key, whose use is, in fact, by the pressure of daily work, almost confined to the newspaper and the magazine. So we may say that if the political education of the average American voter be compared with that of the average voter in Europe, it stands high; but if it be compared with the functions which the theory of the American government lays on him, which its spirit implies, which the methods of its party organization assume, its inadequacy is manifest. This observation, however, is not so much a reproach to the schools, which at least do what the English schools omit—instruct the child in the principles of the Constitution—as a tribute to the height of the ideal which the American conception of popular rule sets up.

For the functions of the citizen are not, as has hitherto been the case in Europe, confined to the choosing of legislatures, who are then left to settle issues of policy and select executive rulers. The American citizen is virtually one of the governors of the republic. Issues are decided and rulers selected by the direct popular vote. Elections are so frequent that to do his duty at them a citizen ought to be constantly watching public affairs with a full comprehension of the principles involved in them, and a judgment of the candidates derived from a criticism of their arguments as well as a recollection of

their past careers. As has been said, the instruction received in the common schools and from the newspapers, and supposed to be developed by the practice of primaries and conventions, while it makes the voter deem himself
5 capable of governing, does not completely fit him to weigh the real merits of statesmen, to discern the true grounds on which questions ought to be decided, to note the drift of events and discover the direction in which parties are being carried. He is like a sailor who knows the spars
10 and ropes of the ship and is expert in working her, but is ignorant of geography and navigation; who can perceive that some of the officers are smart and others dull, but cannot judge which of them is qualified to use the sextant or will best keep his head during a hurricane.

15 They are a moral and well-conducted people. Setting aside the *colluvies gentium* which one finds in Western mining camps, and which popular literature has presented to Europeans as far larger than it really is, setting aside also the rabble of a few great cities and the negroes of the
20 South, the average of temperance, chastity, truthfulness, and general probity is somewhat higher than in any of the great nations of Europe. The instincts of the native farmer or artisan are almost invariably kindly and charitable. He respects the law; he is deferential to women and
25 indulgent to children; he attaches an almost excessive value to the possession of a genial manner and the observance of domestic duties.

They are also a religious people. It is not merely that they respect religion and its ministers, for that one might
30 say of Russians or Sicilians, not merely that they are assiduous churchgoers and Sunday-school teachers, but that they have an intelligent interest in the form of faith they profess, are pious without superstition, and zealous without bigotry. The importance which they still, though

less than formerly, attach to dogmatic propositions, does not prevent them from feeling the moral side of their theology. Christianity influences conduct, not indeed half as much as in theory it ought, but probably more than it does in any other modern country, and far more than it did in the so-called ages of faith. 5

Nor do their moral and religious impulses remain in the soft haze of self-complacent sentiment. The desire to expunge or cure the visible evils of the world is strong. Nowhere are so many philanthropic and reformatory agencies at work. Zeal outruns discretion, outruns the possibilities of the case, in not a few of the efforts made, as well by legislation as by voluntary action, to suppress vice, to prevent intemperance, to purify popular literature. 10

Religion apart, they are an unreverential people. I do not mean irreverent,—far from it; nor do I mean that they have not a great capacity for hero-worship, as they have many a time shown. I mean that they are little disposed, especially in public questions—political, economical, or social—to defer to the opinions of those who are wiser or better instructed than themselves. Everything tends to make the individual independent and self-reliant. He goes early into the world; he is left to make his way alone; he tries one occupation after another, if the first or second venture does not prosper; he gets to think that each man is his own best helper and adviser. Thus he is led, I will not say to form his own opinions, for even in America few are those who do that, but to fancy that he has formed them, and to feel little need of aid from others toward correcting them. There is, therefore, less disposition than in Europe to expect light and leading on public affairs from speakers or writers. Oratory is not directed toward instruction, but toward stimulation. Special knowledge, which commands deference in applied 15 20 25 30

science or in finance, does not command it in politics, because that is not deemed a special subject, but one within the comprehension of every practical man. Politics is, to be sure, a profession, and so far might seem to need
5 professional aptitudes. But the professional politician is not the man who has studied statesmanship, but the man who has practiced the art of running conventions and winning elections.

Even that strong point of America, the completeness
10 and highly popular character of local government, contributes to lower the standard of attainment expected in a public man, because the citizens judge all politics by the politics they see first and know best—those of their township or city, and fancy that he who is fit to be selectman,
15 or county commissioner, or alderman, is fit to sit in the great council of the nation. Like the shepherd in Virgil, they think the only difference between their town and Rome is in its size, and believe that what does for La-Fayetteville will do well enough for Washington. Hence
20 when a man of statesmanlike gifts appears, he has little encouragement to take a high and statesmanlike tone, for his words do not necessarily receive weight from his position. He fears to be instructive and hortatory, lest such an attitude should expose him to ridicule; and in
25 America ridicule is a terrible power. Nothing escapes it. Few have the courage to face it. In the indulgence of it even this humane race can be unfeeling.

They are a busy people. I have already observed that the leisured class is relatively small, is in fact confined to a
30 few Eastern cities. The citizen has little time to think about political problems. Engrossing all the working hours, his avocation leaves him only stray moments for this fundamental duty. It is true that he admits his responsibilities, considers himself a member of a party,

takes some interest in current events. But although he would reject the idea that his thinking should be done for him, he has not leisure to do it for himself, and must practically lean upon and follow his party. It astonishes an English visitor to find how small a part politics plays in conversation among the wealthier classes and generally in the cities. During a tour of four months in America in the autumn of 1881, in which I had occasion to mingle with all sorts and conditions of men in all parts of the country, and particularly in the Eastern cities, I never once heard American politics discussed except when I or some other European brought the subject on the carpet. In a presidential year, and especially during the months of a presidential campaign, there is, of course, abundance of private talk, as well as of public speaking, but even then the issues raised are largely personal rather than political in the European sense. But at other times the visitor is apt to feel—more, I think, than he feels anywhere in Britain—that his host has been heavily pressed by his own business concerns during the day, and that when the hour of relaxation arrives he gladly turns to lighter and more agreeable topics than the state of the nation. This remark is less applicable to the dwellers in villages. There is plenty of political chat round the store at the cross-roads, and though it is rather in the nature of gossip than of debate, it seems, along with the practice of local government, to sustain the interest of ordinary folk in public affairs.*

The want of serious and sustained thinking is not confined to politics. One feels it even more as regards

*The European country where the common people talk most about politics is, I think, Greece. I remember, for instance, in crossing the channel which divides Cephalonia from Ithaca, to have heard the boat-men discuss a recent ministerial crisis at Athens during the whole voyage with the liveliest interest and apparently considerable knowledge.

economical and social questions. To it must be ascribed the vitality of certain prejudices and fallacies which could scarcely survive the continuous application of such vigorous minds as one finds among the Americans. Their quick
5 perceptions serve them so well in business and in the ordinary affairs of life that they do not feel the need for minute investigation and patient reflection on the underlying principles of things. They are apt to ignore difficulties, and when they can no longer ignore them, they will evade
10 them rather than lay siege to them according to the rules of art. The sense that there is no time to spare haunts an American even when he might find the time, and would do best for himself by finding it.

Some one will say that an aversion to steady thinking
15 belongs to the average man everywhere. Admitting this, I must repeat once more that we are now comparing the Americans not with average men in other countries, but with the ideal citizens of a democracy. We are trying them by the standard which the theory of their govern-
20 ment assumes. In other countries statesmen or philosophers do, and are expected to do, the solid thinking for the bulk of the people. Here the people are expected to do it for themselves. To say they do it imperfectly is not to deny them the credit of doing it better than a European
25 philosopher might have predicted.

They are a commercial people, whose point of view is primarily that of persons accustomed to reckon profit and loss. Their impulse is to apply a direct practical test to men and measures, to assume that men who have
30 got on fastest are the smartest men, and that a scheme which seems to pay well deserves to be supported. Abstract reasonings they dislike, subtle reasonings they suspect; they accept nothing as practical which is not plain, downright, apprehensible by an ordinary under-

standing. Although open-minded, so far as willingness to listen goes, they are hard to convince, because they have really made up their minds on most subjects, having adopted the prevailing notions of their locality or party as truths due to their own reflection.

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It may seem a contradiction to remark that with this shrewdness and the sort of hardness it produces, they are nevertheless an impressionable people. Yet this is true. It is not their intellect; however, that is impressionable, but their imagination and emotions, which respond in unexpected ways to appeals made on behalf of a cause which seems to have about it something noble or pathetic. They are capable of an ideality surpassing that of Englishmen or Frenchmen.

10

They are an unsettled people. In no State of the Union is the bulk of the population so fixed in its residence as everywhere in Europe; in many it is almost nomadic. Nobody feels rooted to the soil. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, he cannot readily contract habits of trustful dependence on his neighbors.* Community of interest, or of belief in a such cause as temperance, or protection for native industry, unites him for a time with others similarly minded, but congenial spirits seldom live long enough together to form a school or type of local opinion which develops strength and becomes a proselytizing force. Perhaps this tends to prevent the growth of variety in opinion. When a man arises with some power of original thought in politics, he is feeble if isolated, and is depressed by his insignificance, whereas if he grows up in favorable soil with sympathetic minds around him, whom he can in prolonged intercourse permeate with his

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*Forty years ago this was much less true of New England than it is to-day. There are districts in the South where the population is stagnant, but these are backward districts, not affecting the opinion of the country.

ideas, he learns to speak with confidence and soars on the wings of his disciples. Whether or no there be truth in this suggestion, one who considers the variety of conditions under which men live in America may find ground
5 for surprise that there should be so few independent schools of opinion.

But even while an unsettled, they are nevertheless an associative, because a sympathetic people. Although the atoms are in constant motion, they have a strong attraction for one another. Each man catches his neighbor's sentiment more quickly and more easily than happens with the English. That sort of reserve and isolation, that tendency rather to repel than to invite confidence, which foreigners attribute to the Englishman, though it belongs
15 rather to the upper and middle class than to the nation generally, is, though not absent, yet less marked in America.* It seems to be one of the notes of difference between the two branches of the race. In the United States, since each man likes to feel that his ideas raise in other minds
20 the same emotions as in his own, a sentiment or impulse is rapidly propagated and quickly conscious of its strength. Add to this the aptitude for organization which their history and institutions have educes, and one sees how the tendency to form and the talent to work combinations
25 for a political or any other object has become one of the great features of the country. Hence, too, the immense strength of party. It rests not only on interest and habit and the sense of its value as a means of working the government, but also on the sympathetic element

30 *I do not mean that Americans are more apt to unbosom themselves to strangers, but that they have rather more adaptiveness than the English, and are less disposed to stand alone and care nothing for the opinion of others. It is worth noticing that Americans traveling abroad seem to get more easily into touch with the inhabitants of the country than the English do: nor have they the English habit of calling those inhabitants—Frenchmen, for instance, or Germans—"the natives."

and instinct of combination ingrained in the national character.

They are a changeful people. Not fickle, for they are if anything too tenacious of ideas once adopted, too fast bound by party ties, too willing to pardon the errors of a 5 cherished leader. But they have what chemists call low specific heat; they grow warm suddenly and cool as suddenly; they are liable to swift and vehement outbursts of feeling which rush like wildfire across the country, gaining glow, like the wheel of a railway car, by the 10 accelerated motion. The very similarity of ideas and equality of conditions which makes them hard to convince at first makes a conviction once implanted run its course the more triumphantly. They seem all to take flame at once, because what has told upon one has told in the same 15 way upon all the rest, and the obstructing and separating barriers which exist in Europe scarcely exist here. Nowhere is the saying so applicable that nothing succeeds like success. The Native American or so-called Know-Nothing party had in two years from its foundation be- 20 come a tremendous force, running, and seeming for a time likely to carry, its own presidential candidate. In three years more it was dead without hope of revival. Now and then, as for instance in the elections of 1874-75, there comes a rush of feeling so sudden and tremendous, 25 that the name of Tidal Wave has been invented to describe it.

After this it may seem a paradox to add that the Americans are a conservative people. Yet anyone who observes the power of habit among them, the tenacity with 30 which old institutions and usages, legal and theological formulas, have been clung to, will admit the fact. A love for what is old and established is in their English blood. Moreover, prosperity helps to make them con-

servative. They are satisfied with the world they live in, for they have found it a good world, in which they have grown rich and can sit under their own vine and fig-tree, none making them afraid. They are proud of their
5 history and of their Constitution, which has come out of the furnace of civil war with scarcely the smell of fire upon it. It is little to say that they do not seek change for the sake of change, because the nations that do this exist only in the fancy of alarmist philosophers. There are
10 nations, however, whose impatience of existing evils, or whose proneness to be allured by visions of a brighter future, makes them underestimate the risk of change, nations that will pull up the plant to see whether it has begun to strike root. This is not the way of the Americans.
15 They are no doubt ready to listen to suggestions from any quarter. They do not consider that an institution is justified by its existence, but admit everything to be matter for criticism. Their keenly competitive spirit and pride in their own ingenuity have made them quicker than any
20 other people to adopt and adapt inventions: telephones were in use in every little town over the West, while in the City of London men were just beginning to wonder whether they could be made to pay. I have remarked in an earlier chapter that the fondness for trying experi-
25 ments has produced a good deal of hasty legislation, especially in the newer States, but that some of it has already been abandoned. But these admissions do not affect the main proposition. The Americans are at bottom a conservative people, in virtue both of the deep
30 instincts of their race and of that practical shrewdness which recognizes the value of permanence and solidity in institutions. They are conservative in their fundamental beliefs, in the structure of their governments, in their social and domestic usages. They are like a tree whose

pendulous shoots quiver and rustle with the lightest breeze, while its roots enfold the rock with a grasp which storms cannot loosen.

SUGGESTIONS: In this chapter should be noted especially the simple, clear, and adequate plan, or "structure" of the exposition. Describe this plan and make a diagram of it, if necessary.

Do you find here paragraphs of the same type as those in the first and second selections? What of the topic-sentences here? What use is made of concrete illustration?

In treating the adapted subject, make a list of what seem to you the three or four chief characteristics of your fellow students, as a whole; then explain these, with ample illustration. Be sure that your generalizations are coördinate and relevant. Be careful to make very clear the transitions from one point to another. Study Mr. Bryce's transition sentences and paragraphs.

ADAPTED SUBJECT

Student characteristics as molding opinion in my college.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY EDUCATION*

JOHN STUART MILL

IT seems proper that I should prefix to the following biographical sketch, some mention of the reasons 5 which have made me think it desirable that I should leave behind me such a memorial of so uneventful a life as mine. I do not for a moment imagine that any part of what I have to relate can be interesting to the public as a narrative, or as being connected with myself. But I 10 have thought that in an age in which education and its

*From *Autobiography*. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

improvement are the subject of more, if not of profounder, study than at any former period of English history, it may be useful that there should be some record of an education which was unusual and remarkable, and which, 5 whatever else it may have done, has proved how much more than is commonly supposed may be taught, and well taught, in those early years which, in the common modes of what is called instruction, are little better than wasted. It has also seemed to me that in an age of transi- 10 tion in opinions, there may be somewhat both of interest and of benefit in noting the successive phases of any mind which was always pressing forward, equally ready to learn and to unlearn either from its own thoughts or from those of others. But a motive which weighs more with me 15 than either of these, is a desire to make acknowledgment of the debts which my intellectual and moral development owes to other persons; some of them of recognized eminence, others less known than they deserve to be, and the one to whom most of all is due, one whom the world had no 20 opportunity of knowing. The reader whom these things do not interest, has only himself to blame if he reads farther, and I do not desire any other indulgence from him than that of bearing in mind, that for him these pages were not written.

25 I was born in London, on the 20th of May, 1806, and was the eldest son of James Mill, the author of the *History of British India*. My father, the son of a petty tradesman and (I believe) small farmer, at Northwater Bridge, in the county of Angus, was, when a boy, recommended by 30 his abilities to the notice of Sir John Stuart, of Fettercairn, one of the Barons of the Exchequer in Scotland, and was, in consequence, sent to the University of Edinburgh, at the expense of a fund established by Lady Jane Stuart (the wife of Sir John Stuart) and some other ladies for

educating young men for the Scottish Church. He there went through the usual course of study, and was licensed as a preacher, but never followed the profession; having satisfied himself that he could not believe the doctrines of that or any other church. For a few years he was a private tutor in various families in Scotland, among others that of the Marquis of Tweeddale, but ended by taking up his residence in London and devoting himself to authorship. Nor had he any other means of support until 1819, when he obtained an appointment in the India House.

In this period of my father's life there are two things which it is impossible not to be struck with: one of them unfortunately a very common circumstance, the other a most uncommon one. The first is, that in his position, with no resource but the precarious one of writing in periodicals, he married and had a large family; conduct than which nothing could be more opposed, both as a matter of good sense and of duty, to the opinions which, at least at a later period of life, he strenuously upheld. The other circumstance, is the extraordinary energy which was required to lead the life he led, with the disadvantages under which he labored from the first, and with those which he brought upon himself by his marriage. It would have been no small thing, had he done no more than to support himself and his family during so many years by writing, without ever being in debt, or in any pecuniary difficulty; holding, as he did, opinions, both in politics and in religion, which were more odious to all persons of influence, and to the common run of prosperous Englishmen in that generation than either before or since; and being not only a man whom nothing would have induced to write against his convictions, but one who invariably threw into everything he wrote, as much of his convictions as he thought the circumstances would in any

way permit: being, it must also be said, one who never did anything negligently; never undertook any task, literary or other, on which he did not conscientiously bestow all the labor necessary for performing it adequately. But
5 he, with these burdens on him, planned, commenced, and completed, the *History of India*; and this in the course of about ten years, a shorter time than has been occupied (even by writers who had no other employment) in the production of almost any other historical work of equal
10 bulk, and of anything approaching to the same amount of reading and research. And to this is to be added, that during the whole period, a considerable part of almost every day was employed in the instruction of his children, in the case of one of whom, myself, he exerted an amount
15 of labor, care, and perseverance rarely, if ever, employed for a similar purpose, in endeavoring to give, according to his own conception, the highest order of intellectual education.

A man who, in his own practice, so vigorously acted
20 up to the principle of losing no time, was likely to adhere to the same rule in the instruction of his pupil. I have no remembrance of the time when I began to learn Greek, I have been told that it was when I was three years old. My earliest recollection on the subject, is that of com-
25 mitting to memory what my father termed vocables, being lists of common Greek words, with their signification in English, which he wrote out for me on cards. Of grammar, until some years later, I learned no more than the inflexions of the nouns and verbs, but, after a course of
30 vocables, proceeded at once to translation; and I faintly remember going through *Æsop's Fables*, the first Greek book which I read. The *Anabasis*, which I remember better, was the second. I learned no Latin until my eighth year. At that time I had read, under my father's

tuition, a number of Greek prose authors, among whom I remember the whole of Herodotus, and of Xenophon's *Cyropædia* and *Memorials* of Socrates; some of the lives of the philosophers by Diogenes Laertius; part of Lucian, and *Isocrates ad Demonicum* and *Ad Nicoclem*. I also 5 read, in 1813, the first six dialogues (in the common arrangement) of Plato, from the *Euthyphron* to the *Theoctetus* inclusive: which last dialogue, I venture to think, would have been better omitted, as it was totally impossible I should understand it. But my father, in all 10 his teaching, demanded of me not only the utmost that I could do, but much that I could by no possibility have done. What he was himself willing to undergo for the sake of my instruction, may be judged from the fact that I went through the whole process of preparing my Greek 15 lessons in the same room and at the same table at which he was writing: and as in those days Greek and English lexicons were not, and I could make no more use of a Greek and Latin lexicon than could be made without having yet begun to learn Latin, I was forced to have 20 recourse to him for the meaning of every word which I did not know. This incessant interruption, he, one of the most impatient of men, submitted to, and wrote under that interruption several volumes of his *History* and all else that he had to write during those years. 25

The only thing besides Greek, that I learned as a lesson in this part of my childhood, was arithmetic: this also my father taught me: it was the task of the evenings, and I well remember its disagreeableness. But the lessons were only a part of the daily instruction I received. Much 30 of it consisted in the books I read by myself, and my father's discourses to me, chiefly during our walks. From 1810 to the end of 1813 we were living in Newington Green, then an almost rustic neighborhood. My father's

health required considerable and constant exercise, and he walked habitually before breakfast, generally in the green lanes toward Hornsey. In these walks I always accompanied him, and with my earliest recollections of
5 green fields and wild flowers, is mingled that of the account I gave him daily of what I had read the day before. To the best of my remembrance, this was a voluntary rather than a prescribed exercise. I made notes on slips of paper while reading, and from these in the morning walks,
10 I told the story to him; for the books were chiefly histories, of which I read in this manner a great number: Robertson's histories, Hume, Gibbon; but my greatest delight, then and for long afterward, was Watson's *Philip the Second and Third*. The heroic defence of the Knights of Malta
15 against the Turks, and of the revolted provinces of the Netherlands against Spain, excited in me an intense and lasting interest. Next to Watson, my favorite historical reading was Hooke's *History of Rome*. Of Greece I had seen at that time no regular history, except school abridge-
20 ments and the last two or three volumes of a translation of Rollin's *Ancient History*, beginning with Philip of Macedon. But I read with great delight Langhorne's translation of *Plutarch*. In English history, beyond the time at which Hume leaves off, I remember reading
25 Burnet's *History of his Own Time*, though I cared little for anything in it except the wars and battles; and the historical part of the *Annual Register*, from the beginning to about 1788, where the volumes my father borrowed for me from Mr. Bentham left off. I felt a lively interest
30 in Frederic of Prussia during his difficulties, and in Paoli, the Corsican patriot; but when I came to the American war, I took my part, like a child as I was (until set right by my father), on the wrong side, because it was called the English side. In these frequent talks about the books

I read, he used, as opportunity offered, to give me explanations and ideas respecting civilization, government, morality, mental cultivation, which he required me afterward to restate to him in my own words. He also made me read, and give him a verbal account of, many books which would not have interested me sufficiently to induce me to read them of myself: among others, Millar's *Historical View of the English Government*, a book of great merit for its time, and which he highly valued, Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*, McCrie's *Life of John Knox*, and even Sewell and Ruttý's *Histories of the Quakers*. He was fond of putting into my hands books which exhibited men of energy and resource in unusual circumstances, struggling against difficulties and overcoming them: of which works I remember Beaver's *African Memoranda*, and Collin's *Account of the First Settlement of New South Wales*. Two books which I never wearied of reading were *Anson's Voyages*, so delightful to most young persons, and a collection (Hawkesworth's I believe) of *Voyages round the World*, in four volumes beginning with Drake and ending with Cook and Bougainville. Of children's books, any more than of playthings, I had scarcely any, except an occasional gift from a relation or acquaintance: among those I had, *Robinson Crusoe* was preëminent, and continued to delight me throughout all my boyhood. It was no part, however, of my father's system to exclude books of amusement, though he allowed them very sparingly. Of such books he possessed at that time next to none, but he borrowed several for me; those which I remember are the *Arabian Nights*, Cazotte's *Arabian Tales*, *Don Quixote*, Miss Edgeworth's *Popular Tales*, and a book of some reputation in its day, Brooke's *Fool of Quality*.

In my eighth year I commenced learning Latin, in

conjunction with a younger sister, to whom I taught it as I went on, and who afterward repeated the lessons to my father: and from this time, other sisters and brothers being successively added as pupils, a considerable part of my day's work consisted of this preparatory teaching. It was a part which I greatly disliked; the more so, as I was held responsible for the lessons of my pupils, in almost as full a sense as for my own: I, however, derived from this discipline the great advantage of learning more thoroughly and retaining more lastingly the things which I was set to teach: perhaps, too, the practice it afforded in explaining difficulties to others may even at that age have been useful. In other respects, the experience of my boyhood is not favorable to the plan of teaching children by means of one another. The teaching, I am sure, is very inefficient as teaching, and I well know that the relation between teacher and taught is not a good moral discipline to either. I went in this manner through the Latin grammar, and a considerable part of *Cornelius Nepos* and *Cæsar's Commentaries*, but afterward added to the superintendence of these lessons, much longer ones of my own.

In the same year in which I began Latin, I made my first commencement in the Greek poets with the *Iliad*. After I had made some progress in this, my father put Pope's translation into my hands. It was the first English verse I had cared to read, and it became one of the books in which for many years I most delighted: I think I must have read it from twenty to thirty times through. I should not have thought it worth while to mention a taste apparently so natural to boyhood, if I had not, as I think, observed that the keen enjoyment of this brilliant specimen of narrative and versification is not so universal with boys, as I should have expected both *a priori* and from my

individual experience. Soon after this time I commenced *Euclid*, and somewhat later, algebra, still under my father's tuition.

From my eighth to my twelfth year, the Latin books which I remember reading were, the *Bucolics* of Virgil, 5 and the first six books of the *Æneid*; all Horace, except the *Epodes*; the *Fables* of Phædrus; the first five books of Livy (to which from my love of the subject I voluntarily added, in my hours of leisure, the remainder of the first decade); all Sallust; a considerable part of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; some plays of Terence; two or three books of 10 Lucretius; several of the *Orations* of Cicero, and of his writings on oratory; also his letters to Atticus, my father taking the trouble to translate to me from the French the historical explanations in Mingault's notes. In Greek I 15 read the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* through; one or two plays of Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, though by these I profited little; all Thucydides; the *Hellenics* of Xenophon; a great part of Demosthenes, Æschines, and Lysias; Theocritus; Anacreon; part of the *Anthology*; a little of 20 Dionysius; several books of Polybius; and lastly Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, which, as the first expressly scientific treatise on any moral or psychological subject which I had read, and containing many of the best observations of the ancients 25 on human nature and life, my father made me study with peculiar care, and throw the matter of it into synoptic tables. During the same years I learned elementary geometry and algebra thoroughly, the differential calculus, and other portions of the higher mathematics far from 30 thoroughly; for my father, not having kept up this part of his early acquired knowledge, could not spare time to qualify himself for removing my difficulties, and left me to deal with them, with little other aid than that of books: while I was continually incurring his displeasure by my

inability to solve difficult problems for which he did not see that I had not the necessary previous knowledge.

As to my private reading, I can only speak of what I remember. History continued to be my strongest predilection, and most of all ancient history. Mitford's *Greece* I read continually; my father had put me on my guard against the Tory prejudices of this writer, and his perversions of facts for the whitewashing of despots, and blackening of popular institutions. These points he discoursed on, exemplifying them from the Greek orators and historians, with such effect that in reading Mitford my sympathies were always on the contrary side to those of the author, and I could, to some extent, have argued the point against him: yet this did not diminish the ever new pleasure with which I read the book. Roman history, both in my old favorite, Hooke, and in Ferguson, continued to delight me. A book which, in spite of what is called the dryness of its style, I took great pleasure in, was the *Ancient Universal History*, through the incessant reading of which, I had my head full of historical details concerning the obscurest ancient people, while about modern history, except detached passages, such as the Dutch War of Independence, I knew and cared comparatively little. A voluntary exercise, to which throughout my boyhood I was much addicted, was what I called writing histories. I successively composed a Roman History, picked out of Hooke; an Abridgment of the *Ancient Universal History*; a History of Holland, from my favorite Watson and from an anonymous compilation; and in my eleventh and twelfth year I occupied myself with writing what I flattered myself was something serious. This was no less than a History of the Roman Government, compiled (with the assistance of Hooke) from Livy and Dionysius: of which I wrote as much as would have made an octavo volume,

extending to the epoch of the Licinian Laws. It was, in fact, an account of the struggles between the patricians and plebeians, which now engrossed all the interest in my mind which I had previously felt in the mere wars and conquests of the Romans. I discussed all the constitutional 5 points as they arose: though quite ignorant of Niebuhr's researches, I, by such lights as my father had given me, vindicated the Agrarian Laws on the evidence of Livy, and upheld, to the best of my ability, the Roman Democratic party. A few years later, in my contempt of my childish 10 efforts, I destroyed all these papers, not then anticipating that I could ever feel any curiosity about my first attempts at writing and reasoning. My father encouraged me in this useful amusement, though, as I think judiciously, he never asked to see what I wrote; so that I did not feel 15 that in writing it I was accountable to any one, nor had the chilling sensation of being under a critical eye.

But though these exercises in history were never a compulsory lesson, there was another kind of composition which was so, namely, writing verses, and it was one of 20 the most disagreeable of my tasks. Greek and Latin verses I did not write, nor learned the prosody of these languages. My father, thinking this not worth the time it required, contented himself with making me read aloud to him, and correcting false quantities. I never composed 25 at all in Greek, even in prose, and but little in Latin. Not that my father could be indifferent to the value of this practice, in giving a thorough knowledge of these languages, but because there really was not time for it. The verses I was required to write were English. When I 30 first read Pope's *Homer*, I ambitiously attempted to compose something of the same kind, and achieved as much as one book of a continuation of the *Iliad*. There, probably, the spontaneous promptings of my poetical

ambition would have stopped; but the exercise, begun from choice, was continued by command. Conformably to my father's usual practice of explaining to me, as far as possible, the reasons for what he required me to do, 5 he gave me, for this, as I well remember, two reasons highly characteristic of him: one was, that some things could be expressed better and more forcibly in verse than in prose: this, he said, was a real advantage. The other was, that people in general attached more value to verse 10 than it deserved, and the power of writing it, was, on this account, worth acquiring. He generally left me to choose my own subjects, which, as far as I remember, were mostly addresses to some mythological personage or allegorical abstraction; but he made me translate into 15 English verse many of Horace's shorter poems: I also remember his giving me Thomson's *Winter* to read, and afterward making me attempt (without book) to write something myself on the same subject. The verses I wrote were, of course, the merest rubbish, nor did I ever 20 attain any facility of versification, but the practice may have been useful in making it easier for me, at a later period, to acquire readiness of expression.* I had read, up to this time, very little English poetry. Shakespeare my father had put into my hands, chiefly for the sake of 25 the historical plays, from which, however, I went on to the others. My father never was a great admirer of Shakespeare, the English idolatry of whom he used to attack with some severity. He cared little for any English poetry except Milton (for whom he had the highest admiration), 30 Goldsmith, Burns, and Gray's *Bard*, which he preferred

*In a subsequent stage of boyhood, when these exercises had ceased to be compulsory, like most youthful writers I wrote tragedies; under the inspiration not so much of Shakespeare as of Joanna Baillie, whose *Constantine Paleologus* in particular appeared to me one of the most glorious of human compositions. I still think it one of the best dramas of the last two centuries.

to his *Elegy*: perhaps I may add Cowper and Beattie. He had some value for Spenser, and I remember his reading to me (unlike his usual practice of making me read to him), the first book of the *Fairie Queene*; but I took little pleasure in it. The poetry of the present century he saw 5 scarcely any merit in, and I hardly became acquainted with any of it till I was grown up to manhood, except the metrical romances of Walter Scott, which I read at his recommendation and was intensely delighted with; as I always was with animated narrative. Dryden's poems 10 were among my father's books, and many of these he made me read, but I never cared for any of them except *Alexander's Feast*, which, as well as many of the songs of Walter Scott, I used to sing internally, to a music of my own: to some of the latter, indeed, I went so far as to 15 compose airs, which I still remember. Cowper's short poems I read with some pleasure, but never got far into the longer ones; and nothing in the two volumes interested me like the prose account of his three hares. In my thirteenth year I met with Campbell's poems, among which 20 *Lochiel*, *Hohenlinden*, *The Exile of Erin*, and some others, gave me sensations I had never before experienced from poetry. Here, too, I made nothing of the longer poems, except the striking opening of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which long kept its place in my feelings as the perfection 25 of pathos.

During this part of my childhood, one of my greatest amusements was experimental science; in the theoretical, however, not the practical sense of the word; not trying experiments—a kind of discipline which I have often 30 regretted not having had—nor even seeing, but merely reading about them. I never remember being so wrapped up in any book, as I was in Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues*; and I was rather recalcitrant to my father's criticisms of

the bad reasoning respecting the first principles of physics, which abounds in the early part of that work. I devoured treatises on chemistry, especially that of my father's early friend and schoolfellow, Dr. Thomson, for years before I
5 attended a lecture or saw an experiment.

From about the age of twelve, I entered into another and more advanced stage in my course of instruction; in which the main object was no longer the aids and appliances of thought, but the thoughts themselves.

10 During this time, the Latin and Greek books which I continued to read with my father were chiefly such as were worth studying, not for the language merely, but also for the thoughts. This included much of the orators, and especially Demosthenes, some of whose principal
15 orations I read several times over, and wrote out by way of exercise, a full analysis of them. My father's comments on these orations when I read them to him were very instructive to me. He not only drew my attention to the insight they afforded into Athenian institutions, and
20 the principles of legislation and government which they often illustrated, but pointed out the skill and art of the orator—how everything important to his purpose was said at the exact moment when he had brought the minds of his audience into the state most fitted to receive it; how he
25 made steal into their minds, gradually and by insinuation, thoughts which, if expressed in a more direct manner, would have roused their opposition. Most of these reflections were beyond my capacity of full comprehension at the time; but they left seed behind, which germinated in
30 due season. At this time I also read the whole of Tacitus, Juvenal, and Quintilian. The latter, owing to his obscure style and to the scholastic details of which many parts of his treatise are made up, is little read, and seldom sufficiently appreciated. His book is a kind of encyclopedia

of the thoughts of the ancients on the whole field of education and culture; and I have retained through life many valuable ideas which I can distinctly trace to my reading of him, even at that early age. It was at this period that I read, for the first time, some of the most important dialogues of Plato, in particular the *Gorgias*, the *Protagoras* and the *Republic*. There is no author to whom my father thought himself more indebted for his own mental culture, than Plato, or whom he more frequently recommended to young students. 5 10

* * * * *

At this point concluded what can properly be called my lessons: when I was about fourteen I left England for more than a year; and after my return, though my studies went on under my father's general direction, he was no longer my schoolmaster. I shall therefore pause here, and turn back to matters of a more general nature connected with the part of my life and education included in the preceding reminiscences. 15 20

SUGGESTIONS: Compare Mill's paragraphs with Bryce's (a) as to length, (b) as to construction. What two characteristics do you notice, first of all, about Mill's sentences? What is the effect of these upon his style? What is the range of Mill's vocabulary? What kinds of words does he use, chiefly? How do they contribute to the general impression of his style?

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Write an opinion of James Mill's system of education for his son.

Write an account of your own early education.

Compare Mill's training, at three important points, with that of an American child from the kindergarten to the high school.

AN ADDRESS ON UNIVERSITY EDUCATION*

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY†

THE actual work of the University founded in this city by the well-considered munificence of Johns Hopkins commences to-morrow, and among the many marks of confidence and good-will which have been bestowed upon me in the United States, there is none which I value more highly than that conferred by the authorities of the University when they invited me to deliver an address on such an occasion.

For the event which has brought us together is, in many respects, unique. A vast property is handed over to an administrative body, hampered by no conditions save these: That the principal shall not be employed in building; that the funds shall be appropriated, in equal proportions, to the promotion of natural knowledge and to the alleviation of the bodily sufferings of mankind; and, finally, that neither political nor ecclesiastical sectarianism shall be permitted to disturb the impartial distribution of the testator's benefactions.

In my experience of life a truth which sounds very much like a paradox has often asserted itself; namely, that a man's worst difficulties begin when he is able to do as he likes. So long as a man is struggling with obstacles he has an excuse for failure or shortcoming; but when fortune removes them all and gives him the power of doing as he thinks best, then comes the time of trial. There is but one right, and the possibilities of wrong are infinite. I doubt not that the trustees of the Johns Hopkins Uni-

*Delivered at the formal opening of the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, U. S., September 12, 1876.

†*American Addresses*. Reprinted by permission of D. Appleton & Co.

versity felt the full force of this truth when they entered on the administration of their trust a year and a half ago; and I can but admire the activity and resolution which have enabled them, aided by the able president whom they have selected, to lay down the great outlines of their plan, and carry it thus far into execution. It is impossible to study that plan without perceiving that great care, forethought, and sagacity, have been bestowed upon it, and that it demands the most respectful consideration. I have been endeavoring to ascertain how far the principles which underlie it are in accordance with those which have been established in my own mind by much and long-continued thought upon educational questions. Permit me to place before you the result of my reflections.

Under one aspect a university is a particular kind of educational institution, and the views which we may take of the proper nature of a university are corollaries from those which we hold respecting education in general. I think it must be admitted that the school should prepare for the university, and that the university should crown the edifice, the foundations of which are laid in the school. University education should not be something distinct from elementary education, but should be the natural outgrowth and development of the latter. Now I have a very clear conviction as to what elementary education ought to be; what it really may be, when properly organized; and what I think it will be, before many years have passed over our heads, in England and in America. Such education should enable an average boy of fifteen or sixteen to read and write his own language with ease and accuracy, and with a sense of literary excellence derived from the study of our classic writers: to have a general acquaintance with the history of his own country and with the great laws of social existence; to have acquired the rudiments of the phys-

ical and psychological sciences, and a fair knowledge of elementary arithmetic and geometry. He should have obtained an acquaintance with logic rather by example than by precept; while the acquirement of the elements of music and
5 drawing should have been pleasure rather than work.

It may sound strange to many ears if I venture to maintain the proposition that a young person, educated thus far, has had a liberal, though perhaps not a full, education. But it seems to me that such training as that to which I
10 have referred may be termed liberal, in both the senses in which that word is employed, with perfect accuracy. In the first place, it is liberal in breadth. It extends over the whole ground of things to be known and of faculties to be trained, and it gives equal importance to the two great
15 sides of human activity—art and science. In the second place, it is liberal in the sense of being an education fitted for free men; for men to whom every career is open, and from whom their country may demand that they should be fitted to perform the duties of any career. I cannot too
20 strongly impress upon you the fact that, with such a primary education as this, and with no more than is to be obtained by building strictly upon its lines, a man of ability may become a great writer or speaker, a statesman, a lawyer, a man of science, painter, sculptor, architect, or musician.
25 That even development of all a man's faculties, which is what properly constitutes culture, may be effected by such an education, while it opens the way for the indefinite strengthening of any special capabilities with which he may be gifted.

30 In a country like this, where most men have to carve out their own fortunes and devote themselves early to the practical affairs of life, comparatively few can hope to pursue their studies up to, still less beyond, the age of manhood. But it is of vital importance to the welfare of

the community that those who are relieved from the need of making a livelihood, and still more, those who are stirred by the divine impulses of intellectual thirst or artistic genius, should be enabled to devote themselves to the higher service of their kind, as centers of intelligence, 5 interpreters of nature, or creators of new forms of beauty. And it is the function of a university to furnish such men with the means of becoming that which it is their privilege and duty to be. To this end the university need cover no ground foreign to that occupied by the elementary 10 school. Indeed it cannot; for the elementary instruction which I have referred to embraces all the kinds of real knowledge and mental activity possible to man. The university can add no new departments of knowledge, can offer no new fields of mental activity; but what it can do is 15 to intensify and specialize the instruction in each department. Thus literature and philology, represented in the elementary school by English alone, in the university will extend over the ancient and modern languages. History, which, like charity, best begins at home, but, like charity, 20 should not end there, will ramify into anthropology, archæology, political history, and geography, with the history of the growth of the human mind and of its products in the shape of philosophy, science, and art. And the university will present to the student libraries, museums 25 of antiquities, collections of coins, and the like, which will efficiently subserve these studies. Instruction in the elements of social economy, a most essential, but hitherto sadly-neglected part of elementary education, will develop in the university into political economy, sociology, and law. 30 Physical science will have its great divisions of physical geography, with geology and astronomy; physics; chemistry and biology; represented not merely by professors and their lectures, but by laboratories, in which the students,

under guidance of demonstrators, will work out facts for themselves and come into that direct contact with reality which constitutes the fundamental distinction of scientific education. Mathematics will soar into its highest regions; while the high peaks of philosophy may be scaled by those whose aptitude for abstract thought has been awakened by elementary logic. Finally, schools of pictorial and plastic art, of architecture, and of music, will offer a thorough discipline in the principles and practice of art to those in whom lies nascent the rare faculty of esthetic representation or the still rarer powers of creative genius.

The primary school and the university are the alpha and omega of education. Whether institutions intermediate between these (so-called secondary schools) should exist, appears to me to be a question of practical convenience. If such schools are established, the important thing is that they should be true intermediaries between the primary school and the university, keeping on the wide track of general culture, and not sacrificing one branch of knowledge for another.

Such appear to me to be the broad outlines of the relations which the university, regarded as a place of education, ought to bear to the school, but a number of points of detail require some consideration, however briefly and imperfectly I can deal with them. In the first place, there is the important question of the limitations which should be fixed to the entrance into the university; or, what qualifications should be required of those who propose to take advantage of the higher training offered by the university. On the one hand, it is obviously desirable that the time and opportunities of the university should not be wasted in conferring such elementary instruction as can be obtained elsewhere; while, on the other hand, it is no less desirable that the higher instruction of the university should be made ac-

cessible to every one who can take advantage of it, although he may not have been able to go through any very extended course of education. My own feeling is distinctly against any absolute and defined preliminary examination, the passing of which shall be an essential condition of admission to the university. I would admit to the university any one who could be reasonably expected to profit by the instruction offered to him; and I should be inclined on the whole, to test the fitness of the student, not by examination before he enters the university, but at the end of his first term of study. If, on examination in the branches of knowledge to which he has devoted himself, he show himself deficient in industry or in capacity, it will be best for the university and best for himself, to prevent him from pursuing a vocation for which he is obviously unfit. And I hardly know of any other method than this by which his fitness or unfitness can be safely ascertained, though no doubt a good deal may be done, not by formal cut and dried examination, but by judicious questioning, at the outset of his career.

Another very important and difficult practical question is, whether a definite course of study shall be laid down for those who enter the university; whether a curriculum shall be prescribed; or whether the student shall be allowed to range at will among the subjects which are open to him. And this question is inseparably connected with another, namely, the conferring of degrees. It is obviously impossible that any student should pass through the whole of the series of courses of instruction offered by a university. If a degree is to be conferred as a mark of proficiency in knowledge, it must be given on the ground that the candidate is proficient in a certain fraction of those studies; and then will arise the necessity of insuring an equivalency of degrees, so that the course by which a degree is obtained

shall mark approximately an equal amount of labor and of acquirements, in all cases. But this equivalency can hardly be secured in any other way than by prescribing a series of definite lines of study. This is a matter which
5 will require grave consideration. The important points to bear in mind, I think, are that there should not be too many subjects in the curriculum, and that the aim should be the attainment of thorough and sound knowledge of each.

10 One half of the Johns Hopkins bequest is devoted to the establishment of a hospital, and it was the desire of the testator that the university and the hospital should coöperate in the promotion of medical education. The trustees will unquestionably take the best advice that is to
15 be had as to the construction and administration of the hospital. In respect to the former point, they will doubtless remember that a hospital may be so arranged as to kill more than it cures; and, in regard to the latter, that a hospital may spread the spirit of pauperism among the
20 well-to-do, as well as relieve the sufferings of the destitute. It is not for me to speak on these topics—rather let me confine myself to the one matter on which my experience as a student of medicine, and an examiner of long standing, who has taken a great interest in the subject of medical
25 education, may entitle me to a hearing. I mean the nature of medical education itself, and the coöperation of the university in its promotion.

What is the object of medical education? It is to enable the practitioner, on the one hand, to prevent disease
30 by his knowledge of hygiene; on the other hand, to divine its nature, and to alleviate or cure it, by his knowledge of pathology, therapeutics, and practical medicine. That is his business in life, and if he has not a thorough and practical knowledge of the conditions of health, of the

causes which tend to the establishment of disease, of the meaning of symptoms, and of the uses of medicines and operative appliances, he is incompetent, even if he were the best anatomist, or physiologist, or chemist, that ever took a gold medal or won a prize certificate. This is one 5 great truth respecting medical education. Another is, that all practice in medicine is based upon theory of some sort or other; and therefore, that it is desirable to have such theory in the closest possible accordance with fact. The veriest empiric who gives a drug in one case because 10 he has seen it do good in another of apparently the same sort, acts upon the theory that similarity of superficial symptoms means similarity of lesions; which, by the way, is perhaps as wild an hypothesis as could be invented. To understand the nature of disease we must understand 15 health, and the understanding of the healthy body means the having a knowledge of its structure and of the way in which its manifold actions are performed, which is what is technically termed human anatomy and human physiology. The physiologist again must needs possess an 20 acquaintance with physics and chemistry, inasmuch as physiology is, to a great extent, applied physics and chemistry. For ordinary purposes a limited amount of such knowledge is all that is needful; but for the pursuit of the higher branches of physiology no knowledge of these 25 branches of science can be too extensive, or too profound. Again, what we call therapeutics, which has to do with the action of drugs and medicines on the living organism, is, strictly speaking, a branch of experimental physiology, and is daily receiving a greater and greater experimental 30 development.

The third great fact which is to be taken into consideration in dealing with medical education, is that the practical necessities of life do not, as a rule, allow aspirants to

medical practice to give more than three, or it may be four years, to their studies. Let us put it at four years, and then reflect that, in the course of this time, a young man fresh from school has to acquaint himself with
5 medicine, surgery, obstetrics, therapeutics, pathology, hygiene, as well as with the anatomy and the physiology of the human body; and that his knowledge should be of such a character that it can be relied upon in any emergency, and always ready for practical application. Consider, in addition, that the medical practitioner may be
10 called upon, at any moment, to give evidence in a court of justice in a criminal case; and that it is therefore well that he should know something of the laws of evidence, and of what we call medical jurisprudence. On a medical
15 certificate, a man may be taken from his home and from his business and confined in a lunatic asylum; surely, therefore, it is desirable that the medical practitioner should have some rational and clear conceptions as to the nature and symptoms of mental disease. Bearing
20 in mind all these requirements of medical education, you will admit that the burden on the young aspirant for the medical profession is somewhat of the heaviest, and that it needs some care to prevent his intellectual back from being broken.

25 Those who are acquainted with the existing systems of medical education will observe that, long as is the catalogue of studies which I have enumerated, I have omitted to mention several that enter into the usual medical curriculum of the present day. I have said not a word about
30 zoology, comparative anatomy, botany, or materia medica. Assuredly this is from no light estimate of the value or importance of such studies in themselves. It may be taken for granted that I should be the last person in the world to object to the teaching of zoology, or comparative

anatomy, in themselves; but I have the strongest feeling that, considering the number and the gravity of those studies through which a medical man must pass, if he is to be competent to discharge the serious duties which devolve upon him, subjects which lie so remote as these 5 do from his practical pursuits should be rigorously excluded. The young man, who has enough to do in order to acquire such familiarity with the structure of the human body as will enable him to perform the operations of surgery, ought not, in my judgment, to be occupied with 10 investigations into the anatomy of crabs and starfishes. Undoubtedly the doctor should know the common poisonous plants of his own country when he sees them; but that knowledge may be obtained by a few hours devoted to the examination of specimens of such plants, and the desirableness of such knowledge is no justification, to my 15 mind, for spending three months over the study of systematic botany. Again, *materia medica*, so far as it is a knowledge of drugs, is the business of the druggist. In all other callings the necessity of the division of labor is fully re- 20 cognized and it is absurd to require of the medical man that he should not avail himself of the special knowledge of those whose business it is to deal in the drugs which he uses. It is all very well that the physician should know that castor oil comes from a plant, and castoreum from 25 an animal, and how they are to be prepared; but for all the practical purposes of his profession that knowledge is not of one whit more value, has no more relevancy, than the knowledge of how the steel of his scalpel is made. 30

All knowledge is good. It is impossible to say that any fragment of knowledge, however insignificant or remote from one's ordinary pursuits, may not some day be turned to account. But in medical education, above all things,

it is to be recollected that, in order to know a little well, one must be content to be ignorant of a great deal.

Let it not be supposed that I am proposing to narrow medical education, or, as the cry is, to lower the standard
5 of the profession. Depend upon it there is only one way of really ennobling any calling, and that is to make those who pursue it real masters of their craft, men who can truly do that which they profess to be able to do, and which they are credited with being able to do by the public.
10 And there is no position so ignoble as that of the so-called "liberally-educated practitioner," who, as Talleyrand said of his physician, "Knows everything, even a little physic;" who may be able to read Galen in the original; who knows all the plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop
15 upon the wall; but who finds himself, with the issues of life and death in his hands, ignorant, blundering, and bewildered, because of his ignorance of the essential and fundamental truths upon which practice must be based. Moreover, I venture to say, that any man who
20 has seriously studied all the essential branches of medical knowledge; who has the needful acquaintance with the elements of physical science; who has been brought by medical jurisprudence into contact with law; whose study of insanity has taken him into the fields of psychology
25 has *ipso facto* received a liberal education.

Having lightened the medical curriculum by culling out of it everything which is unessential we may next consider whether something may not be done to aid the medical student toward the acquirement of real knowledge by
30 modifying the system of examination. In England, within my recollection, it was the practice to require of the medical student attendance on lectures upon the most diverse topics during three years; so that it often happened that he would have to listen, in the course of a day, to four or

five lectures upon totally different subjects, in addition to the hours given to dissection and to hospital practice: and he was required to keep all the knowledge he could pick up, in this distracting fashion, at examination point, until, at the end of three years, he was set down to a table and questioned pell-mell upon all the different matters with which he had been striving to make acquaintance. A worse system and one more calculated to obstruct the acquisition of sound knowledge and to give full play to the "crammer" and the "grinder" could hardly have been devised by human ingenuity. Of late years great reforms have taken place. Examinations have been divided so as to diminish the number of subjects among which the attention has to be distributed. Practical examination has been largely introduced; but there still remains, even under the present system, too much of the old evil inseparable from the contemporaneous pursuit of a multiplicity of diverse studies.

Proposals have recently been made to get rid of general examinations altogether, to permit the student to be examined in each subject at the end of his attendance on the class; and then, in case of the result being satisfactory, to allow him to have done with it; and I may say that this method has been pursued for many years in the Royal School of Mines in London, and has been found to work very well. It allows the student to concentrate his mind upon what he is about for the time being, and then to dismiss it. Those who are occupied in intellectual work, will, I think, agree with me that it is important, not so much to know a thing, as to have known it, and known it thoroughly. If you have once known a thing in this way it is easy to renew your knowledge when you have forgotten it; and when you begin to take the subject up again, it slides back upon the familiar grooves with great facility.

Lastly comes the question as to how the university may coöperate in advancing medical education. A medical school is strictly a technical school—a school in which a practical profession is taught—while a university ought
5 to be a place in which knowledge is obtained without direct reference to professional purposes. It is clear, therefore, that a university and its antecedent, the school, may best coöperate with the medical school by making due provision for the study of those branches of knowledge
10 which lie at the foundation of medicine.

At present, young men come to the medical schools without a conception of even the elements of physical science; they learn, for the first time, that there are such sciences as physics, chemistry, and physiology, and are
15 introduced to anatomy as a new thing. It may be safely said that, with a large proportion of medical students, much of the first session is wasted in learning how to learn—in familiarizing themselves with utterly strange conceptions, and in awakening their dormant and wholly
20 untrained powers of observation and of manipulation. It is difficult to over-estimate the magnitude of the obstacles which are thrown in the way of scientific training by the existing system of school education. Not only are men trained in mere book-work, ignorant of what observation
25 means, but the habit of learning from books alone begets a disgust of observation. The book-learned student will rather trust to what he sees in a book than to the witness of his own eyes.

There is not the least reason why this should be so, and,
30 in fact, when elementary education becomes that which I have assumed it ought to be, this state of things will no longer exist. There is not the slightest difficulty in giving sound elementary instruction in physics, in chemistry and in the elements of human physiology, in ordinary

schools. In other words, there is no reason why the student should not come to the medical school, provided with as much knowledge of these several sciences as he ordinarily picks up, in the course of his first year of attendance, at the medical school.

I am not saying this without full practical justification for the statement. For the last eighteen years we have had in England a system of elementary science teaching carried out under the auspices of the science and art department, by which elementary scientific instruction is made readily accessible to the scholars of all the elementary schools in the country. Commencing with small beginnings, carefully developed and improved, that system now brings up for examination as many as seven thousand scholars in the subject of human physiology alone. I can say that, out of that number, a large proportion have acquired a fair amount of substantial knowledge; and that no inconsiderable percentage show as good an acquaintance with human physiology as used to be exhibited by the average candidates for medical degrees in the University of London, when I was first an examiner there twenty years ago; and quite as much knowledge as is possessed by the ordinary student of medicine at the present day. I am justified, therefore, in looking forward to the time when the student who proposes to devote himself to medicine will come, not absolutely raw and inexperienced as he is at present, but in a certain state of preparation for further study; and I look to the university to help him still forward in that stage of preparation, through the organization of its biological department. Here the student will find means of acquainting himself with the phenomena of life in their broadest acceptance. He will study not botany and zoology, which, as I have said, would take him too far away from his ultimate goal; but, by duly arranged

instruction, combined with work in the laboratory upon the leading types of animal and vegetable life, he will lay a broad, and at the same time solid, foundation of biological knowledge; he will come to his medical studies with a
5 comprehension of the great truths of morphology and of physiology, with his hands trained to dissect and his eyes taught to see. I have no hesitation in saying that such preparation is worth a full year added on to the medical curriculum. In other words, it will set free that much
10 time for attention to those studies which bear directly upon the student's most grave and serious duties as a medical practitioner.

Up to this point I have considered only the teaching aspect of your great foundation, that function of the
15 university in virtue of which it plays the part of a reservoir of ascertained truth, so far as our symbols can ever interpret nature. All can learn; all can drink of this lake. It is given to few to add to the store of knowledge, to strike new springs of thought, or to shape new forms of beauty.
20 But so sure as it is that men live not by bread, but by ideas, so sure is it that the future of the world lies in the hands of those who are able to carry the interpretation of nature a step further than their predecessors; so certain is it that the highest function of a university is to seek
25 out those men, cherish them, and give their ability to serve their kind full play.

I rejoice to observe that the encouragement of research occupies so prominent a place in your official documents, and in the wise and liberal inaugural address of your president.
30 This subject of the encouragement, or, as it is sometimes called, the endowment of research, has of late years greatly exercised the minds of men in England. It was one of the main topics of discussion by the members of the Royal Commission of whom I was one, and who not long since

issued their report, after five years' labor. Many seem to think that this question is mainly one of money; that you can go into the market and buy research, and that supply will follow demand, as in the ordinary course of commerce. This view does not commend itself to my mind. I know 5 of no more difficult practical problem than the discovery of a method of encouraging and supporting the original investigator without opening the door to nepotism and jobbery. My own conviction is admirably summed up in the passage of your president's address, "that the best 10 investigators are usually those who have also the responsibilities of instruction, gaining thus the incitement of colleagues, the encouragement of pupils, and the observation of the public."

At the commencement of this address I ventured to 15 assume that I might, if I thought fit, criticize the arrangements which have been made by the board of trustees, but I confess that I have little to do but to applaud them. Most wise and sagacious seems to me the determination not to build for the present. It has been my fate to see 20 great educational funds fossilize into mere bricks and mortar, in the petrifying springs of architecture, with nothing left to work the institution they were intended to support. A great warrior is said to have made a desert and called it peace. Administrators of educational funds 25 have sometimes made a palace and called it a university. If I may venture to give advice in a matter which lies out of my proper competency, I would say that whenever you do build, get an honest brick-layer, and make him build you just such rooms as you really want, leaving ample 30 space for expansion. And a century hence, when the Baltimore and Ohio shares are at one thousand premium, and you have endowed all the professors you need, and built all the laboratories that are wanted, and have the

best museum and the finest library that can be imagined; then, if you have a few thousand hundred dollars you don't know what to do with, send for an architect and tell him to put up a façade. If American is similar to English experience, any other course will probably lead you into having some stately structure, good for your architect's fame, but not in the least what you want.

It appears to me that what I have ventured to lay down as the principles which should govern the relations of a university to education in general, are entirely in accordance with the measures you have adopted. You have set no restrictions upon access to the instruction you propose to give; you have provided that such instruction, either as given by the university or by associated institutions, should cover the field of human intellectual activity. You have recognized the importance of encouraging research. You propose to provide means by which young men, who may be full of zeal for a literary or for a scientific career, but who also may have mistaken aspiration for inspiration, may bring their capacities to a test, and give their powers a fair trial. If such a one fail, his endowment terminates, and there is no harm done. If he succeed, you may give power of flight to the genius of a Davy or a Faraday, a Carlyle or a Locke, whose influence on the future of his fellow-men shall be absolutely incalculable.

You have enunciated the principle that "the glory of the university should rest upon the character of the teachers and scholars, and not upon their numbers or buildings constructed for their use." And I look upon it as an essential and most important feature of your plan that the income of the professors and teachers shall be independent of the number of students whom they can attract. In this way you provide against the danger, patent elsewhere, of finding attempts at improvement obstructed by vested

interests; and, in the department of medical education, especially, you are free of the temptation to set loose upon the world men utterly incompetent to perform the serious and responsible duties of their profession.

It is a delicate matter for a stranger to the practical 5
working of your institutions, like myself, to pretend to
give an opinion as to the organization of your governing
power. I can conceive nothing better than that it should
remain as it is, if you can secure a succession of wise,
liberal, honest, and conscientious men to fill the vacancies 10
that occur among you. I do not greatly believe in the
efficacy of any kind of machinery for securing such a
result; but I would venture to suggest that the exclusive
adoption of the method of coöperation for filling the
vacancies which must occur in your body, appears to me 15
to be somewhat like a tempting of Providence. Doubtless
there are grave objections to the appointment of persons
outside of your body, and not directly interested in the
welfare of the university; but might it not be well if there
were an understanding that your academic staff should be 20
officially represented on the board, perhaps even the heads
of one or two independent learned bodies, so that academic
opinion and the views of the outside world might have a
certain influence in that most important matter, the ap-
pointment of your professors? I throw out these suggestions, 25
as I have said, in ignorance of the practical difficulties
that may lie in the way of carrying them into effect, on
the general ground that personal and local influences are
very subtle, and often unconscious, while the future great-
ness and efficiency of the noble institution which now 30
commences its work must largely depend upon its freedom
from them.

I constantly hear Americans speak of the charm which
our old mother country has for them, of the delight with

which they wander through the streets of ancient towns, or climb the battlements of medieval strongholds, the names of which are indissolubly associated with the great epochs of that noble literature which is our common inheritance; or with the blood-stained steps of that secular progress, by which the descendants of the savage Britons and of the wild pirates of the North Sea have become converted into warriors of order and champions of peaceful freedom, exhausting what still remains of the old Berserk spirit in subduing nature, and turning the wilderness into a garden. But anticipation has no less charm than retrospect, and to an Englishman landing upon your shores for the first time, traveling for hundreds of miles through strings of great and well-ordered cities, seeing your enormous actual, and almost infinite potential, wealth in all commodities, and in the energy and ability which turn wealth to account, there is something sublime in the vista of the future. Do not suppose that I am pandering to what is commonly understood by national pride. I cannot say that I am in the slightest degree impressed by your bigness, or your material resources, as such. Size is not grandeur, and territory does not make a nation. The great issue, about which hangs a true sublimity, and the terror of overhanging fate, is what are you going to do with all these things? What is to be the end to which these are to be the means? You are making a novel experiment in politics on the greatest scale which the world has yet seen. Forty millions at your first centenary, it is reasonably to be expected that, at the second, these States will be occupied by two hundred millions of English-speaking people, spread over an area as large as that of Europe, and with climates and interests as diverse as those of Spain and Scandinavia, England and Russia. You and your descendants have to ascertain whether this great mass

will hold together under the forms of a republic, and the despotic reality of universal suffrage; whether state rights will hold out against centralization, without separation; whether centralization will get the better, without actual or disguised monarchy; whether shifting corruption is 5 better than a permanent bureaucracy; and as population thickens in your great cities, and the pressure of want is felt, the gaunt specter of pauperism will stalk among you, and communism and socialism will claim to be heard. Truly America has a great future before her; great in toil, 10 in care, and in responsibility; great in true glory if she be guided in wisdom and righteousness; great in shame if she fail. I cannot understand why other nations should envy you, or be blind to the fact that it is for the highest interest of mankind that you should succeed; but the one condition 15 of success, your sole safeguard, is the moral worth and intellectual clearness of the individual citizen. Education cannot give these, but it may cherish them and bring them to the front in whatever station of society they are to be found; and the universities ought to be, and may be, the 20 fortresses of the higher life of the nation.

May the university which commences its practical activity to-morrow abundantly fulfil its high purposes; may its renown as a seat of true learning, a center of free inquiry, a focus of intellectual light, increase year by 25 year, until men wander hither from all parts of the earth, as of old they sought Bologna, or Paris, or Oxford.

And it is pleasant to me to fancy that, among the English students who are drawn to you at that time, there may 30 linger a dim tradition that a countryman of theirs was permitted to address you as he has done to-day, and to feel as if your hopes were his hopes and your success his joy.

SUGGESTIONS: The foregoing address is interesting for many different reasons. Analyze and explain the plan of Huxley's exposition here. How are the different parts proportioned? Is undue space given to the scientific departments of a university? If so, can you account for this, in any way?

Characterize Huxley's sentences and paragraphs here. Do you note any changes in style between this address and *The Method of Scientific Investigation*? Compare Huxley's modes of illustration with those that you have noticed in Bryce. Read aloud the opening and concluding pages, to get the sentence cadence.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Explain, for a former friend, at high school, how far your university or college exemplifies Huxley's idea of university education.

Explain, for the same friend, the four chief differences that you have observed between university, or college, and high school modes of instruction.

Advocate, in the manner of Huxley, the establishment of a new branch of study in your college, or university.

TWO KINDS OF EDUCATION FOR ENGINEERS

J. B. JOHNSON

E DUCATION may be defined as a means of gradual emancipation from the thralldom of incompetence. Since incompetence leads of necessity to failure, and since competence alone leads to certain success, in any line of human endeavor, and since the natural or uneducated man is but incompetence personified, it is of supreme importance that this thralldom, or this enslaved condition in which we are all born should be removed in some way. While

unaided individual effort has worked, and will continue to, work, marvels, in rare instances in our so-called self-made men, these recognized exceptions acknowledge the rule that mankind in general must be aided in acquiring this complete mastery over the latent powers of head, heart, and hand. These formal aids in this process of emancipation are found in the grades of schools and colleges with which the children of this country are now blessed beyond those of almost any other country or time. The boys or girls who fail to embrace these emancipating opportunities to the fullest extent practicable, are thereby consenting to degrees of incompetence and their corresponding and resulting failures in life, which they have had it in their power to prevent. This they will ultimately discover to their chagrin and even grief, when it is too late to regain the lost opportunities.

There are, however, two general classes of competency which I wish to discuss to-day, and which are generated in the schools. These are, *Competency to Serve*, and *Competency to Appreciate and Enjoy*.

By competency to serve is meant that ability to perform one's due proportion of the world's work which brings to society a common benefit, which makes of this world a continually better home for the race; and which tends to fit the race for that immortal life in which it puts its trust.

By competency to appreciate and enjoy is meant that ability to understand, to appropriate, and to assimilate those great personal achievements of the past and present in the fields of the true, the beautiful, and the good, which brings into our lives a kind of peace, and joy, and gratitude which can be found in no other way.

It is true that all kinds of elementary education contribute alike to both of these ends, but in the so-called higher education it is too common to choose between them rather

than to include them both. Since it is only service which the world is willing to pay for, it is only those competent and willing to serve a public or private utility who are compensated in a financial way. It is the education
5 which brings a competency to serve, therefore, which is often called the utilitarian, and sometimes spoken of contemptuously as the bread-and-butter, education. On the other hand the education which gives a competency to appreciate and to enjoy is commonly spoken of as a
10 cultured education. As to which kind of education is the higher and nobler, if they must be contrasted, it all depends on the point of view. If personal pleasure and happiness is the chief end and aim in life, then for that class of persons who have no disposition to serve, the cultural education is
15 the more worthy of admiration and selection (conditioned of course on the bodily comforts being so far provided for as to make all financial compensations of no object to the individual). If, however, service to others is the most worthy purpose in life, and if in addition such service
20 brings the greatest happiness, then that education which develops the ability to serve, in some capacity, should be regarded as the higher and more worthy. This kind of education has the further advantage that the money consideration it brings makes its possessor a self-supporting
25 member of society instead of a drone or parasite, which those people must be who can not serve. I never could see the force of the statement that "they also serve who only stand and wait." It is possible they may serve their own pleasures, but if this is all, the statement should be so
30 qualified.

The higher education which leads to a life of service has been known as a professional education, as law, medicine, the ministry, teaching, and the like. These have long been known as the learned professions. A learned pro-

fession may be defined as a vocation in which scholarly accomplishments are used in the service of society or of other individuals, for a valuable consideration. Under such a definition every new vocation in which a very considerable amount of scholarship is required for its successful prosecution, and which is placed in the service of others, must be held as a learned profession. And as engineering now demands fully as great an amount of learning, or scholarship, as any other, it has already taken a high rank among these professions, although as a learned profession it is scarcely half a century old. Engineering differs from all other learned professions, however, in this, that its learning has to do only with the inanimate world, the world of dead matter and force. The materials, the laws, and the forces of nature, and scarcely to any extent its life, is the peculiar field of the engineer. Not only is the engineer pretty thoroughly divorced from life in general, but even with that society of which he is a part his professional life has little in common. His profession is so new it practically has no past, either of history or of literature, which merits his consideration, much less his laborious study. Neither do the ordinary social or political problems enter in any way into his sphere of operations. Natural law, dead matter, and lifeless force make up his working world, and in these he lives and moves and has his professional being. Professionally regarded, what to him is the history of his own or of other races? What have the languages and the literatures of the world of value to him? What interest has he in domestic or foreign politics, or in the various social and religious problems of the day? In short what interest is there for him in what we now commonly include in the term "the humanities?" It must be confessed that in a professional way they have little or none. Except perhaps

two other modern languages by which he obtains access to the current progress in applied science, he has practically no professional interest in any of these things. His structures are made no safer or more economical; his prime-movers are no more powerful or efficient; his electrical wonders no more occult or useful; his tools no more ingenious or effective, because of a knowledge of all these humanistic affairs. As a mere server of society, therefore, an engineer is about as good a tool without all this cultural knowledge as with it. But as a citizen, as a husband and father, as a companion, and more than all, as one's own constant, perpetual, unavoidable personality, the taking into one's life of a large knowledge of the life and thought of the world, both past and present, is a very important matter indeed, and of these two kinds of education, as they affect the life-work, the professional success, and the personal happiness of the engineer, I will speak more in detail.

I am here using the term engineer as including that large class of modern industrial workers who make the new application of science to the needs of modern life their peculiar business and profession. A man of this class may also be called an applied scientist. Evidently he must have a large acquaintance with such practical sciences as surveying, physics, chemistry, geology, metallurgy, electricity, applied mechanics, kinematics, machine design, power generation and transmission, structural designing, land and water transportation, etc., etc. And as a common solvent of all the problems arising in these various subjects he must have acquired an extended knowledge of mathematics, without which he would be like a sailor with neither compass nor rudder. To the engineer mathematics is a tool of investigation, a means to an end, and not the end itself. The same may be said of his

physics, his chemistry, and of all his other scientific studies. They are all to be made tributary to the solution of problems which may arise in his professional career. His entire technical education, in fact, is presumably of the useful character, and acquired for specific useful 5 ends. Similarly he needs a free and correct use of his mother tongue, that he may express himself clearly and forcibly both in speech and composition, and an ability to read both French and German, that he may read the current technical literature in the two other languages 10 which are most fruitful in new and original technical matter.

It is quite true that the mental development, the growth of one's mental powers and the command over the same, which comes incidentally in the acquisition of all this tech- 15 nical knowledge, is of far more value than the knowledge itself, and hence great care is given in all good technical schools to the mental processes of the students, and to a thorough and logical method of presentation and of acquisition. In other words, while you are under our 20 instruction it is much more important that you should think consecutively, rationally, and logically, than that your conclusions should be numerically correct. But as soon as you leave the school the exact reverse will hold. Your employer is not concerned with your mental develop- 25 ment, or with your mental processes, so long as your results are correct, and hence we must pay some attention to numerical accuracy in the school, especially in the upper classes. We must remember, however, that the mind of the engineer is primarily a workshop and not a ware- 30 house or lumber-room of mere information. Your facts are better stored in your library. Room there is not so valuable as it is in the mind, and the information, furthermore, is better preserved. Memory is as poor a reliance

to the engineer as to the accountant. Both alike should consult their books when they want the exact facts. Knowledge alone is not power. The ability to use knowledge is a latent power, and the actual use of it is a power.

- 5 Instead of storing your minds with useful knowledge therefore, I will say to you, store your minds with useful tools, and with a knowledge only of how to use such tools. Then your minds will become mental workshops, well fitted for turning out products of untold value to your day
- 10 and generation. Everything you acquire in your course in this college, therefore, you should look upon as mental tools with which you are equipping yourselves for your future careers. It may well be that some of your work will be useful rather for the sharpening of your wits and
- 15 for the development of mental grasp, just as gymnastic exercise is of use only in developing your physical system. In this case it has served as a tool of development instead of one for subsequent use. Because all your knowledge here gained is to serve you as tools it must be acquired
- 20 quantitatively rather than qualitatively. First, last, and all the time, you are required to know not how simply, but how much, how far, how fast, to what extent, at what cost, with what certainty, and with what factor of safety. In the cultural education, where one is learning only to
- 25 appreciate and to enjoy, it may satisfy the average mind to know that coal burned under a boiler generates steam which entering a cylinder moves a piston which turns the engine, and stop with that. But the engineer must know how many heat units there are in a pound of coal burned,
- 30 how many of these are generated in the furnace, how many of them pass into the water, how much steam is consumed by the engine per horse-power per hour, and finally how much effective work is done by the engine per pound of coal fed to the furnace. Merely qualitative knowledge

leads to the grossest errors of judgment and is of that kind of little learning which is a dangerous thing. At my summer home I have a hydraulic ram set below a dam, for furnishing a water supply. Nearby is an old abandoned water-power grist mill. A man and his wife 5 were looking at the ram last summer and the lady was overheard to ask what it was for. The man looked about, saw the idle water-wheel of the old mill, and ventured the opinion that it must be used to run the mill! He knew a hydraulic ram when he saw it and he knew it was used to 10 generate power, and that power would run a mill. *Ergo*, a hydraulic ram will run a mill. This is on a par with thousands of similar errors of judgment where one's knowledge is qualitative only. All engineering problems are purely quantitative from beginning to the end, and so 15 are all other problems, in fact, whether material, or moral, or financial, or commercial, or social, or political, or religious. All judgments passed on such problems, therefore, must be quantitative judgments. How poorly prepared to pass such judgments are those whose know- 20 ledge is qualitative only! Success in all fields depends very largely on the accuracy of one's judgment in foreseeing events, and in engineering it depends wholly on such accuracy. An engineer must see all around his problems, and take account of every contingency which can happen 25 in the ordinary course of events. When all such contingencies have been foreseen and provided against, then the unexpected cannot happen, as everything has been foreseen. It is customary to say "The unexpected always happens." This of course is untrue. What is meant 30 is "It is only the unexpected which happens," for the very good reason that what has been anticipated has been provided against.

In order that knowledge may be used as a tool in in-

vestigations and in the solution of problems, it must be so used constantly during the period of its acquisition. Hence the large amount of drawing-room, field, laboratory, and shop practice introduced into our engineering courses.

5 We try to make theory and practice go hand in hand. In fact we teach that theory is only generalized practice. From the necessary facts, observed in special experiments or in actual practice, and which cover a sufficiently wide range of conditions, general principles are deduced from

10 which effects of given like causes can be foreseen or derived, for new cases arising in practice. This is like saying, in surveying, that with a true and accurate hind-sight an equally true and accurate forward course can be run. Nearly all engineering knowledge, outside the pure

15 mathematics, is of this experimental or empirical character, and we generally know who made the experiments, under what conditions, over what range of varying conditions, how accordant his results were, and hence what weight can be given to his conclusions. When we can find in

20 our engineering literature no sufficiently accurate data, or none exactly covering the case in hand, we must set to work to make a set of experiments which will cover the given conditions, so as to obtain numerical factors, or possibly new laws, which will serve to make our calculations

25 prove true in the completed structure or scheme. The ability to plan and carry out such crucial tests and experiments is one of the most important objects of an engineering college training, and we give our students a large amount of such laboratory practice. In all such work it is the

30 absolute truth we are seeking and hence any guessing at data, or falsifying of records, or "doctoring" of the computations is of the nature of a professional crime. Any copying of records from other observers, when students are supposed to make their own observations, is both a

fraud upon themselves as well as dishonest to their instructor, and indicates a disposition of mind which has nothing in common with that of the engineer. who is always and everywhere a truth-seeker and truth-tester. The sooner such a person leaves the college of engineering the better for him and the engineering profession. Men in other professions may blunder or play false with more or less impunity. Thus the lawyer may advocate a bad cause without losing caste; a physician may blunder at will, but his mistakes are soon buried out of sight; a minister may advocate what he no longer believes himself, and feel that the cause justifies his course; but the mistakes of the engineer are quick to find him out and to proclaim aloud his incompetence. He is the one professional man who is obliged to be right, and for whom sophistry and self-deception are a fatal poison. But the engineer must be more than honest, he must be able to discern the truth. With him an honest motive is no justification. He must not only *believe* he is right; he must *know* that he is right. And it is one of the greatest elements of satisfaction in this profession, that it is commonly possible to secure in advance this almost absolute certainty of results. We deal with fixed laws and forces, and only so far as the materials used may be faulty, or of unknown character, or as contingencies could not be foreseen or anticipated, does a necessary ignorance enter into the problem.

It must not be understood, however, that with all of both theory and practice we are able to give our students in their four- or five-year course, that they will be full-fledged engineers when they leave us. They ought to be excellent material out of which, with a few years' actual practice, they would become engineers of the first order. Just as a young physician must have experience with actual patients, and as a young lawyer must have

actual experience in the courts, so must an engineer have experience with real problems before he can rightfully lay claim to the title of engineer. And in seeking this professional practice they must not be too choise. As a
5 rule the higher up one begins the sooner his promotion stops, and the lower down he begins the higher will he ultimately climb. The man at the top should know in a practical way all the work over which he is called upon to preside, and this means beginning at the bottom. Too
10 many of our graduates refuse to do this, and so they stop in a middle position, instead of coming into the management of the business, which position is reserved for a man who knows it all from the bottom up. Please understand that no position is too menial in the learning of a
15 business. But as your college training has enabled you to learn a new thing rapidly, you should rapidly master these minor details of any business, and in a few years you should be far ahead of the ordinary apprentice who went to work from the grammar or from the high school.
20 The great opportunity for the engineer of the future is in the direction and management of our various manufacturing industries. We are about to become the world's workshop, and as competition grows sharper and as greater economies become necessary, the technically
25 trained man will become an absolute necessity in the leading positions in all our industrial works. These are the positions hitherto held by men who have grown up with the business, but without technical training. They are being rapidly supplanted by technical men, who,
30 however, must serve their apprenticeship in the business, from the bottom up. With this combination of theory and practice, and with the American genius for invention, and with our superb spirit of initiative and of independence, we are already setting a pace industrially which no other

nation can keep, and which will soon leave all others hopelessly behind.

In the foregoing description of the technical education and work of the engineer, the engineer himself has been considered as a kind of human tool to be used in the interest of society. His service to society alone has been in contemplation. But as the engineer has also a personality which is capable of appreciation and enjoyment of the best this world has produced in the way of literature and art; as he is to be a citizen and a man of family; and moreover, since he has a conscious self with which he must always commune and from which he cannot escape, it is well worth his while to see to it that this self, this husband and father, this citizen and neighbor, is something more than a tool to be worked in other men's interests, and that his mind shall contain a library, a parlor, and a drawing-room, as well as a workshop. And yet how many engineers' minds are all shop and out of which only shop-talk can be drawn! Such men are little more than animated tools, worked in the interest of society. They are liable to be something of a bore to their families and friends, almost a cipher in the social and religious life of the community, and a weariness to the flesh to their more liberal minded professional brethren. Their lives are one continuous grind, which has for them doubtless a certain grim satisfaction, but which is monotonous and tedious in comparison with what they might have been. Even when valued by the low standard of money-making they are not nearly so likely to secure lucrative incomes as they would be with a greater breadth of information and worldly interest. They are likely to stop in snug professional berths which they find ready-made for them, under some sort of fixed administration, and maintain through life a subordinate relation to directing heads who, with a tithe of their techni-

cal ability, are yet able, with their worldly knowledge, their breadth of interests, and their fellowship with men, to dictate to these narrower technical subordinates, and to fix for them their fields of operation.

5 In order, therefore, that the technical man, who in material things knows what to do and how to do it, may be able to get the thing done and to direct the doing of it, he must be an engineer of men and of capital as well as of the materials and forces of nature. In other words
10 he must cultivate human interests, human learning, human associations, and avail himself of every opportunity to further these personal and business relations. If he can make himself a good business man, or as good a manager of men, as he usually makes of himself in the field of
15 engineering he has chosen, there is no place too great, and no salary too high for him to aspire to. Of such men are our greatest railroad presidents and general managers, and the directors of our largest industrial establishments. While most of this kind of knowledge must also be acquired
20 in actual practice, yet some of it can best be obtained in college. I shall continue to urge upon all young men who can afford it either to take the combined six-year college and engineering course, described in our catalogue, or the five-year course in the College of Engineering, taking as extra studies many things now taught in our
25 School of Commerce. The one crying weakness of our engineering graduates is ignorance of the business, the social, and the political world, and of human interests in general. They have little knowledge in common with the graduates of our literary colleges, and hence often find
30 little pleasure in such associations. They become clannish, run mostly with men of their class, take little interest in the commercial or business departments of the establishments with which they are connected, and so become

more and more fixed in their inanimate worlds of matter and force. I beseech you, therefore, while yet students, to try to broaden your interests, extend your horizons now into other fields, even but for a bird's-eye view, and profit, so far as possible, by the atmosphere of universal knowledge which you can breathe here through the entire period of your college course. Try to find a chum who is in another department; go to literary societies; haunt the library; attend the available lectures in literature, science, and art, attend the meetings of the Science Club; and in every way possible, with a peep here and a word there, improve to the utmost these marvelous opportunities which will never come to you again. Think not of tasks; call no assignments by such a name. Call them opportunities, and cultivate a hunger and thirst for all kinds of humanistic knowledge outside your particular world of dead matter, for you will never again have such an opportunity, and you will be always thankful that you made good use of this, your one chance in a lifetime.

For your own personal happiness, and that of your immediate associates, secure in some way, either in college or after leaving the same, an acquaintance with the world's best literature, with the leading facts of history, and with the biographies of many of the greatest men in pure and applied science, as well as of statesmen and leaders in many fields. With this knowledge of great men, great thoughts, and great deeds, will come that lively interest in men and affairs which is held by educated men generally, and which will put you on an even footing with them in your daily intercourse. This kind of knowledge, also, elevates and sweetens the intellectual life, leads to the formation of lofty ideals, helps one to a command of good English, and in a hundred ways refines, and inspires to high and noble endeavor. This is the cultural education

leading to that appreciation and enjoyment man is assumed to possess.

Think not, however, that I depreciate the peculiar work of the engineering college. It is by this kind of education
5 alone that America has already become supreme in nearly all lines of material advancement. I am only anxious that the men who have made these things possible shall reap their full share of the benefits.

In conclusion let me congratulate you on having selected
10 courses of study which will bring you into the most intimate relations with the world's work of your generation. All life to-day is one endless round of scientific applications of means to ends, but such applications are still in their infancy. A decade now sees more material progress than a
15 century did in the past. Not to be scientifically trained in these matters is equivalent to-day to a practical exclusion from all part and share in the industrial world. The entire direction of the world's industry and commerce is to be in your hands. You are also charged with making
20 the innumerable new discoveries and inventions which will come in your generation and almost wholly through men of your class. The day of the inventor, ignorant of science and of nature's laws, has gone by. The mere mechanical contrivances have been pretty well exhausted.
25 Henceforth profitable invention must include the use or embodiment of scientific principles with which the untrained artisan is unacquainted. More and more will invention be but the scientific application of means to ends, and this is what we teach in the engineering schools.
30 Already our patent office is much puzzled to distinguish between engineering and invention. Since engineering proper consists in the solution of new problems in the material world, and invention is likewise the discovery of new ways of doing things, they cover the same field.

But an invention is patentable, while an engineering solution is not. Invention is supposed in law to be an inborn faculty by which new truth is conceived by no definable way of approach. If it had not been reached by this particular individual it is assumed that it might never 5 have been known. An engineering solution is supposed, and rightly, to have been reached by logical processes, through known laws of matter, and force, and motion, so that another engineer, given the same problem, would probably have reached the same or an equivalent result. 10 And this is not patentable. Already a very large proportion of the patents issued could be nullified on this ground if the attorneys only knew enough to make their case. More and more, therefore, are the men of your class to be charged with the responsibility and to be credited with the 15 honor of the world's progress, and more and more is the world's work to be placed under your direction. The world will be remade by every succeeding generation, and all by the technically educated class. These are your responsibilities and your honors. The tasks are great 20 and great will be your rewards. That you may fitly prepare yourself for them is the hope and trust of your teachers in this college of engineering.

I will close this address by quoting Professor Huxley's definition of a liberal education. Says Huxley: "That 25 man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic-engine, with all its parts of equal strength, 30 and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental

truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

“Such a one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.”

SUGGESTIONS: Compare this address with the preceding one by Huxley, in subject matter and in style. For what kind of audience was each one intended? What variations arise, in each case, as the evident result of differing audiences?

Note the plan of *Two Kinds of Education for Engineers*. Is it followed clearly? Show the limits of each structural division. How effective is the conclusion?

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Three reasons why an engineering student need not be “pretty thoroughly divorced from college life in general.”

The engineer is “the one professional man who is obliged to be right:” a comparison and a conclusion.

Two kinds of “college life” for engineers.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Chapter I of *Culture and Anarchy*, 1869

THE disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to

plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance, or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very differing estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us. 5 10

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review*, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate it in my judgment was. And its inadequacy consisted chiefly in this: that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity*, thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For, as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity—a desire after the things of the mind simply for their 15 20 25 30

own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are— which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says: “The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent.” This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the term *curiosity* stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbor, the impulses toward action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it,—motives eminently such as are called social,—come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and preëminent part. Culture is, then, properly described, not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is *a study of perfection*. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu’s words, “To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!” so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which

it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson: "To make reason and the will of God prevail!"

Only, whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be over-hasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking, and it wants to be beginning to act; and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, which proceed from its own state of development and share in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action; what distinguishes culture is, that it is possessed by the scientific passion, as well as by the passion of doing good; that it demands worthy notions of reason and the will of God, and does not readily suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them. And knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and to institute.

This culture is more interesting and more far-reaching than that other, which is founded solely on the scientific passion for knowing. But it needs times of faith and ardor, times when the intellectual horizon is opening and widening all round us, to flourish in. And is not the close and bounded intellectual horizon within which we have long lived and moved now lifting up, and are not new lights finding free passage to shine in upon us? For a long time there was no passage for them to make their way in upon us, and then it was of no use to think of adapting the world's action to them. Where was the hope of making reason and the will of God prevail among people who had a routine which they had christened reason and the

will of God, in which they were inextricably bound, and beyond which they had no power of looking? But now the iron force of adhesion to the old routine—social, political, religious—has wonderfully yielded; the iron
5 force of exclusion of all which is new has wonderfully yielded. The danger now is, not that people should obstinately refuse to allow anything but their old routine to pass for reason and the will of God, but either that they should allow some novelty or other to pass for these
10 too easily, or else that they should underrate the importance of them altogether, and think it enough to follow action for its own sake, without troubling themselves to make reason and the will of God prevail therein. Now, then, is the moment for culture to be of service, culture which
15 believes in making reason and the will of God prevail; believes in perfection; is the study and pursuit of perfection; and is no longer debarred, by a rigid invincible exclusion of whatever is new, from getting acceptance for its ideas, simply because they are new.

20 The moment this view of culture is seized, the moment it is regarded not solely as the endeavor to see things as they are, to draw toward a knowledge of the universal order which seems to be intended and aimed at in the world, and which it is a man's happiness to go along with
25 or his misery to go counter to—to learn, in short, the will of God,—the moment, I say, culture is considered not merely as the endeavor to *see* and *learn* this, but as the endeavor, also, to make it *prevail*, the moral, social, and beneficent character of culture becomes manifest. The
30 mere endeavor to see and learn the truth for our own personal satisfaction is indeed a commencement for making it prevail, a preparing the way for this, which always serves this, and is wrongly, therefore, stamped with blame absolutely in itself and not only in its caricature

and degeneration. But perhaps it has got stamped with blame and disparaged with the dubious title of curiosity because, in comparison with this wider endeavor of such great and plain utility, it looks selfish, petty and unprofitable.

And religion, the greatest and most important of the efforts by which the human race has manifested its impulse to perfect itself,—religion, that voice of the deepest human experience,—does not only enjoin and sanction the aim which is the great aim of culture, the aim of setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is, and to make it prevail; but also, in determining generally in what human perfection consists, religion comes to a conclusion identical with that which culture,—seeking the determination of this question through all the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, of art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as of religion, in order to give a greater fullness and certainty to its solution,—likewise reaches. Religion says: *The kingdom of God is within you*; and culture, in like manner, places human perfection in an *internal* condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality. It places it in the ever-increasing efficacy and in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature. As I have said on a former occasion: “It is in making endless additions to itself, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal. To reach this ideal, culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture.” Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming, is the character of perfection as culture conceives it; and here, too, it coincides with religion.

And because men are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest, or to have a perfect welfare independent of the rest, the expansion of our humanity, to suit the idea of perfection which culture forms, must be a *general* expansion. Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated. The individual is required, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march toward perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward. And here, once more, culture lays on us the same obligation as religion, which says, as Bishop Wilson has admirably put it, that "to promote the kingdom of God is to increase and hasten one's own happiness."

But, finally, perfection—as culture from a thorough, disinterested study of human nature and human experience learns to conceive it—is a harmonious expansion of *all* the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest. Here culture goes beyond religion, as religion is generally conceived by us.

If culture, then, is a study of perfection, and of harmonious perfection, general perfection, and perfection which consists in becoming something rather than in having something, in an inward condition of the mind and spirit, not in an outward set of circumstances,—it is clear that culture, instead of being the frivolous and useless thing which Mr. Bright, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and many other Liberals, are apt to call it, has a very important function to fulfill for mankind. And this function is particularly important in our modern world, of which the whole civilization is, to a much greater degree than the

civilization of Greece and Rome, mechanical and external, and tends constantly to become more so. But above all in our own country has culture a weighty part to perform, because here that mechanical character, which civilization tends to take everywhere, is shown in the most eminent degree. Indeed, nearly all the characters of perfection, as culture teaches us to fix them, meet in this country with some powerful tendency which thwarts them and sets them at defiance. The idea of perfection as an *inward* condition of the mind and spirit is at variance with the mechanical and material civilization in esteem with us, and nowhere, as I have said, so much in esteem as with us. The idea of perfection as a *general* expansion of the human family is at variance with our strong individualism, our hatred of all limits to the unrestrained swing of the individual's personality, our maxim of "every man for himself." Above all, the idea of perfection as a *harmonious* expansion of human nature is at variance with our want of flexibility, with our inaptitude for seeing more than one side of a thing, with our intense energetic absorption in the particular pursuit we happen to be following. So culture has a rough task to achieve in this country. Its preachers have, and are likely long to have, a hard time of it; and they will much oftener be regarded, for a great while to come, as elegant or spurious Jeremiahs, than as friends and benefactors. That, however, will not prevent their doing, in the end, good service if they persevere. And, meanwhile, the mode of action they have to pursue and the sort of habits they must fight against, ought to be made quite clear for every one to see, who may be willing to look at the matter attentively and dispassionately.

Faith in machinery is, I said, our besetting danger; often in machinery most absurdly disproportioned to the end

which this machinery, if it is to do any good at all, is to serve; but always in machinery, as if it had a value in and for itself. What is freedom but machinery? What is population but machinery? what is coal but machinery? what are railroads but machinery? what is wealth but machinery? what are, even, religious organizations but machinery? Now almost every voice in England is accustomed to speak of these things as if they were precious ends in themselves, and therefore had some of the characters of perfection indisputably joined to them. I have before now noticed Mr. Roebuck's stock argument for proving the greatness and happiness of England as she is, and for quite stopping the mouths of all gainsayers. Mr. Roebuck is never weary of reiterating this argument of his, so I do not know why I should be weary of noticing it. "May not every man in England say what he likes?" Mr. Roebuck perpetually asks; and that, he thinks, is quite sufficient, and when every man may say what he likes, our aspirations ought to be satisfied. But the aspirations of culture, which is the study of perfection, are not satisfied unless what men say, when they may say what they like, is worth saying—has good in it, and more good than bad. In the same way, the *Times*, replying to some foreign strictures on the dress, looks, and behavior of the English abroad, urges that the English ideal is that every one should be free to do and to look just as he likes. But culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like, the rule by which he fashions himself; but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful, and becoming, and to get the raw person to like that.

And in the same way with respect to railroads and coal. Every one must have observed the strange language current during the late discussions as to the possible

failure of our supplies of coal. Our coal, thousands of people were saying, is the real basis of our national greatness; if our coal runs short, there is an end of the greatness of England. But what *is* greatness? culture makes us ask. Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite 5 love, interest, and admiration; and the outward proof of possessing greatness is that we excite love, interest, and admiration. If England were swallowed up by the sea to-morrow, which of the two, a hundred years hence, would most excite the love, interest, and admiration of 10 mankind—would most, therefore, show evidences of having possessed greatness—the England of the last twenty years, or the England of Elizabeth, of a time of splendid spiritual effort, but when our coal, and our industrial operations depending on coal, were very little developed? 15 Well, then, what an unsound habit of mind it must be which makes us talk of things like coal or iron as constituting the greatness of England, and how salutary a friend is culture, bent on seeing things as they are, and thus dissipating delusions of this kind and fixing standards 20 of perfection that are real!

Wealth, again, that end to which our prodigious works for material advantage are directed,—the commonest of commonplaces tells us how men are always apt to regard wealth as a precious end in itself; and certainly they have 25 never been so apt thus to regard it as they are in England at the present time. Never did people believe anything more firmly than nine Englishmen out of ten at the present day believe that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being so very rich. Now, the use of culture is that it 30 helps us, by means of its spiritual standard of perfection to regard wealth as but machinery, and not only to say as a matter of words that we regard wealth as but machinery, but really to perceive and feel that it is so. If it were not

for this purging effect wrought upon our minds by culture, the whole world, the future as well as the present, would inevitably belong to the Philistines. The people who believe most that our greatness and welfare are proved
5 by our being very rich, and who most give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich, are just the very people whom we call Philistines. Culture says: "Consider these people, then, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them attentively; observe
10 the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds; would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it?" And
15 thus culture begets a dissatisfaction which is of the highest possible value in stemming the common tide of men's thoughts in a wealthy and industrial community, and which saves the future, as one may hope, from being vulgarized, even if it cannot save the present.

20 Population, again, and bodily health and vigor, are things which are nowhere treated in such an unintelligent, misleading, exaggerated way as in England. Both are really machinery; yet how many people all around us do we see rest in them and fail to look beyond them! Why,
25 one has heard people, fresh from reading certain articles of the *Times* on the registrar-general's returns of marriages and births in this country, who would talk of our large English families in quite a solemn strain, as if they had something in itself beautiful, elevating, and meritorious
30 in them, as if the British Philistine would have only to present himself before the Great Judge, with his twelve children, in order to be received among the sheep as a matter of right!

But bodily health and vigor, it may be said, are not to be

classed with wealth and population as mere machinery; they have a more real and essential value. True; but only as they are more intimately connected with a perfect spiritual condition than wealth or population are. The moment we disjoin them from the idea of a perfect spiritual condition, and pursue them, as we do pursue them, for their own sake and as ends in themselves, our worship of them becomes as mere worship of machinery, as our worship of wealth or population, and as unintelligent and vulgarizing a worship as that is. Every one with anything like an adequate idea of human perfection has distinctly marked this subordination to higher and spiritual ends of the cultivation of bodily vigor and activity. "Bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things," says the author of the Epistle to Timothy. And the utilitarian Franklin says, just as explicitly: "Eat and drink such an exact quantity as suits the constitution of thy body, *in reference to the services of the mind.*" But the point of view of culture, keeping the mark of human perfection simply and broadly in view, and not assigning to this perfection, as religion or utilitarianism assigns to it, a special and limited character—this point of view, I say, of culture is best given by these words of Epictetus: "It is a sign of *ἀφροσύνη*," says he,—that is, of a nature not finely tempered,— "to give yourselves up to things which relate to the body; to make, for instance, a great fuss about exercise, a great fuss about eating, a great fuss about drinking, a great fuss about walking, a great fuss about riding. All these things ought to be done merely by the way; the formation of the spirit and character must be our real concern." This is admirable; and, indeed, the Greek word *εὐφροσύνη*, a finely tempered nature, gives exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to conceive it: a harmonious perfection, a perfection in which

the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites "the two noblest of things,"—as Swift, who of one of the two, at any rate, had himself all too little, most happily calls them in his *Battle of the Books*—

5 "the two noblest of things, *sweetness and light*." The *εὐφυνής* is the man who tends toward sweetness and light; the *ἄφυνής*, on the other hand, is our Philistine. The immense spiritual significance of the Greeks is due to their having been inspired with this central and happy

10 idea of the essential character of human perfection; and Mr. Bright's misconception of culture, as a smattering of Greek and Latin, comes itself, after all, from this wonderful significance of the Greeks having affected the very machinery of our education, and is in itself a kind of

15 homage to it.

In thus making sweetness and light to be characters of perfection, culture is of like spirit with poetry, follows one law with poetry. Far more than on our freedom, our population, and our industrialism, many among us

20 rely upon our religious organizations to save us. I have called religion a yet more important manifestation of human nature than poetry, because it has worked on a broader scale for perfection, and with greater masses of men. But the idea of beauty and of a human nature

25 perfect on all its sides, which is the dominant idea of poetry, is a true and invaluable idea, though it has not yet had the success that the idea of conquering the obvious faults of our animality, and of a human nature perfect on the moral side—which is the dominant idea of religion—

30 has been enabled to have; and it is destined, adding to itself the religious idea of a devout energy, to transform and govern the other.

The best art and poetry of the Greeks, in which religion and poetry are one, in which the idea of beauty and of a hu-

man nature perfect on all sides adds to itself a religious and devout energy, and works in the strength of that, is on this account of such surpassing interest and instructiveness for us, though it was—as, having regard to the human race in general, and indeed having regard to the Greeks 5 themselves, we must own—a premature attempt, an attempt which for success needed the moral and religious fiber in humanity to be more braced and developed than it had yet been. But Greece did not err in having the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection, 10 so present and paramount. It is impossible to have this idea too present and paramount; only, the moral fiber must be braced too. And we, because we have braced the moral fiber, are not on that account in the right way, if at the same time the idea of beauty, harmony, and 15 complete human perfection is wanting or misapprehended among us; and evidently it *is* wanting or misapprehended at present. And when we rely as we do on our religious organizations, which in themselves do not and cannot give us this idea, and think we have done enough if we make 20 them spread and prevail, then, I say, we fall into our common fault of over-valuing machinery.

Nothing is more common than for people to confound the inward peace and satisfaction which follows the subduing of the obvious faults of our animality with what I may call 25 absolute inward peace and satisfaction—the peace and satisfaction which are reached as we draw near to complete spiritual perfection, and not merely to moral perfection or rather to relative moral perfection. No people in the world have done more and struggled more to attain this 30 relative moral perfection than our English race has. For no people in the world has the command to *resist the devil, to overcome the wicked one*, in the nearest and most obvious sense of those words, had such a pressing

force and reality. And we have had our reward, not only in the great worldly prosperity which our obedience to this command has brought us, but also, and far more, in great inward peace and satisfaction. But to me few things are more pathetic than to see people, on the strength of the inward peace and satisfaction which their rudimentary efforts toward perfection have brought them, employ, concerning their incomplete perfection and the religious organizations within which they have found it, language which properly applies only to complete perfection and is a far-off echo of the human soul's prophecy of it. Religion itself, I need hardly say, supplies them in abundance with this grand language. And very freely do they use it; yet it is really the severest possible criticism of such an incomplete perfection as alone we have yet reached through our religious organizations.

The impulse of the English race toward moral development and self-conquest has nowhere so powerfully manifested itself as in Puritanism. Nowhere has Puritanism found so adequate an expression as in the religious organization of the Independents. The modern Independents have a newspaper, the *Nonconformist*, written with great sincerity and ability. The motto, the standard, the profession of faith, which this organ of theirs carries aloft, is: "The Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." There is sweetness and light, and an ideal of complete harmonious human perfection! One need not go to culture and poetry to find language to judge it. Religion, with its instinct for perfection, supplies language to judge it,—language, too, which is in our mouths every day. "Finally, be of one mind, united in feeling," says St. Peter. There is an ideal which judges the Puritan ideal: "The Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion!"

And religious organizations like this are what people believe in, rest in, would give their lives for! Such, I say, is the wonderful virtue of even the beginnings of perfection, of having conquered even the plain faults of our animality, that the religious organization which 5 has helped us to do it can seem to us something precious, salutary, and to be propagated, even when it wears such a brand of imperfection on its forehead as this. And men have got such a habit of giving to the language of religion a special application, of making it a mere jargon, 10 that for the condemnation which religion itself passes on the shortcomings of their religious organizations they have no ear; they are sure to cheat themselves and to explain this condemnation away. They can only be reached by the criticism which culture, like poetry, speaking a 15 language not to be sophisticated, and resolutely testing organizations by the ideal of a human perfection complete on all sides, applies to them.

But men of culture and poetry, it will be said, are again and again failing, and failing conspicuously, in the necessary 20 first stage to a harmonious perfection, in the subduing of the great obvious faults of our animality, which it is the glory of these religious organizations to have helped us to subdue. True, they do often so fail. They have often been without the virtues, as well as the faults, of the 25 Puritan; it has been one of their dangers, that they so felt the Puritan's faults that they too much neglected the practice of his virtues. I will not, however, exculpate them at the Puritan's expense. They have often failed in morality, and morality is indispensable. And they have been 30 punished for their failure, as the Puritan has been rewarded for his performance. They have been punished wherein they erred; but their ideal of beauty, of sweetness and light, and a human nature complete on all its sides, remains

the true ideal of perfection still; just as the Puritan's ideal of perfection remains narrow and inadequate, although for what he did well he has been richly rewarded. Notwithstanding the mighty results of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage, they and their standard of perfection are rightly judged when we figure to ourselves Shakespeare or Virgil—souls in whom sweetness and light, and all that in human nature is most humane, were eminent—accompanying them on their voyage, and think what intolerable company Shakespeare and Virgil would have found them! In the same way let us judge the religious organizations which we will see all around us. Do not let us deny the good and the happiness which they have accomplished; but do not let us fail to see clearly that their idea of human perfection is narrow and inadequate, and that the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion will never bring humanity to its true goal. As I said with regard to wealth: Let us look at the life of those who live in and for it,—so I say with regard to the religious organizations. Look at the life imaged in such a newspaper as the *Nonconformist*—a life of jealousy of the Establishment, disputes, tea-meetings, openings of chapels, sermons; and then think of it as an ideal of a human life completing itself on all sides, and aspiring with all its organs after sweetness, light, and perfection!

Another newspaper, representing, like the *Nonconformist*, one of the religious organizations of this country, was a short time ago giving an account of the crowd at Epsom on the Derby Day, and of all the vice and hideousness which was to be seen in that crowd: and then the writer turned suddenly round upon Professor Huxley and asked him how he proposed to cure all this vice and hideousness without religion. I confess I felt disposed to ask the asker this question: And how do you propose to

cure it with such a religion as yours? How is the ideal of a life so unlovely, so unattractive, so incomplete, so narrow, so far removed from a true and satisfying ideal of human perfection, as is the life of your religious organization as you yourself reflect it, to conquer and transform all this vice and hideousness? Indeed, the strongest plea for the study of perfection as pursued by culture, the clearest proof of the actual inadequacy of the idea of perfection held by the religious organizations,—expressing, as I have said, the most wide-spread effort which the human race has yet made after perfection,—is to be found in the state of our life and society with these in possession of it, and having been in possession of it I know not how many hundred years. We are all of us included in some religious organization or other; we all call ourselves, in the sublime and aspiring language of religion which I have before noticed, *children of God*. Children of God! It is an immense pretension; and how are we to justify it? By the works which we do, and the words which we speak. And the work which we collective children of God do, our grand center of life, our *city* which we have builded for us to dwell in, is London! London, with its unutterable external hideousness, and with its internal canker of *publicé egestas, privatim opulentia*,—to use the words which Sallust puts into Cato's mouth about Rome,—unequaled in the world! The word, again, which we children of God speak, the voice which most hits our collective thought, the newspaper with the largest circulation in England, nay, with the largest circulation in the whole world, is the *Daily Telegraph*! I say that when our religious organizations—which I admit to express the most considerable effort after perfection that our race has yet made—land us in no better result than this, it is high time to examine carefully their idea of perfection,

to see whether it does not leave out of account sides and forces of human nature which we might turn to great use; whether it would not be more operative if it were more complete. And I say that the English reliance on our
5 religious organizations, and on their ideas of human perfection just as they stand, is like our reliance on freedom, on muscular Christianity, on population, on coal, on wealth, —mere belief in machinery, and unfruitful; and that it is wholesomely counteracted by culture, bent on seeing
10 things as they are, and on drawing the human race onward to a more complete, a harmonious perfection.

Culture, however, shows its single-minded love of perfection, its desire simply to make reason and the will of God prevail, its freedom from fanaticism, by its attitude
15 toward all this machinery, even while it insists that it *is* machinery. Fanatics, seeing the mischief men do themselves by their blind belief in some machinery or other,—whether it is wealth and industrialism, or whether it is the cultivation of bodily strength and activity, or whether
20 it is a political organization, or whether it is a religious organization,—oppose with might and main the tendency to this or that political and religious organization, or to games and athletic exercises, or to wealth and industrialism, and try violently to stop it. But the flexibility which
25 sweetness and light give, and which is one of the rewards of culture pursued in good faith, enables a man to see that a tendency may be necessary, and even, as a preparation for something in the future, salutary, and yet that the generations or individuals who obey
30 this tendency are sacrificed to it; that they fall short of the hope of perfection by following it; and that its mischiefs are to be criticized, lest it should take too firm a hold and last after it has served its purpose.

Mr. Gladstone well pointed out, in a speech at Paris,—

and others have pointed out the same thing,—how necessary is the present great movement toward wealth and industrialism, in order to lay broad foundations of material well-being for the society of the future. The worst of these justifications is that they are generally addressed to the very people engaged, body and soul, in the movement in question; at all events, that they are always seized with the greatest avidity by these people. and taken by them as quite justifying their life; and that thus they tend to harden them in their sins. Now, culture admits the necessity of the movement toward fortune-making and exaggerated industrialism, readily allows that the future may derive benefit from it; but insists, at the same time, that the passing generations of industrialists—forming, for the most part, the stout main body of Philistinism—are sacrificed to it. In the same way, the result of all the games and sports which occupy the passing generation of boys and young men may be the establishment of a better and sounder physical type for the future to work with. Culture does not set itself against the games and sports; it congratulates the future, and hopes it will make a good use of its improved physical basis; but it points out that our passing generation of boys and young men is, meantime, sacrificed. Puritanism was perhaps necessary to develop the moral fiber of the English race. Nonconformity, to break the yoke of ecclesiastical domination over men's minds and to prepare the way for freedom of thought in the distant future; still, culture points out that the harmonious perfection of generations of Puritans and Nonconformists has been, in consequence, sacrificed. Freedom of speech may be necessary for the society of the future, but the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* in the meanwhile are sacrificed. A voice for every man in his country's government may be necessary for the society of the future,

but meanwhile Mr. Beales and Mr. Bradlaugh are sacrificed. Oxford, the Oxford of the past, has many faults; and she has heavily paid for them in defeat, in isolation, in want of hold upon the modern world. Yet we in Oxford, brought up amidst the beauty and sweetness of that beautiful place, have not failed to seize one truth—the truth that beauty and sweetness are essential characters of a complete human perfection. When I insist on this, I am all in the faith and tradition of Oxford. I say boldly that this our sentiment for beauty and sweetness, our sentiment against hideousness and rawness, has been at the bottom of our attachment to so many beaten causes, of our opposition to so many triumphant movements. And the sentiment is true, and has never been wholly defeated, and has shown its power even in its defeat. We have not won our political battles, we have not carried our main points, we have not stopped our adversaries' advance, we have not marched victoriously with the modern world; but we have told silently upon the mind of the country, we have prepared currents of feeling which sap our adversaries' position when it seems gained, we have kept up our own communications with the future. Look at the course of the great movement which shook Oxford to its center some thirty years ago! It was directed, as any one who reads Dr. Newman's *Apology* may see, against what in one word may be called "Liberalism." Liberalism prevailed; it was the appointed force to do the work of the hour; it was necessary, it was inevitable that it should prevail. The Oxford movement was broken, it failed; our wrecks are scattered on every shore:

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

But what was it, this liberalism, as Dr. Newman saw it,

and as it really broke the Oxford movement? It was the great middle-class liberalism, which had for the cardinal points of its belief the Reform Bill of 1832, and local self-government, in politics; in the social sphere, free-trade, unrestricted competition, and the making of large industrial 5 fortunes; in the religious sphere, the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. I do not say that other and more intelligent forces than this were not opposed to the Oxford movement: but this was the force which really beat it; this was the force which 10 Dr. Newman felt himself fighting with; this was the force which till only the other day seemed to be the paramount force in this country, and to be in possession of the future; this was the force whose achievements fill Mr. Lowe with such inexpressible admiration, and whose rule 15 he was so horror-struck to see threatened. And where is this great force of Philistinism now? It is thrust into the second rank, it is become a power of yesterday, it has lost the future. A new power has suddenly appeared, a power which it is impossible yet to judge fully, but which 20 is certainly a wholly different force from middle-class liberalism; different in its cardinal points of belief, different in its tendencies in every sphere. It loves and admires neither the legislation of middle-class Parliaments, nor the local self-government of middle-class vestries, nor the 25 unrestricted competition of middle-class industrialists, nor the dissidence of middle-class Dissent and the Protestantism of middle-class Protestant religion. I am not now praising this new force, or saying that its own ideals are better; all I say is, that they are wholly different. 30 And who will estimate how much the currents of feeling created by Dr. Newman's movements, the keen desire for beauty and sweetness which it nourished, the deep aversion it manifested to the hardness and vulgarity of

middle-class liberalism, the strong light it turned on the hideous and grotesque illusions of middle-class Protestantism,—who will estimate how much all these contributed to swell the tide of secret dissatisfaction which has mined
5 the ground under the self-confident liberalism of the last thirty years, and has prepared the way for its sudden collapse and supersession? It is in this manner that the sentiment of Oxford for beauty and sweetness conquers, and in this manner long may it continue to conquer!

10 In this manner it works to the same end as culture, and there is plenty of work for it yet to do. I have said that the new and more democratic force which is now superseding our old middle-class liberalism cannot yet be rightly judged. It has its main tendencies still to form. We
15 hear promises of its giving us administrative reform, law reform, reform of education, and I know not what; but those promises come rather from its advocates, wishing to make a good plea for it, and to justify it for superseding middle-class liberalism, than from clear tendencies which it has
20 itself yet developed. But meanwhile it has plenty of well-intentioned friends against whom culture may with advantage continue to uphold steadily its ideal of human perfection; that this is *an inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light,*
25 *increased life, increased sympathy.* Mr. Bright, who has a foot in both worlds, the world of middle-class liberalism and the world of democracy, but who brings most of his ideas from the world of middle-class liberalism in which he was bred, always inclines to inculcate that faith in machinery to which, as we have seen, Englishmen are so
30 prone, and which has been the bane of middle-class liberalism. He complains with a sorrowful indignation of people who “appear to have no proper estimate of the value of the franchise;” he leads his disciples to believe,—

what the Englishman is always too ready to believe,—that the having a vote, like the having a large family, or a large business, or large muscles, has in itself some edifying and perfecting effect upon human nature. Or else he cries out to the democracy,—“the men,” as he calls 5 them, “upon whose shoulders the greatness of England rests,”—he cries out to them: “See what you have done! I look over this country and see the cities you have built, the railroads you have made, the manufactures you have produced, the cargoes which freight the ships of the greatest 10 mercantile navy the world has ever seen! I see that you have converted by your labors what was once a wilderness, these islands, into a fruitful garden; I know that you have created this wealth, and are a nation whose name is a word of power throughout all the world.” Why, this is just 15 the very style of laudation with which Mr. Roebuck or Mr. Lowe debauch the minds of the middle classes, and make such Philistines of them. It is the same fashion of teaching a man to value himself not on what he *is*, not on his progress in sweetness and light, but on the number 20 of the railroads he has constructed, or the bigness of the tabernacle he has built. Only the middle classes are told they have done it all with their energy, self-reliance, and capital, and the democracy are told they have done it all with their hands and sinews. But teaching the democracy 25 to put its trust in achievements of this kind is merely training them to be Philistines to take the place of the Philistines whom they are superseding; and they too, like the middle class, will be encouraged to sit down at the banquet of the future without having on a wedding gar- 30 ment, and nothing excellent can then come from them. Those who know their besetting faults, those who have watched them and listened to them, or those who will read the instructive account recently given of them by

one of themselves, the *Journeyman Engineer*, will agree that the idea which culture sets before us of perfection,—an increased spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy,—is an idea which the new democracy needs far more than the idea of the blessedness of the franchise, or the wonderfulness of its own industrial performances.

Other well-meaning friends of this new power are for leading it, not in the old ruts of middle-class Philistinism, but in ways which are naturally alluring to the feet of democracy, though in this country they are novel and untried ways. I may call them the ways of Jacobinism. Violent indignation with the past, abstract systems of renovation applied wholesale, a new doctrine drawn up in black and white for elaborating down to the very smallest details a rational society for the future,—these are the ways of Jacobinism. Mr. Frederic Harrison and other disciples of Comte,—one of them, Mr. Congreve, is an old acquaintance of mine, and I am glad to have an opportunity of publicly expressing my respect for his talents and character,—are among the friends of democracy who are for leading it in paths of this kind. Mr. Frederic Harrison is very hostile to culture, and from a natural enough motive; for culture is the eternal opponent of the two things which are the signal marks of Jacobinism,—its fierceness, and its addiction to an abstract system. Culture is always assigning to system-makers and systems a smaller share in the bent of human destiny than their friends like. A current in people's minds sets toward new ideas; people are dissatisfied with their old narrow stock of Philistine ideas, Anglo-Saxon ideas, or any other; and some man, some Bentham or Comte, who has the real merit of having early and strongly felt and helped the

new current, but who brings plenty of narrowness and mistakes of his own into his feeling and help of it, is credited with being the author of the whole current, the fit person to be trusted with its regulation and to guide the human race.

The excellent German historian of the mythology of Rome, Preller, relating the introduction at Rome, under the Tarquins, of the worship of Apollo, the god of light, healing, and reconciliation, will have us observe that it was not so much the Tarquins, who brought to Rome the new worship of Apollo, as a current in the mind of the Roman people which set powerfully at that time toward a new worship of this kind, and away from the old run of Latin and Sabine religious ideas. In a similar way, culture directs our attention to the natural current there is in human affairs, and to its continual working, and will not let us rivet our faith upon any one man and his doings. It makes us see, not only his good side, but also how much in him was of necessity limited and transient; nay, it even feels a pleasure, a sense of an increased freedom and of an ampler future, in so doing.

I remember, when I was under the influence of a mind to which I feel the greatest obligations, the mind of a man who was the very incarnation of sanity and clear sense, a man the most considerable, it seems to me, whom America has yet produced,—Benjamin Franklin,—I remember the relief with which, after long feeling the sway of Franklin's imperturbable common sense, I came upon a project of his for a new version of the Book of Job, to replace the old version, the style of which, says Franklin, has become obsolete, and thence less agreeable. "I give," he continues, "a few verses, which may serve as a sample of the kind of version I would recommend." We all recollect the famous verse in our translation:

“Then Satan answered the Lord and said: ‘Doth Job fear God for naught?’” Franklin makes this: “Does Your Majesty imagine that Job’s good conduct is the effect of mere personal attachment and affection?” I
5 well remember how, when first I read that, I drew a deep breath of relief, and said to myself: “After all, there is a stretch of humanity beyond Franklin’s victorious good sense!” So, after hearing Bentham cried loudly up as the renovator of modern society, and Bentham’s mind
10 and ideas proposed as the rules of our future, I open the *Deontology*. There I read: “While Xenophon was writing his history and Euclid teaching geometry, Socrates and Plato were talking nonsense under pretense of talking wisdom and morality. This morality of theirs con-
15 sisted in words; this wisdom of theirs was the denial of matters known to every man’s experience.” From the moment of reading that, I am delivered from the bondage of Bentham! the fanaticism of his adherents can touch me no longer. I feel the inadequacy of his mind and ideas
20 for supplying the rule of human society for perfection.

Culture tends always thus to deal with the men of a system, of disciples, of a school; with men like Comte, or the late Mr. Buckle, or Mr. Mill. However much it may find to admire in these personages, or in some of them,
25 it nevertheless remembers the text: “Be not ye called Rabbi!” and it soon passes on from any rabbi. But Jacobinism loves a rabbi; it does not want to pass on from its rabbi in pursuit of a future and still unreachd perfection; it wants its rabbi and his ideas to stand for perfection,
30 that they may with the more authority recast the world; and for Jacobinism, therefore, culture—eternally passing onward and seeking—is an impertinence and an offense. But culture, just because it resists this tendency of Jacobinism to impose on us a man with limitations and errors of

his own along with the true ideas of which he is the organ, really does the world and Jacobinism itself a service.

So, too, Jacobinism, in its fierce hatred of the past, and of those whom it makes liable for the sins of the past, cannot away with the inexhaustible indulgence proper 5 to culture, the consideration of circumstances, the severe judgment of actions joined to the merciful judgment of persons. "The man of culture, is in politics," cries Mr. Frederic Harrison, "one of the poorest mortals alive!" Mr. Frederic Harrison wants to be doing business, 10 and he complains that the man of culture stops him with a "turn for small fault-finding, love of selfish ease, and indecision in action." Of what use is culture, he asks, except for "a critic of new books or a professor of *belles-lettres*?" Why, it is of use because, in presence of the 15 fierce exasperation which breathes, or rather, I may say, hisses, through the whole production in which Mr. Frederic Harrison asks that question, it reminds us that the perfection of human nature is sweetness and light. It is of use because like religion,—that other effort after perfection, 20 —it testifies that where bitter envying and strife are, there is confusion and every evil work.

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He 25 who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion—the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater—the passion for making them *prevail*. It is 30 not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from

saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Again and again I have insisted how
5 those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a *national* glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in
10 the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be *real* thought and *real* beauty, *real* sweetness and *real* light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they
15 think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoc-trinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party.
20 Our religious and political organizations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-
25 made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely—nourished, and
30 not bound, by them.

This is the *social idea*; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other,

the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought 5 of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abélard, in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abélard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder, in Germany, at the end of the 10 last century; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these two men 15 will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why? Because they *humanized* knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to 20 make reason and the will of God prevail. With Saint Augustine they said: "Let us not leave Thee alone to make, in the secret of thy knowledge, as Thou didst before the creation of the firmament, the division of light from darkness; let the children of thy spirit, placed in their 25 firmament, make their light shine upon the earth, mark the division of night and day, and announce the revolution of the times; for the old order is passed, and the new arises; the night is spent, the day is come forth; and Thou shalt crown the year with thy blessing, when Thou 30 shalt send forth laborers into thy harvest sown by other hands than theirs; when Thou shalt send forth new laborers to new seed-times, whereof the harvest shall be not yet."

SUGGESTIONS: Where did Arnold find the title for this essay? What, in your own words, is the significance of this title? What is the connection between it, and the title of the volume from which this essay is taken,—*Culture and Anarchy*?

Compare Arnold's definitions of "culture," "machinery," "curiosity," with "Honor" and "Americanism" as defined earlier in this book. What differences do we find in these modes of "exposition by definition?"

How definite a plan has the essay? Make an outline of it, or a diagram. What is the usual type of Arnold's paragraphs? Note carefully all devices for transition and coherence in the first six pages. What is the function of the ninth paragraph? Find others in the essay which perform a similar office.

Are the sentences usually loose or usually periodic? What peculiarities of construction (if any) do you notice about them? Study, for example, the last sentence in the fourth paragraph. How does Arnold give his sentences emphasis?

What is your final impression of the way in which Arnold writes? Compare it with Mill's style, and with Huxley's style.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Is "sweetness and light" an attribute of student life at—
College?

Students who have the "scientific passion," and students who have not.

The "machinery" of college life: (a) in the class-room, (b) outside of the class-room.

Athletes who are not "Philistines."

An essay to show that "competency to serve, and competency to appreciate and enjoy" are really only other names for "sweetness and light."

WHAT COLLEGE STUDENTS READ

THE notion still lurks in some quarters that there are college men who are interested in other things than football; that somewhere in unregarded corners may be

hiding students who are not adequately represented by half-page portraits of fierce fullbacks and mountainous centers. Such a class does exist, and while there is life in it, there is hope for the future of our colleges. What its interests are, what it studies, what it reads, what it thinks, 5 may reasonably claim consideration, even though it be a mere concern of education.

Information gathered at first-hand among several colleges would show that the larger number of students who read for their own pleasure devote most time to 10 newspapers and magazines. College men as a class know current news, at least from the headlines. They do not live a life of intellectual seclusion. In reading the news of the day, they turn first of all to the athletic events and study the scores of all the games. It would be inexcusable 15 not to know the record of each athlete. Of the magazines in the reading-room, those that are devoted to current topics are invariably the most thumbworn.

The average college man, even when not a football specialist, is not, as a rule, intellectually gifted; his tastes 20 are not discriminating; they are very much like those of the rest of the world. Like a true American, he looks upon things literary and artistic as a casual amusement, an easy way of using up time—right enough if one happens to like that sort of thing. The influence of the athletic ideal 25 on the reading of the undergraduate is plain. He knows his Kipling and he loves his Jack London. "Those fellows are men," he remarks. "They can do things. They've got the goods with 'em." The self-glorification, the brutality, the cynicism, and the sensationalism, of a 30 man like London, answer exactly the demands of a new race of force-worshippers.

There is, of course, another side. There is a remnant. Though no student would dare raise his voice against

the precedence given to athletics, there are men in our colleges who are not ashamed to admit that they have a genuine liking for good literature; there are others, who, though they do not go so far as to confess it, yet indulge it
5 privately in the quiet of their rooms. It would embarrass them to be found on the campus with a copy of Pater in their hands; but when no one is looking they may furtively read a chapter of *Marius*. The tastes of this small class are an interesting subject for investigation. But one
10 must first draw the line between the reading that they do, along with many others, in connection with regular college courses—for example, a popular course in the history of English fiction—and what they do simply for their own recreation. The fact that a man elects courses in
15 literature does not indicate, unfortunately, a true interest in the subject.

The frothier current fiction is little read in college. This is no great misfortune. A novel even of the selling powers of *The Masquerader* catches the attention of few
20 collegians. This is in part due, no doubt, to the fact that most college libraries make no place for such books on their shelves. The number of students is naturally small who care to purchase their own novels. But there is a deeper reason. Students who read simply for a moment's
25 diversion do not take time for novels, while those who read with serious intention choose to invest their leisure where the returns will be of less questionable value. The college community is relatively free from the transient fads of the outer world. The fact that everybody is talking about
30 *The House of Mirth* wins very few readers for Mrs. Wharton among undergraduates.

Our inquiries indicate that among the standard novelists Scott, Dumas, Dickens, and Stevenson are the best known. Thackeray and George Eliot find relatively few readers.

They are considered rather slow. Dickens is usually much admired or much disliked; he seems to excite more violence of opinion than any other popular novelist. The judgment of the college reader is refreshingly candid—a candor, to be sure, that is often the result of ignorance. 5 He does not care a rap for tradition, he decries authority. He likes to be an iconoclast. One student thus expressed himself. “Frankly, now,” he said, “don’t you think that if the critics didn’t all run her down so, you’d call Marie Corelli as great a novelist as any of the century? The 10 trouble is just this: the critics have got to be down on somebody, and they’ve chosen her just because she dares to be original and different.”

With rare exceptions, the modern collegian does not read poetry unless he has to. He may study it in his regular 15 college course; but that is a different matter. Except for a few admirers of, say, Byron, Rossetti, and Stephen Phillips, the spontaneous reading of poetry has gone to the wall in our colleges. Even the *Barrack-Room Ballads* and the *Seven Seas* seem to have had their day. An 20 interesting complement to this statement is the direct testimony from four colleges that a rather widespread interest is showing itself in the modern drama. Ibsen and Pinero and Jones and Maeterlinck are being read and discussed by a surprisingly large number of college 25 men—men, too, who do very little serious reading along other lines.

Nevertheless, the man of aggressive literary enthusiasm finds a depressing indifference in the college community. It is stony ground. We speak, of course, only of rough 30 averages. Conditions vary, and there are institutions where the work of a single professor may alter everything. But, in general, the average student of literary leanings is aware that few sympathize with his taste. He comes

to the discovery that the most convenient way of living with his fellows is to keep his reading to himself. One little group of four men in a certain college used to meet every fortnight to read together a play of Sophocles or
5 poems of Swinburne or an essay by Pater. But they never told their love. It would have been much easier to admit that one had been off on a drunk, than that one had been reading Sophocles for pleasure.

A turn of affairs for the better can hardly be looked for
10 so long as the athletic ideal is tyrant. But the athletic ideal itself is the logical issue of American commercialism. People who value success above character must submit with what grace they can when their sons rank a football victory above any college honor. That the word culture
15 should sound remote and ridiculously priggish to a devotee of the new idolatry, is inevitable. Such a thing as intellectual discipline is a mere hobby of weak-eyed, unpractical professors. Reading stories and essays and poems is the business of a five-o'clock-tea specialist.—New
20 York *Evening Post*, December 9, 1905.

THE FLUMMERY OF COLLEGE CAPS

25

AND GOWNS

BY way of such explanation as may avert confusion
of mind, the *Springfield Republican* has thought
it well, in its issue of October 20, to devote half a column
30 of space to an explanation of the meaning of academic costumes, in the matter of stuffs, colors, forms, facings, linings, and the like.

In our very practical age one wonders as to the why and wherefore of these things; and, very reverently and

respectfully, I venture to ask Columbia University, whose statutes are cited as authoritative in such matters, why it should pass any such statutes, and why it should not recognize popular education and the universal ability to read, instead of cherishing those means of communication 5 which were necessary in medieval times when kings who knew not how to write dipped their hands into ink and impressed them upon documents as a verification of their validity.

We all know how the cotton-velvet-clad stage king 10 certifies his will by giving his signet ring to the hero as an attestation. We wonder what he does for another signet ring in the meanwhile. But in our time men know how to read and write. If King Edward of England or John D. Rockefeller or J. P. Morgan or any other ruler of men 15 wishes to make his will known, he takes up a pad and writes on it what he wishes to say and signs his name at the bottom, and that half sheet of paper is potent to transfer multitudinous millions or to change the policy of great corporations or to do anything else that the writer 20 directs.

Why should our colleges and universities—which are founded upon the idea of the ability of men to read and write—cherish and preserve the traditions of a more ignorant age and dignify them with the recognition of university 25 statutes? Why should not these great agencies of modern education be the foremost leaders in the use of modern means for the communication of ideas?

Thus we are told that on a college platform a hood faced with scarlet means that its wearer has a degree in divinity 30 that one faced with purple means a degree in law; one in green a degree in medicine, and so on to the end of the curious chapter. But why all this flummery in an age when all men know how to read? Why should not the

several bachelors and doctors of divinity, law, medicine, and the rest simply inscribe their respective degrees on the dressing-gowns or bath robes that they wear at commencements and upon other occasions of scholastic state?

- 5 Then everybody would understand. Or, better still, why should not our universities put aside this medieval flummery altogether and stand bravely upon their merits as institutions that educate modern men for modern life? The cap and gown are simply relics of a time when educa-
- 10 tion was monastic and its recipients were clerics. In our time they are lies. Why not be honest and abolish them? The newspapers every year record the names of those who receive degrees at the hands of our great uni-
- 15 versities—whether real degrees, conferred as the recognition and reward of actual study, or honorary degrees, conferred for less worthy reasons. The cyclopedias and dictionaries of biography never omit to give one who achieves anything worth while credit for all his degrees, as well as for all his actual achievements in scholarship.
- 20 Why not leave the matter at that? What is the use of all this millinery of caps and gowns, with their silk or their fustian, their purples and yellows, their dark and light blues, their scarlets, and all the rest of it?

- Are not these flummeries distinctly unworthy of the
- 25 universities of an age and country that looks more to the future than to the past and regards condition as a thing of greater worth than tradition?

- Is it not the duty of our educational institutions to teach young men to “look forward, not backward, out and not
- 30 in, up and not down?” —GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, in *New York Times (Saturday Review)*, Nov. 2, 1901.

SUGGESTIONS: In planning an editorial, a definite order of arrangement should be followed as nearly as possible, *i. e.*, (1) statement of the situation, (2) opinion upon the situation. Ob-

serve that each of the foregoing editorials follows this plan quite clearly.

Try to illustrate, as concretely as possible, the points that you are explaining. Nothing is so convincing as a definite case, or example.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS*

Classes should begin later (or earlier) in the morning at—
College.

Is the spirit of democracy disappearing at—College?

Should Freshmen be obliged to wear class hats?

The evils (benefits) of a class "rush."

Why more men are not out for the crew, (basket-ball, track, etc.)

The desirability (or futility) of "simplified spelling."

"Yellow" journalism and "yellow" drama.

The influence of the Sunday comic supplement.

Should chapel exercises be abolished? (resumed?)

THE STUDY OF POETRY†

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry

*These may be infinitely varied, according to local conditions.

†Published in 1880 as the General Introduction to *The English Poets*, edited by T. H. Ward.

attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry."

- Let me be permitted to quote these words of my own, as
5 uttering the thought which should, in my opinion, go with us and govern us in all our study of poetry. In the present work it is the course of one great contributory stream to the world-river of poetry that we are invited to follow. We are here invited to trace the stream of English poetry.
- 10 But whether we set ourselves, as here, to follow only one of the several streams that make the mighty river of poetry, or whether we seek to know them all, our governing thought should be the same. We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher
15 uses, and called to higher destinies, than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without
20 poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science, I say, will appear incomplete without it. For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry "the impassioned expression which is in the
25 countenance of all science;" and what is a countenance without its expression? Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge;" our religion, parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy, plum-
30 ing itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being; what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more

we perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize "the breath and finer spirit of knowledge" offered to us by poetry.

But if we conceive thus highly of the destinies of poetry, we must also set our standard for poetry high, since poetry, 5 to be capable of fulfilling such high destinies, must be poetry of a high order of excellence. We must accustom ourselves to a high standard and to a strict judgment. Sainte-Beuve relates that Napoleon one day said, when somebody was spoken of in his presence as a charlatan: 10 "Charlatan as much as you please; but where is there *not* charlatanism?" "Yes," answers Sainte-Beuve, "in politics, in the art of governing mankind, that is perhaps true. But in the order of thought, in art, the glory, the eternal honor is that charlatanism shall find no entrance; 15 herein lies the inviolableness of that noble portion of man's being." It is admirably said, and let us hold fast to it. In poetry, which is thought and art in one, it is the glory, the eternal honor, that charlatanism shall find no entrance; that this noble sphere be kept inviolate and 20 inviolable. Charlatanism is for confusing or obliterating the distinctions between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true. It is charlatanism, conscious or unconscious, whenever we confuse or obliterate these. And in poetry, more 25 than anywhere else, it is unpermissible to confuse or obliterate them. For in poetry the distinction between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true, is of paramount importance. It is of paramount importance because of 30 the high destinies of poetry. In poetry, as a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty, the spirit of our race will find, we have said, as time goes on and as other

helps fail, its consolation and stay. But the consolation and stay will be of power in proportion to the power of the criticism of life. And the criticism of life will be of power in proportion as the poetry conveying it is excellent
5 rather than inferior, sound rather than unsound or half-sound, true rather than untrue or half-true.

The best poetry is what we want; the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining, and delighting us, as nothing else can. A clearer, deeper sense of
10 the best in poetry, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, is the most precious benefit which we can gather from a poetical collection such as the present. And yet in the very nature and conduct of such a collection there is inevitably something which tends to obscure in us
15 the consciousness of what our benefit should be, and to distract us from the pursuit of it. We should therefore steadily set it before our minds at the outset, and should compel ourselves to revert constantly to the thought of it as we proceed.

20 Yes; constantly, in reading poetry, a sense for the best, the really excellent, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read. But this real estimate, the only true one, is liable to be superseded, if we are not
25 watchful, by two other kinds of estimate, the historic estimate and the personal estimate, both of which are fallacious. A poet or a poem may count to us historically, they may count to us in grounds personal to ourselves, and they may count to us really. They may count to us
30 historically. The course of development of a nation's language, thought, and poetry, is profoundly interesting; and by regarding a poet's work as a stage in this course of development we may easily bring ourselves to make it of more importance as poetry than in itself it really is,

we may come to use a language of quite exaggerated praise in criticizing it; in short, to overrate it. So arises in our poetic judgments the fallacy caused by the estimate which we may call historic. Then, again, a poet or a poem may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves. 5 Our personal affinities, likings, and circumstances, have great power to sway our estimate of this or that poet's work, and to make us attach more importance to it as poetry than in itself it really possesses, because to us it is, or has been, of high importance. Here also we overrate 10 the object of our interest, and apply to it a language of praise which is quite exaggerated. And thus we get the source of a second fallacy in our poetic judgments,—the fallacy caused by an estimate which we may call personal.

Both fallacies are natural. It is evident how naturally 15 the study of the history and development of a poetry may incline a man to pause over reputations and works once conspicuous but now obscure, and to quarrel with a careless public for skipping, in obedience to mere tradition and habit, from one famous name or work in its national 20 poetry to another, ignorant of what it misses, and of the reason for keeping what it keeps, and of the whole process of growth in its poetry. The French have become diligent students of their own early poetry, which they long neglected; the study makes many of them dissatisfied with this 25 so-called classical poetry, the court-tragedy of the seventeenth century, a poetry which Pellisson long ago reproached with its want of the true poetic stamp, with its *politesse stérile et rampante*, but which nevertheless has reigned in France as absolutely as if it had been the perfection of 30 classical poetry indeed. The dissatisfaction is natural; yet a lively and accomplished critic, M. Charles d'Héricault the editor of Clément Marot, goes too far when he says that "the cloud of glory playing round a classic is a mist as

dangerous to the future of a literature as it is intolerable for the purposes of history." "It hinders," he goes on, "it hinders us from seeing more than one single point, the culminating and exceptional point; the summary, 5 fictitious and arbitrary, of a thought and of a work. It substitutes a halo for a physiognomy, it puts a statue where there was once a man, and hiding from us all trace of the labor, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures, it claims not study but veneration; it does not show us how the 10 thing is done, it imposes upon us a model. Above all, for the historian this creation of classic personages is inadmissible; for it withdraws the poet from his time, from his proper life, it breaks historical relationships, it blinds criticism by conventional admiration, and renders the investigation of literary origins unacceptable. It gives us a 15 human personage no longer, but a God seated immovable amidst his perfect work, like Jupiter on Olympus; and hardly will it be possible for the young student, to whom such work is exhibited at such a distance from him, to 20 believe that it did not issue ready made from that divine head."

All this is brilliantly and tellingly said, but we must plead for a distinction. Everything depends on the reality of a poet's classic character. If he is a dubious classic, 25 let us sift him; if he is a false classic, let us explode him. But if he is a real classic, if his work belongs to the class of the very best (for this is the true and right meaning of the word *classic*, *classical*), then the great thing for us is to feel and enjoy his work as deeply as ever we can, 30 and to appreciate the wide difference between it and all work which has not the same high character. This is what is salutary, this is what is formative; this is the great benefit to be got from the study of poetry. Everything which interferes with it, which hinders it, is injurious.

True, we must read our classic with open eyes, and not with eyes blinded with superstition; we must perceive when his work comes short, when it drops out of the class of the very best, and we must rate it, in such cases, at its proper value. But the use of this negative criticism is not in itself, it is entirely in its enabling us to have a clearer sense and a deeper enjoyment of what is truly excellent. To trace the labor, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures of a genuine classic, to acquaint oneself with his time and his life and his historical relationships, is mere literary dilettantism unless it has that clear sense and deeper enjoyment for its end. It may be said that the more we know about a classic the better we shall enjoy him; and, if we lived as long as Methuselah and had all of us heads of perfect clearness and wills of perfect steadfastness, this might be true in fact as it is plausible in theory. But the case here is much the same as the case with the Greek and Latin studies of our schoolboys. The elaborate philological groundwork which we require them to lay is in theory an admirable preparation for appreciating the Greek and Latin authors worthily. The more thoroughly we lay the groundwork, the better we shall be able, it may be said, to enjoy the authors. True, if time were not so short, and schoolboys' wits not so soon tired and their power of attention exhausted; only, as it is, the elaborate philological preparation goes on, but the authors are little known and less enjoyed. So with the investigator of "historic origins" in poetry. He ought to enjoy the true classic all the better for his investigations; he often is distracted from the enjoyment of the best, and with the less good he overbusies himself, and is prone to overrate it in proportion to the trouble which it has cost him.

The idea of tracing historic origins and historical relationships cannot be absent from a compilation like the

present. And naturally the poets to be exhibited in it will be assigned to those persons for exhibition who are known to prize them highly, rather than to those who have no special inclination toward them. Moreover the very
5 occupation with an author, and the business of exhibiting him, disposes us to affirm and amplify his importance. In the present work, therefore, we are sure of frequent temptation to adopt the historic estimate, or the personal estimate, and to forget the real estimate; which latter,
10 nevertheless, we must employ if we are to make poetry yield us its full benefit. So high is that benefit, the benefit of clearly feeling and of deeply enjoying the really excellent, the truly classic in poetry, that we do well, I say, to set it fixedly before our minds as our object in studying poets
15 and poetry, and to make the desire of attaining it the one principle to which, as the *Imitation* says, whatever we may read or come to know, we always return. *Cum multa legeris et cognoveris, ad unum semper oportet redire principium.*

20 The historic estimate is likely in especial to affect our judgment and our language when we are dealing with ancient poets; the personal estimate when we are dealing with poets our contemporaries, or at any rate modern. The exaggerations due to the historic estimate are not in
25 themselves, perhaps, of very much gravity. Their report hardly enters the general ear; probably they do not always impose even on the literary men who adopt them. But they lead to a dangerous abuse of language. So we hear Cædmon, amongst our own poets, compared to
30 Milton. I have already noticed the enthusiasm of one accomplished French critic for "historic origins." Another eminent French critic, M. Vitet, comments upon that famous document of the early poetry of his nation, the *Chanson de Roland*. It is indeed a most interesting docu-

ment. The *joculator* or *jongleur* Taillefer, who was with William the Conqueror's army at Hastings, marched before the Norman troops, so said the tradition, singing "of Charlemagne and of Roland and of Oliver, and of the vassals who died at Roncevaux;" and it is suggested that 5 in the *Chanson de Roland* by one Turolfus or Théroulde, a poem preserved in a manuscript of the twelfth century in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, we have certainly the matter, perhaps even some of the words, of the chaunt which Taillefer sang. The poem has vigor and freshness; 10 it is not without pathos. But M. Vitet is not satisfied with seeing in it a document of some poetic value, and of very high historic and linguistic value; he sees in it a grand and beautiful work, a monument of epic genius. In its general design he finds the grandiose conception, 15 in its details he finds the constant union of simplicity with greatness, which are the marks, he truly says, of the genuine epic, and distinguish it from the artificial epic of literary ages. One thinks of Homer; this is the sort of praise which is given to Homer and justly given. Higher 20 praise there cannot well be, and it is the praise due to epic poetry of the highest order only, and to no other. Let us try, then, the *Chanson de Roland* at its best. Roland mortally wounded, lays himself down under a pine tree, with his face turned toward Spain and the enemy: 25

"De plusurs choses à remembrer li prist
De tantes teres cume li bers cunquist,
De dulce France, des humes de sun lign,
De Carlemagne sun seignor ki l'nurrit."*

That is primitive work, I repeat, with an undeniable poetic quality of its own. It deserves such praise and such praise 30 is sufficient for it. But now turn to Homer:

*"Then began he to call many things to remembrance,—all the lands which his valor conquered, and pleasant France, and the men of his lineage, and Charlemagne his liege lord who nourished him."—*Chanson de Roland*, iii. 939-942.

Ὡς φάτο, τοὺς δ' ἤδη κατέχεν φυσίξοος αἶα
ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὔθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ*.

We are here in another world, another order of poetry altogether; here is rightly due such supreme praise as that
5 which M. Vitet gives to the *Chanson de Roland*. If our words are to have any meaning, if our judgments are to have any solidity, we must not heap that supreme praise upon poetry of an order immeasurably inferior.

Indeed there can be no more useful help for discovering
10 what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry. Of course we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them;
15 it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry which we may place beside
20 them. Short passages, even single lines, will serve our turn quite sufficiently. Take the two lines which I have just quoted from Homer, the poet's comment on Helen's mention of her brothers; or take his

25 Ἄ δειλὼ τί σφῶϊ δόμεν Πηληϊΐ ἀνακτι
θνητῷ; ὑμεῖς δ' ἐστὺν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε.
ἦ ἵνα δυστήνοισι μετ' ἀνδράσιν ἄλγε' ἔχῃτον;†

the address of Zeus to the horses of Peleus; or, take finally, his

*"So said she; they long since in Earth's soft arms were reposing,
There, in their own dear land, their father land, Lacedæmon."

Iliad, iii. 243-4 (translated by Dr. Hawtrey).

†"Ah, unhappy pair, why gave we you to King Peleus, to a mortal? but ye are without old age, and immortal. Was it that with men born to misery ye might have sorrow?"—*Iliad*, xvii. 443-5.

Καὶ σέ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὕλβιον εἶναι *

the words of Achilles to Priam, a suppliant before him. Take that incomparable line and a half of Dante, Ugolino's tremendous words:

"Io no piangeva; sì dentro impietrai.
Piangevan elli . . ."†

5

take the lovely words of Beatrice to Virgil:

"Io son fatta da Dio, sua mercè, tale,
Che la vostra miseria non mi tange,
Nè fiamma d'esto incendio non m'assale . . ."‡

10

take the simple, but perfect, single line:

"In la sua volontade e nostra pace."**

Take of Shakespeare a line or two of Henry the Fourth's expostulation with sleep:

"Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge . . ."

15

and take, as well, Hamlet's dying request to Horatio:

"If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story . . ."

20

Take of Milton that Miltonic passage:

"Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek . . ."

25

*"Nay, and thou too, old man, in former days wast, as we hear, happy."
—*Iliad*, xxiv. 543.

†"I wailed not, so of stone grew I within;—*they* wailed."—*Inferno*, xxxiii. 39, 40.

‡"Of such sort hath God, thanked be his mercy, made me, that your misery toucheth me not, neither doth the flame of this fire strike me."—*Inferno*, ii. 91-3.

**"In His will is our peace."—*Paradiso*, iii. 85.

add two such lines as:

“And courage never to submit or yield
And what is else not to be overcome . . .”

and finish with the exquisite close to the loss of Proserpine,
5 the loss

.....“which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world.”

These few lines, if we have tact and can use them, are enough even of themselves to keep clear and sound our
10 judgments about poetry, to save us from fallacious estimates of it, to conduct us to a real estimate.

The specimens I have quoted differ widely from one another, but they have in common this: the possession of the very highest poetical quality. If we are thoroughly
15 penetrated by their power, we shall find that we have acquired a sense enabling us, whatever poetry may be laid before us, to feel the degree in which a high poetical quality is present or wanting there. Critics give themselves great labor to draw out what in the abstract constitutes the characters of a high quality of poetry. It is much
20 better simply to have recourse to concrete examples:—to take specimens of poetry of the high, the very highest quality, and to say: The characters of a high quality of poetry are what is expressed *there*. They are far better
25 recognized by being felt in the verse of the master, than by being perused in the prose of the critic. Nevertheless if we are urgently pressed to give some critical account of them, we may safely, perhaps, venture on laying down, not indeed how and why the characters arise, but where
30 and in what they arise. They are in the matter and substance of the poetry, and they are in its manner and style. Both of these, the substance and matter on the one hand, the style and manner on the other, have a mark, an accent, of high beauty, worth, and power. But if we

are asked to define this mark and accent in the abstract, our answer must be: No, for we should thereby be darkening the question, not clearing it. The mark and accent are as given by the substance and matter of that poetry, by the style and manner of that poetry, and of all other 5 poetry which is akin to it in quality.

Only one thing we may add as to the substance and matter of poetry, guiding ourselves by Aristotle's profound observation that the superiority of poetry over history consists in its possessing a higher truth and a higher 10 seriousness (*φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον*). Let us add, therefore, to what we have said, this: that the substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing, in an eminent degree, truth and seriousness. We may add yet further, what is in itself 15 evident, that to the style and manner of the best poetry their special character, their accent, is given by their diction, and, even yet more, by their movement. And though we distinguish between the two characters, the two accents, of superiority, yet they are nevertheless 20 vitally connected one with the other. The superior character of truth and seriousness, in the matter and substance of the best poetry, is inseparable from the superiority of diction and movement marking its style and manner. The two superiorities are closely related, 25 and are in steadfast proportion one to the other. So far as high poetic truth and seriousness are wanting to a poet's matter and substance, so far also we may be sure, will a high poetic stamp of diction and movement be wanting to his style and manner. In proportion as this high 30 stamp of diction and movement, again, is absent from a poet's style and manner, we shall find, also, that high poetic truth and seriousness are absent from his substance and matter.

So stated, these are but dry generalities; their whole force lies in their application. And I could wish every student of poetry to make the application of them for himself. Made by himself, the application would impress
5 itself upon his mind far more deeply than made by me. Neither will my limits allow me to make any full application of the generalities above propounded; but in the hope of bringing out, at any rate, some significance in them, and of establishing an important principle more firmly by their
10 means, I will, in the space which remains to me, follow rapidly from the commencement the course of our English poetry with them in my view.

APPRECIATION

WALTER PATER*

MANY attempts have been made by writers on art and poetry to define beauty in the abstract, to express
15 it in the most general terms, to find a universal formula for it. The value of these attempts has most often been in the suggestive and penetrating things said by the way. Such discussions help us very little to enjoy what has been well done in art or poetry, to discriminate between what
20 is more and what is less excellent in them, or to use words like beauty, excellence, art, poetry, with a more precise meaning than they would otherwise have. Beauty, like all other qualities represented to human experience, is relative; and the definition of it becomes unmeaning and
25 useless in proportion to its abstractness. To define beauty, not in the most abstract, but in the most concrete terms

**The Renaissance*, Preface, pp. ix-xiii.

possible, to find, not a universal formula for it, but the formula which expresses most adequately this or that special manifestation of it, is the aim of the true student of esthetics.

["To see the object as in itself it really is,"¹ has been 5
justly said to be the aim of all true criticism whatever; and in esthetic criticism the first step toward seeing one's object as it really is, is to know one's own impression as it really is, to discriminate it, to realize it distinctly. The objects with which esthetic criticism deals—music, poetry, 10
artistic and accomplished forms of human life—are indeed receptacles of so many powers or forces: they possess, like the products of nature, so many virtues or qualities. What is this song or picture, this engaging personality presented in life or in a book, to *me*? What effect does it really 15
produce on me? Does it give me pleasure? and if so, what sort or degree of pleasure? How is my nature modified by its presence, and under its influence? The answers to these questions are the original facts with which the esthetic critic has to do; and, as in the study of light, of 20
morals, of number, one must realize such primary data for oneself, or not at all. And he who experiences these impressions strongly, and drives directly at the discrimination and analysis of them, has no need to trouble himself with the abstract question what beauty is in it- 25
self, or what its exact relation to truth or experience—metaphysical questions, as unprofitable as metaphysical questions elsewhere. He may pass them all by as being, answerable or not, of no interest to him.

The esthetic critic, then, regards all the objects with 30
which he has to do, all works of art, and the fairer forms of nature and human life, as powers or forces producing pleasurable sensations, each of a more or less peculiar or unique kind. This influence he feels, and wishes to

explain, analyzing it, and reducing it to its elements. To him, the picture, the landscape, the engaging personality in life or in a book, *La Gioconda*, the hills of Carrara, Pico of Mirandola, are valuable for their virtues, as we say
5 in speaking of a herb, a wine, a gem; for the property each has of affecting one with a special, a unique, impression of pleasure. Our education becomes complete in proportion as our susceptibility to these impressions increases in depth and variety. And the function of the esthetic
10 critic is to distinguish, analyze, and separate from its adjuncts, the virtue by which a picture, a landscape, a fair personality in life or in a book, produces this special impression of beauty or pleasure, to indicate what the source of that impression is, and under what conditions
15 it is experienced. His end is reached when he has disengaged that virtue, and noted it, as a chemist notes some natural element, for himself and others, and the rule for those who would reach this end is stated with great exactness in the words of a recent critic of Sainte-Beuve:
20 “*De se borner à connaître de près les belles choses, et à s’en nourrir en exquis amateurs, en humanistes accomplis.*”

What is important, then, is not that the critic should possess a correct abstract definition of beauty for the intellect, but a certain kind of temperament, the power of being
25 deeply moved by the presence of beautiful objects. He will remember always that beauty exists in many forms. To him all periods, types, schools of taste, are in themselves equal. In all agès there have been some excellent workmen, and some excellent work done. The question he
30 asks is always:—In whom did the stir, the genius, the sentiment of the period find itself? Where was the receptacle of its refinement, its elevation, its taste? “The ages are all equal,” says William Blake, “but genius is always above its age.”

Often it will require great nicety to disengage this virtue from the commoner elements with which it may be found in combination. Few artists, not Goethe or Byron even, work quite cleanly, casting off all *débris*, and leaving us only what the heat of their imagination has wholly fused and transformed. Take, for instance, the writings of Wordsworth. The heat of his genius, entering into the substance of his work, has crystallized a part, but only a part, of it; and in that great mass of verse there is much which might well be forgotten. But scattered up and down it, sometimes fusing and transforming entire compositions, like the stanzas on *Resolution and Independence* and the ode on the *Recollections of Childhood*, sometimes, as if at random, depositing a fine crystal here or there, in a matter it does not wholly search through and transform, we trace the action of his unique, incommunicable faculty, that strange, mystical sense of a life in natural things, and of man's life as a part of nature, drawing strength and color and character from local influences, from the hills and streams, and from natural sights and sounds. Well! that is the *virtue*, the active principle in Wordsworth's poetry; and then the function of the critic of Wordsworth is to follow up that active principle, to disengage it, to mark the degree in which it penetrates his verse.

SUGGESTIONS: Study the foregoing essays carefully, in connection with each other. Look up, in the *Standard* or the *Century Dictionary* the words "art," "criticism," "beauty." What new meanings do you find for these words?

Observe that each critic suggests a definite way of criticizing any work of art. Explain, in your own words, Arnold's way. How does this differ from Pater's? Which seems to you the more plausible way of criticizing? Which, the more practicable?

Compare Arnold's paragraphs with Pater's. In what are they alike? In what do they differ? What peculiarities, if any, do you observe about Pater's sentences? What of their

length? their construction? Do Pater's sentences please you when they are read aloud?

Which do you consider harder to understand, Pater, or Arnold? Give at least two-definite reasons for your opinion.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Write a criticism of your favorite poem. Give a "historical estimate" and a "personal estimate."

Write an "appreciation" of a picture; of a landscape; of a "fair personality in life or in a book."

Criticize, by any one of Arnold's estimates, a statue; a piece of music.

LOVE'S LABOURS LOST

WALTER PATER*

LOVE'S LABOURS LOST is one of the earliest of Shakespeare's dramas, and has many of the peculiarities of his poems, which are also the work of his earlier life. The opening speech of the king on the immortality of fame—on the triumph of fame over death—and the nobler parts of Biron, display something of the monumental style of Shakespeare's sonnets, and are not without their conceits of thought and expression. This connexion of *Love's Labours Lost* with Shakespeare's poems is further enforced by the actual insertion in it of three sonnets and a faultless song; which, in accordance with his practice in other plays, are inwoven into the argument of the piece and, like the golden ornaments of a fair woman, give it a peculiar air of distinction. There is merriment in it also, with choice illustrations of both wit and humor; a laughter, often exquisite, ringing, if faintly, yet as

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genuine laughter still, though sometimes sinking into mere burlesque, which has not lasted quite so well. And Shakespeare brings a serious effect out of the trifling of his characters. A dainty love-making is interchanged with the more cumbrous play: below the many artifices of Biron's amorous speeches we may trace sometimes the "unutterable longing;" and the lines in which Katherine describes the blighting through love of her younger sister are one of the most touching things in older literature.* Again, how many echoes seem awakened by those strange words, actually said in jest!—"The sweet war-man (Hector of Troy) is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man!"—words which may remind us of Shakespeare's own epitaph. In the last scene, an ingenious turn is given to the action, so that the piece does not conclude after the manner of other comedies: 5 15

"Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill:"

and Shakespeare strikes a passionate note across it at last, in the entrance of the messenger, who announces to the princess that the king her father is suddenly dead. 20

The merely dramatic interest of the piece is slight enough, only just sufficient, indeed, to form the vehicle of its wit and poetry. The scene—a park of the King of Navarre—is unaltered throughout; and the unity of the play is not so much the unity of a drama as that of a series of pictorial groups, in which the same figures reappear, in different combinations but on the same background. It is as if Shakespeare had intended to bind together, by some inventive conceit, the devices of an ancient tapestry, and give voices to its figures. On one side, a fair palace; 25 30

*Act v. Scene ii.

on the other, the tents of the Princess of France, who has come on an embassy from her father to the King of Navarre; in the midst, a wide space of smooth grass. The same personages are combined over and over again into a series
5 of gallant scenes—the princess, the three masked ladies, the quaint, pedantic king; one of those amiable kings men have never loved enough, whose serious occupation with the things of the mind seems, by contrast with the more usual forms of kingship, like frivolity or play.
10 Some of the figures are grotesque merely, and all the male ones at least, a little fantastic. Certain objects reappearing from scene to scene—love-letters crammed with verses to the margin, and lover's toys—hint obscurely at some story of intrigue. Between these groups, on a
15 smaller scale, come the slighter and more homely episodes, with Sir Nathaniel the curate, the country-maid Jaquenetta, Moth or Mote the elfin-page, with Hiems and Ver, who recite “the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo.” The ladies
20 are lodged in tents, because the king, like the princess of the modern poet's fancy, has taken a vow

“To make his court a little Academe,”

and for three years' space no woman may come within a mile of it; and the play shows how this artificial attempt
25 was broken through. For the king and his three fellow-scholars are of course soon forsworn, and turn to writing sonnets, each to his chosen lady. These fellow-scholars of the king—“quaint votaries of science” at first, afterward “affection's men-at-arms”—three youthful knights, gallant,
30 amorous, chivalrous, but also a little affected, sporting always a curious foppery of language, are, throughout, the leading figures in the foreground; one of them, in particular, being more carefully depicted than the others,

and in himself very noticeable—a portrait with somewhat puzzling manner and expression, which at once catches the eye irresistibly and keeps it fixed.

Play is often that about which people are most serious; and the humorist may observe how, under all love of 5 playthings, there is almost always hidden an appreciation of something really engaging and delightful. This is true always of the toys of children: it is often true of the playthings of grown-up people, their vanities, their fopperies even, their lighter loves; the cynic would add their pursuit 10 of fame. Certainly, this is true without exception of the playthings of a past age, which to those who succeed it are always full of a pensive interest—old manners, old dresses, old houses. For what is called fashion in these matters occupies, in each age, much of the care of many of the most 15 discerning people, furnishing them with a kind of mirror of their real inward refinements, and their capacity for selection. Such modes or fashions are, at their best, an example of the artistic predominance of form over matter; of the manner of the doing of it over the thing done; and 20 have a beauty of their own. It is so with that old euphuism of the Elizabethan age—that pride of dainty language and curious expression, which it is very easy to ridicule, but which had below it a real sense of fitness and nicety; and which, as we see in this very play, and still more clearly 25 in the sonnets, had some fascination for the young Shakespeare himself. It is this foppery of delicate language, this fashionable plaything of his time, with which Shakespeare is occupied in *Love's Labours Lost*. He shows us the manner in all its stages; passing from the grotesque and 30 vulgar pedantry of Holofernes, through the extravagant but polished caricature of Armado, to become the peculiar characteristic of a real though still quaint poetry in Biron himself, who is still chargeable even at his best with just

a little affectation. As Shakespeare laughs broadly at it in *Holofernes* or *Armado*, so he is the analyst of its curious charm in *Biron*; and this analysis involves a delicate raillery by Shakespeare himself at his own chosen manner.

5 This "foppery" of Shakespeare's day had, then, its really delightful side, a quality in no sense "affected," by which it satisfies a real instinct in our minds—the fancy so many of us have for an exquisite and curious skill in the use of words. *Biron* is the perfect flower of this
10 manner:

"A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight:"

as he describes *Armado*, in terms which are really applicable to himself. In him this manner blends with a true gallantry of nature, and an affectionate complaisance and
15 grace. He has at times some of its extravagance or caricature also, but the shades of expression by which he passes from this to the "golden cadence" of Shakespeare's own most characteristic verse, are so fine, that it is sometimes difficult to trace them. What is a vulgarity in *Holofernes*,
20 and a caricature in *Armado*, refines itself with him into the expression of a nature truly and inwardly bent upon a form of delicate perfection, and is accompanied by a real insight into the laws which determine what is exquisite in language, and their root in the nature of things. He
25 can appreciate quite the opposite style—

"In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes;"

he knows the first lay of pathos, that

"Honest plain words best suit the ear of grief."

He delights in his own rapidity of intuition; and, in harmony with the half-sensuous philosophy of the sonnets, exalts, a little scornfully, in many memorable expressions, the judgment of the senses above all slower, more toil-

some means of knowledge, scorning some who fail to see things only because they are so clear:

"So ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes:"

as with some German commentators on Shakespeare. 5
Appealing always to actual sensation from men's affected theories, he might seem to despise learning; as, indeed, he has taken up his deep studies partly in sport, and demands always the profit of learning in renewed enjoyment. Yet he surprises us from time to time by intuitions which could come only from a deep experience 10
and power of observation; and men listen to him, old and young, in spite of themselves. He is quickly impressible to the slightest clouding of the spirits in social intercourse, and has his moments of extreme seriousness: his trial- 15
task may well be, as Rosaline puts it—

"To enforce the pained impotent to smile."

But still, through all, he is true to his chosen manner: that gloss of dainty language is a second nature with him: even at his best he is not without a certain artifice: the 20
trick of playing on words never deserts him; and Shakespeare, in whose own genius there is an element of this very quality, shows us in this graceful, and, as it seems, studied, portrait, his enjoyment of it.

As happens with every true dramatist, Shakespeare 25
is for the most part hidden behind the persons of his creation. Yet there are certain of his characters in which we feel that there is something of self-portraiture. And it is not so much in his grander, more subtle and ingenious creations that we feel this—in Hamlet and King Lear— 30
as in those slighter and more spontaneously developed figures, who, while far from playing principal parts, are yet distinguished by a peculiar happiness and delicate

ease in the drawing of them; figures which possess, above all, that winning attractiveness which there is no man but would willingly exercise, and which resemble those works of art which, though not meant to be very great or imposing, are yet wrought of the choicest material. Mercutio, in *Romeo and Juliet*, belongs to this group of Shakespeare's characters—versatile, mercurial people, such as make good actors, and in whom the

“Nimble spirits of the arteries,”

the finer but still merely animal elements of great wit predominate. A careful delineation of minor, yet expressive, traits seems to mark them out as the characters of his predilection; and it is hard not to identify him with these more than with others. Biron, in *Love's Labours Lost*, is perhaps the most striking member of this group. In this character, which is never quite in touch, never quite on a perfect level of understanding, with the other persons of the play, we see, perhaps, a reflex of Shakespeare himself, when he has just become able to stand aside from and estimate the first period of his poetry.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

WALTER PATER*

IN *Measure for Measure*, as in some others of his plays, Shakespeare has remodeled an earlier and somewhat rough composition to “finer issues,” suffering much to remain as it had come from the less skillful hand, and not raising the whole of his work to an equal degree of

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intensity. Hence perhaps some of that depth and weightiness which makes this play so impressive, as with the true seal of experience, like a fragment of life itself, rough and disjointed indeed, but forced to yield in places its profounder meaning. In *Measure for Measure*, in contrast with the flawless execution of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakespeare has spent his art in just enough modification of the scheme of the older play to make it exponent of this purpose, adapting its terrible essential incidents, so that Coleridge found it the only painful work among Shakespeare's dramas, and leaving for the reader of to-day more than the usual number of difficult expressions; but infusing a lavish color and a profound significance into it, so that under his touch certain select portions of it rise far above the level of all but his own best poetry, and working out of it a morality so characteristic that the play might well pass for the central expression of his moral judgments. It remains a comedy, as indeed is congruous with the bland, half-humorous equity which informs the whole composition, sinking from the heights of sorrow and terror into the rough scheme of the earlier piece; yet it is hardly less full of what is really tragic in man's existence than if Claudio had indeed "stooped to death." Even the humorous concluding scenes have traits of special grace, retaining in less emphatic passages a stray line or word of power, as it seems, so that we watch to the end for the traces where the nobler hand has glanced along, leaving its vestiges, as if accidentally or wastefully, in the rising of the style.

The interest of *Measure for Measure*, therefore, is partly that of an old story told over again. We measure with curiosity that variety of resources which has enabled Shakespeare to refashion the original material with a higher motive; adding to the intricacy of the piece, yet so

modifying its structure as to give the whole almost the unity of a single scene; leading, by the light of a philosophy which dwells much on what is complex and subtle in our nature, a true human propriety to its strange and unexpected turns of feeling and character, to incidents so difficult as the fall of Angelo, and the subsequent reconciliation of Isabella, so that she pleads successfully for his life. It was from Whetstone, a contemporary English writer, that Shakespeare derived the outline of Cinthio's "rare history" of *Promos and Cassandra*, one of that numerous class of Italian stories, like Boccaccio's *Tancred of Salerno*, in which the mere energy of southern passion has everything its own way, and which, though they may repel many a northern reader by a certain crudity in their coloring, seem to have been full of fascination for the Elizabethan age. This story, as it appears in Whetstone's endless comedy, is almost as rough as the roughest episode of actual criminal life. But the play seems never to have been acted, and some time after its publication Whetstone himself turned the thing into a tale, included in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses*, where it still figures as a genuine piece, with touches of undesigned poetry, a quaint field-flower here and there of diction or sentiment, the whole strung up to an effective brevity, and with the fragrance of that admirable age of literature all about it. Here, then, there is something of the original Italian color: in this narrative Shakespeare may well have caught the first glimpse of a composition with nobler proportions; and some artless sketch from his own hand, perhaps, putting together his first impressions, insinuated itself between Whetstone's work and the play as we actually read it. Out of these insignificant sources Shakespeare's play rises, full of solemn expression, and with a profoundly designed beauty, the new body of a higher, though some-

times remote and difficult poetry, escaping from the imperfect relics of the old story, yet not wholly transformed, and even as it stands but the preparation only, we might think, of a still more imposing design. For once we have in it a real example of that sort of writing which is sometimes described as *suggestive*, and which by the help of certain subtly calculated hints only, brings into distinct shape the reader's own half-developed imaginings. Often the quality is attributed to writing merely vague and unrealized, but in *Measure for Measure*, quite certainly, Shakespeare has directed the attention of sympathetic readers along certain channels of meditation beyond the immediate scope of his work.

Measure for Measure, therefore, by the quality of these higher designs, woven by his strange magic on a texture of poorer quality, is hardly less indicative than *Hamlet* even, of Shakespeare's reason, of his power of moral interpretation. It deals, not like *Hamlet* with the problems which beset one of exceptional temperament, but with mere human nature. It brings before us a group of persons, attractive, full of desire, vessels of the genial, seed-bearing powers of nature, a gaudy existence flowering out over the old court and city of Vienna, a spectacle of the fulness and pride of life which to some may seem to touch the verge of wantonness. Behind this group of people, behind their various action, Shakespeare inspires in us the sense of a strong tyranny of nature and circumstance. Then what shall there be on this side of it—on our side, the spectator's side, of this painted screen, with its puppets who are really glad or sorry all the time? what philosophy of life, what sort of equity?

Stimulated to read more carefully by Shakespeare's own profounder touches, the reader will note the vivid reality, the subtle interchange of light and shade, the strong-

ly contrasted characters of this group of persons, passing across the stage so quickly. The slightest of them is at least not ill-natured: the meanest of them can put forth a plea for existence—*Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that*
5 *would live!*—they are never sure of themselves, even in the strong tower of a cold, unimpressible nature: they are capable of many friendships and of a true dignity in danger, giving each other a sympathetic, if transitory, regret—one sorry that another “should be foolishly lost at a game of
10 tick-tack.” Words which seems to exhaust man’s deepest sentiment concerning death and life are put on the lips of a gilded, witless youth; and the saintly Isabella feels fire creep along her, kindling her tongue to eloquence at the suggestion of shame. In places the shadow deepens:
15 death intrudes itself on the scene, as among other things “a great disguiser,” blanching the features of youth and spoiling its goodly hair, touching the fine Claudio even with its disgraceful associations. As in Orcagna’s fresco at Pisa, it comes capriciously, giving many and long
20 reprieves to Barnardine, who has been waiting for it nine years in prison, taking another thence by fever, another by mistake of judgment, embracing others in the midst of their music and song. The little mirror of existence, which reflects to each for a moment the stage on which he
25 plays, is broken at last by a capricious accident; while all alike, in their yearning for untasted enjoyment, are really discounting their days, grasping so hastily and accepting so inexactly the precious pieces. The Duke’s quaint but excellent moralizing at the beginning of the
30 third act does but express, like the chorus of a Greek play, the spirit of the passing incidents. To him in Shakespeare’s play, to a few here and there in the actual world, this strange practical paradox of our life, so unwise in its eager haste, reveals itself in all its clearness.

The Duke disguised as a friar, with his curious moralizing on life and death, and Isabella in her first mood of renunciation, a thing "ensky'd and sainted," come with the quiet of the cloister as a relief to this lust and pride of life: like some gray monastic picture hung on the wall of a gaudy room, their presence cools the heated air of the piece. For a moment we are within the placid conventual walls, whither they fancy at first that the Duke has come as a man crossed in love, with Friar Thomas and Friar Peter, calling each other by their homely, English names, or at the nunnery among the novices, with their little limited privileges, where

"If you speak you must not show your face,
Or if you show your face you must not speak."

Not less precious for this relief in the general structure of the piece, than for its own peculiar graces is the episode of Mariana, a creature wholly of Shakespeare's invention, told, by way of interlude, in subdued prose. The moated grange, with its dejected mistress, its long, listless, discontented days; where we hear only the voice of a boy broken off suddenly in the midst of one of the loveliest songs of Shakespeare, or of Shakespeare's school,* is the pleasantest of many glimpses we get here of pleasant places—the fields without the town, Angelo's garden-house, the consecrated fountain. Indirectly it has suggested two of the most perfect compositions among the poetry of our own generation. Again it is a picture within a picture, but with fainter lines and a grayer atmosphere: we have here the same passions, the same wrongs, the same continuance of affection, the same crying out upon death, as in the nearer and larger piece, though softened, and reduced to the mood of a more dreamy scene.

Of Angelo we may feel at first sight inclined to say only

*Fletcher, in the *Bloody Brother*, gives the rest of it.

guarda e passa! or to ask whether he is indeed psychologically possible. In the old story, he figures as an embodiment of pure and unmodified evil, like "Hyliogabalus of Rome or Denis of Sicyll." But the embodiment of pure
5 evil is no proper subject of art, and Shakespeare, in the spirit of a philosophy which dwells much on the complications of outward circumstance with men's inclinations, turns into a subtle study in casuistry this incident of the austere judge fallen suddenly into utmost corruption by a
10 momentary contact with supreme purity. But the main interest in *Measure for Measure* is not, as in *Promos and Cassandra*, in the relation of Isabella and Angelo, but rather in the relation of Claudio and Isabella.

Greek tragedy in some of its noblest products has taken
15 for its theme the love of a sister, a sentiment unimpassioned indeed, purifying by the very spectacle of its passionlessness, but capable of a fierce and almost animal strength if informed for a moment by pity and regret. At first Isabella comes upon the scene as a tranquilizing influence
20 in it. But Shakespeare, in the development of the action, brings quite different and unexpected qualities out of her. It is his characteristic poetry to expose this cold, chastened personality, respected even by the worldly Lucio as "something ensky'd and sainted, and almost
25 an immortal spirit," to two sharp, shameful trials, and wring out of her fiery, revealing eloquence. Thrown into the terrible dilemma of the piece, called upon to sacrifice that cloistral whiteness to sisterly affection, become in a moment the ground of strong, contending passions
30 she develops a new character and shows herself suddenly of kindred with those strangely conceived women, like Webster's Vittoria, who unite to a seductive sweetness something of a dangerous and tigerlike changefulness of feeling. The swift, vindictive anger leaps, like a white

flame, into this white spirit, and, stripped in a moment of all convention, she stands before us clear, detached, columnar, among the tender frailties of the piece. Cassandra, the original of Isabella in Whetstone's tale, with the purpose of the Roman Lucretia in her mind, yields gracefully enough to the conditions of her brother's safety; and to the lighter reader of Shakespeare there may seem something harshly conceived, or psychologically impossible even, in the suddenness of the change wrought in her, as Claudio welcomes for a moment the chance of life through her compliance with Angelo's will, as in words less finely handled than in the preceding scene. The play, though still not without traces of nobler handiwork, sinks down, as we know, at last into almost homely comedy, and it might be supposed that just here the grander manner deserted it. But the skill with which Isabella plays upon Claudio's well-recognized sense of honor, and endeavors by means of that to insure him beforehand from the acceptance of life on baser terms, indicates no coming laxity of hand just in this place. It was rather that there rose in Shakespeare's conception, as there may for the reader, as there certainly would in any good acting of the part, something of that terror, the seeking for which is one of the notes of romanticism in Shakespeare and his circle. The stream of ardent natural affection, poured as sudden hatred upon the youth condemned to die, adds an additional note of expression to the horror of the prison where so much of the scene takes place. It is not here only that Shakespeare has conceived of such extreme anger and pity as putting a sort of genius into simple women, so that their "lips drop eloquence," and their intuitions interpret that which is often too hard or fine for manlier reason; and it is Isabella with her grand imaginative diction, and that poetry laid

upon the "prone and speechless dialect" there is in mere youth itself, who gives utterance to the equity, the finer judgments of the piece on men and things.

From behind this group with its subtle lights and shades, its poetry, its impressive contrasts, Shakespeare, as I said, conveys to us a strong sense of the tyranny of nature and circumstance over human action. The most powerful expressions of this side of experience might be found here. The bloodless, impassible temperament does but wait for its opportunity, for the almost accidental coherence of time and place, and place with wishing, to annul its long and patient discipline, and become in a moment the very opposite of that which under ordinary conditions it seemed to be, even to itself. The mere resolute self-assertion of the blood brings to others special temptations, temptations which, as defects or overgrowths, lie in the very qualities which make them otherwise imposing or attractive; the very advantage of men's gifts of intellect or sentiment being dependent on a balance in their use so delicate that men hardly maintain it always. Something also must be conceded to influences merely physical, to the complexion of the heavens, the skyey influences, shifting as the stars shift; as something also to the mere caprice of men exercised over each other in the dispensations of social or political order, to the change which makes the life or death of Claudio dependent on Angelo's will.

The many veins of thought which render the poetry of this play so weighty and impressive unite in the image of Claudio, a flowerlike young man, whom, prompted by a few hints from Shakespeare, the imagination easily clothes with all the bravery of youth, as he crosses the stage before us on his way to death, coming so hastily to the end of his pilgrimage. Set in the horrible blackness of the prison, with its various forms of unsightly death,

this flower seems the braver. Fallen by "prompture of the blood," the victim of a suddenly revived law against the common fault of youth like this, he finds his life forfeited as if by the chance of a lottery. With that instinctive clinging to life, which breaks through the subtlest 5 casuistries of monk or sage apologizing for an early death, he welcomes for a moment the chance of life through his sister's shame, though he revolts hardly less from the notion of perpetual imprisonment so repulsive to the buoyant energy of youth. Familiarized, by the words alike of 10 friends and the indifferent, to the thought of death, he becomes gentle and subdued indeed, yet more perhaps through pride than real resignation, and would go down to darkness at last hard and unblinded. Called upon suddenly to encounter his fate, looking with keen and 15 resolute profile straight before him, he gives utterance to some of the central truths of human feeling, the sincere, concentrated expression of the recoiling flesh. Thoughts as profound and poetical as Hamlet's arise in him; and but for the accidental arrest of sentence he would descend 20 into the dust, a mere gilded, idle flower of youth indeed, but with what are perhaps the most eloquent of all Shakespeare's words upon his lips.

As Shakespeare in *Measure for Measure* has refashioned, after a nobler pattern, materials already at hand, so that 25 the relics of other men's poetry are incorporated into his perfect work, so traces of the old "morality," that early form of dramatic composition which had for its function the inculcating of some moral theme, survive in it also, and give it a peculiar ethical interest. This ethical 30 interest, though it can escape no attentive reader, yet, in accordance with that artistic law which demands the predominance of form everywhere over the mere matter of subject handled, is not to be wholly separated from

the special circumstances, necessities, embarrassments, of these particular dramatic persons. The old "moralities" exemplified most often some rough-and-ready lesson. Here the very intricacy and subtlety of the moral world itself, the difficulty of seizing the true relations of so complex a material, the difficulty of just judgment, of judgment that shall not be unjust, are the lessons conveyed. Even in Whetstone's old story this peculiar vein of moralizing comes to the surface: even there, we notice the tendency to dwell on mixed motives, the contending issues of action, the presence of virtues and vices alike in unexpected places, on "the hard choice of two evils," and on "imprisoning" of men's "real intents." *Measure for Measure* is full of expressions drawn from a profound experience of these casuistries, and that ethical interest becomes predominant in it: it is no longer *Promos and Cassandra*, but *Measure for Measure*, its new name expressly suggesting the subject of *poetical justice*. The action of the play, like the action of life itself for the keener observer, develops in us the conception of this poetical justice, and the yearning to realize it, the true justice of which Angelo knows nothing, because it lies for the most part beyond the limits of any acknowledged law. The idea of justice involves the idea of rights. But at bottom rights are equivalent to that which really is, to facts; and the recognition of his rights therefore, the justice he requires of our hands, or our thoughts, is the recognition of that which the person, in his inmost nature, really is; and as sympathy alone can discover that which really is in matters of feeling and thought, true justice is in its essence a finer knowledge through love.

"'Tis very pregnant:

The jewel that we find we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it."

It is for this finer justice, a justice based on a more delicate appreciation of the true conditions of men and things, a true respect of persons in our estimate of actions, that the people in *Measure for Measure* cry out as they pass before us; and as the poetry of this play is full of the peculiarities of Shakespeare's poetry, so in its ethics it is an epitome of Shakespeare's moral judgments. They are the moral judgments of an observer, of one who sits as a spectator, and knows how the threads in the design before him hold together under the surface: they are the judgments of the humorist also, who follows with a half-amused but always pitiful sympathy, the various ways of human disposition, and sees less distance than ordinary men between what are called respectively great and little things. It is not always that poetry can be the exponent of morality; but it is this aspect of morals which it represents most naturally, for this true justice is dependent on just those finer appreciations which poetry cultivates in us the power of making, those peculiar valuations of action and its effect which poetry actually requires.

SUGGESTIONS: Read the two plays in connection with Pater's "appreciations" of them. Analyze the plan of each essay,—especially that of *Measure for Measure*.

Does Pater, in these essays, carry any farther his idea of "appreciation?" Compare the "historical estimate" and the "personal estimate" as a means of judging "Love's Labours Lost."

Are Pater's sentences generally loose or generally periodic? Do they impress you as being unpleasantly long, at any time? Name the two most striking qualities of his vocabulary.

In writing your own theme, follow some such plan as this: (1) General matters concerning the play, its sources, type, etc.; (2) Leading idea or implication of the play; (3) Comments on the several characters; (4) Final impression of the dramatic construction and of the style.

Imitate, as far as you can, Pater's flexible sentences, and his delicate, precise, and varied use of words.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS.

Write an "appreciation" of one of the following plays:

The Merchant of Venice.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.
Macbeth.
Much Ado About Nothing.
The Rivals.
She Stoops to Conquer.
Candida.
An Enemy of the People.
The Servant in the House.
Everyman.

A "MADONNA AND SAINTS," BY

MANTEGNA

JOHN LA FARGE*

LET us go back to an earlier date, not so far back in years as in spirit and in the development of the special art of painting. There is a delightful painting by Mantegna, owned by Mrs. John Lowell Gardner, of Boston, which offers a very different type of our subject from the lordly representations of Raphael and his circle.

It is more like the Conversation by Bellini given before, but it has that strange severity that never leaves the ancient painter, which persists in this pastoral scene, in this dream of sweetness and of light.

By the riverside in the foreground, filling almost the entire space, sit a group of women and two naked children,

*From *One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting*. Used by permission of Doubleday, Page & Company.

perhaps fresh from the bath, the Infant Christ, and the infant John. They are like a family party, or a number of friends well accustomed to each other's company. Here, in what might have been a conventional and frigid arrangement, the painter's sense of life has combined the separate characters, probably chosen for devotional reasons (as I keep explaining), in what seems an unpremeditated arrangement, which all the more looks as if it must have happened—as having been taken from an actual sight.

The Madonna sits in the middle, facing us, and in an abstracted way looks toward the little Christ, who stands between her knees, His bare feet protected by her cloak, upon which He stands. His foot rests upon her and forms the start of all the many folds which run through her drapery, and determines the arrangement of the draperies of all the figures to the right of the Virgin.

However natural the picture may be, it is a learned composition, and a beautiful study of the arrangement of folds, expressing the movement of the body and the character of the individual. The Madonna's dull blue mantle, lined with black, frames her head in dark and makes it the most important. All the folds of her dress are large and soft, benign and gentle. Saint Anne, her mother, next to her, draws up her hand to close her cloak upon her bosom in a manner suggestive of feeling and also of the protection necessary to age. Her gray cloak covers her head and falls in many folds of a certain severity, contrasting with the more gentle fall of the Madonna's dress and with the simpler gown of Mary Magdalen alongside, whose frock is merely twice girdled and is all of one color. Her drapery shows her form in a simplicity of attitude which the face above carries out. She and all but one of the women of the group look with varieties of

meaning and expression at the Divine Child. The Magdalen's hand and arm rest in her lap, abstracted, and she holds a little pyx of red gold, which is her symbol. Near her, on the edge of the picture, sits some other saint
5 in much more worldly dress, like that of the period, with hair in curls down her cheek and in net behind, whose face expresses a quiet interest in the Child and Mother, but who also appears to talk a little to the saint in the absolute foreground.

10 This one is reading, perhaps aloud, for her lips are open and a slight movement of the face seems to indicate something more than the silent reading to one's self. In the careful folds, dear to Mantegna, her dress, in many colors and complicated fashion, spreads out upon the
15 rock on which she sits. Here in these folds, and in the whole figure of the saint, one sees that fondness for form and its strong statement, which is the mark of Mantegna. Indeed, from the Saint Anne a statue could well be built.

And as for the landscape which spreads behind the
20 figures, it is made out, in its flat spaces and rising ground, as if to lead the spectator to a wish to wander into a land so full of stories. For here, not far off, Saint Christopher, carrying the Infant Christ on his shoulders, crosses the ford indicated by piles rising from the water, and distant
25 figures wait near the continuance of a peaceful road on a farther bank.

There gallops Saint George in full armor, on the heavy horse that knights rode in action. He is about to strike with his lance the dragon that crouches behind rocks upon
30 a little green sward, where lie the skulls and bones of his victims.

Farther on runs the road, up the hill and round the enclosure, a peaceful orchard fronting still higher ground, also planted with trees, wherein is laid out the scheme of a

great garden in Italian way: and further back, crowning the hill, a mass of buildings, with arcades and pyramids and an aqueduct and a classical temple, closed in by the foot of a fortress and outflanking towers.

On either side of the river rise high and strange rocks 5
On our side the rocks rise suddenly, closing in the sense of garden that belongs to the name of the Madonna and to the idea of a Sacred Conversation.

Up in a great rock, that towers in the top of the painting, is a cavern of two openings. In one, Saint Jerome, 10
long-bearded, kneels before a tall crucifix, and bares his bosom to strike it with the stone of repentance. In the other cavern his friend, the lion, watches him attentively.

Higher up again, on a platform, near another opening of cavern, Saint Francis stands in excited attitude before 15
the winged crucifix of legend, the vision from which he obtained the wounds of his Saviour.

Some way nearer, a monk, with his back turned, waits patiently, without seeing the miraculous scene. One is reminded of that other lovely Sacred Conversation, attribu- 20
ted to Bellini, where outside the closed garden occur far-away scenes of the saints of the desert, emphasizing the perpetuity of the Church, the long continuance of the saints in Heaven with us of to-day, and the idea that all these accidents of Time and Place are but the events of a 25
moment in the scale of Eternity.

As our eyes come down again to the nearer figures we feel all the more the presence of the two saints, the one seated, the other kneeling on the right of the picture. The one nearer to the Madonna looks pensively at the 30
Infant Christ, having interrupted her reading and waking up from her dream. In front of her moves the little infant Baptist, as if he had just come from his bath. He offers some flowers to the other Child, resting his hand on

the Virgin's knee. He does this with a gentle action of supplication and an upward look of the eyes, which the Divine Child meets in the manner of a young lord accustomed to worship.

5 Quite to the right, the kneeling saint, in a costume very much of the period, kneels and looks down, scarcely seeing the Infant Saviour to whom she prays, however, with hands pressed one against the other. Those hands and arms close the arrangement on that side of the picture, and we
10 feel that there is nothing more even outside of the frame.

SUGGESTIONS: This descriptive criticism of a picture should prove suggestive because of its simplicity. Mr. La Farge takes up the elements of the picture, one by one, characterizing and explaining them. In spite of the fact that he seems to be merely describing, there is a great deal of artistic judgment and "appreciation."

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Describe any famous picture that you know. Choose, preferably, one containing a group, or several figures, at any rate. The following are suggested:

Botticelli's Spring.
Raphael's Sistine Madonna.
Watts' The Court of Death.
" Love and Life.
" Love and Death.
Burne-Jones' Golden Stairs.
" " The Mirror of Venus.
Guercino's Guardian Angel.

NIOBE

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY*

OF all that remains to us of Greek antiquity, this figure is perhaps the most consummate personi-

*Remarks on some of the Statues in the Gallery of Florence.

fication of loveliness, with regard to its countenance, as that of the Venus of the Tribune is with regard to its entire form of a woman. It is colossal: the size adds to its value; because it allows the spectator the choice of a greater number of points of view, and affords him a more analytical one, in which to catch a greater number of the infinite modes of expression, of which any form approaching ideal beauty is necessarily composed. It is the figure of a mother in the act of sheltering, from some divine and inevitable peril, the last, we may imagine, of her surviving children.

The little creature, terrified, as we may conceive, at the strange destruction of all its kindred, has fled to its mother, and is hiding its head in the folds of her robe, and casting back one arm, as in a passionate appeal for defense, where it could never before have been sought in vain. She is clothed in a thin tunic of delicate woof; and her hair is fastened on her head into a knot, probably by that mother whose care will never fasten it again. Niobe is enveloped in profuse drapery, a portion of which the left hand has gathered up, and is in the act of extending it over the child in the instinct of shielding her from what reason knows to be inevitable. The right hand (as the restorer has properly imagined), is drawing up her daughter to her; and with that instinctive gesture and by its gentle pressure, is encouraging the child to believe that it can give security. The countenance of Niobe is the consummation of feminine majesty and loveliness, beyond which the imagination scarcely doubts that it can conceive anything.

That masterpiece of the poetic harmony of marble expresses other feelings. There is embodied a sense of the inevitable and rapid destiny which is consummating around her, as if it were already over. It seems as if

despair and beauty had combined and produced nothing but the sublimity of grief. As the motions of the form expressed the instinctive sense of the possibility of protecting the child, and the accustomed and affectionate assurance that she would find an asylum within her arms, so reason and imagination speak in the countenance the certainty that no mortal defense is of avail. There is no terror in the countenance, only grief—deep, remediless grief. There is no anger; of what avail is indignation against what is known to be omnipotent? There is no selfish shrinking from personal pain, there is no panic at supernatural agency, there is no adverting to herself as herself; the calamity is mightier than to leave scope for such emotions.

Everything is swallowed up in sorrow; she is all tears; her countenance, in assured expectation of the arrow piercing its last victim in her embrace, is fixed on her omnipotent enemy. The pathetic beauty of the expression of her tender, and inexhaustible, and unquenchable despair, is beyond the effect of any other sculpture. As soon as the arrow shall pierce her last tie upon earth, the fable that she was turned into stone, or dissolved into a fountain of tears, will be but a feeble emblem of the sadness of hopelessness, in which the few and evil years of her remaining life, we feel, must flow away.

It is difficult to speak of the beauty of the countenance or to make intelligible in words, from what such astonishing loveliness results.

The head, resting somewhat backward upon the full and flowing contour of the neck, is as in the act of watching an event momentarily to arrive. The hair is delicately divided on the forehead, and a gentle beauty gleams from the broad and clear brow over which its strands are drawn. The face is of an oval fullness, and the fea-

tures conceived with the daring of a sense of power. In this respect it resembles the careless majesty which Nature stamps upon the rare masterpieces of her creation, harmonizing them as it were from the harmony of the spirit within. Yet all this not only consists with, but is the cause of the subtlest delicacy of clear and tender beauty—the expression at once of innocence and sublimity of soul—of purity and strength—of all that which touches the most removed and divine of the chords that make music in our thoughts—of that which shakes with astonishment even the most superficial.

SUGGESTIONS: Does this criticism follow any general plan?

Trace the sources of effectiveness in Shelley's prose style, (1) as to sentence construction, (2) as to the kinds and the variety of words employed.

Characterize the mood of the critic. Is it realized in the final impression which you receive of the criticism? Is this criticism "appreciation," in Pater's sense of the word?

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Write, from a cast, or any good photograph, a criticism of any one of the following pieces of statuary.

The Marble Faun.

Psyche.

The Venus of Milo

The Wrestlers.

Laöcoon.

Pallas Athena.

The Dying Gaul.

The Discobolus.

The Listening Bacchus, (Formerly called "Narcissus").

Macmonnies' Bacchante.

THE TWO RACES OF MEN

CHARLES LAMB

THE human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow, and the men who lend.* To these

two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites," flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I chose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. "He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this caste, lean and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages—Alcibiades—Falstaff—Sir Richard Steele—our late incomparable Brinsley—what a family likeness in all four!

What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money,—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective!—What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*,—to the extent of one half of the principle at least!

He is the true taxer who "calletth all the world up to be taxed;" and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us*, as subsisted between the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolar Jew that paid it tribute-pittance at Jerusalem!—His exactions, too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state-gatherers, those ink-horn varlets, who carry their

want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse, which 5 to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves as naturally as the cloak of the traveler, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontic which never ebbeth! The sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the victim, whom he delighteth to honor, struggles 10 with destiny; he is in the net. Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lend, that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives!—but, when thou seest the proper 15 authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light *he* makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

Reflections like the foregoing were forced upon my mind by the death of my old friend Ralph Bigod, Esq., who 20 parted this life on Wednesday evening—dying, as he had lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a descendant from mighty ancestors of that name, who heretofore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. 25 Early in life he found himself invested with ample revenues; which, with that noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the *great race*, he took almost immediate measures entirely to dissipate and bring to nothing; for there is something revolting in the idea of a 30 king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished, by the very act of dis-furnishment, getting rid of the cumbersome luggage of riches, more apt (as one sings)

"To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise,"

he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise "borrowing and to borrow."

- 5 In his periegesis, or triumphant progress throughout this island, it has been calculated that he laid a tithe part of the inhabitants under contribution. I reject this estimate as greatly exaggerated:—but having had the honor of accompanying my friend, divers times, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met, who claimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems, these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; 15 gentlemen, his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did no way disconcert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them; and, with Comus, seemed pleased to be "stocked with so fair a herd."
- 20 With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism, which he had often in his mouth, that "money kept longer than three days stinks." So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he was an excellent toss-pot), some he gave away, the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him—as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious, —into ponds, or ditches, or deep holes, inscrutable cavities of the earth;—or he would bury it (where he would never seek it again) by a river's side under some bank, 30 which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest—but out away from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar's offspring into the wilderness, while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which

fed his fisc. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency. For Bigod had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick jovial eye, a bald forehead, 5 just touched with gray (*cana fides*). He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waiving for a while my theory as to the *great race*, I would put it to the most untheorizing reader, who may at times have disposable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the 10 kindness of his nature to refuse such a one as I am describing, than to say *no* to a poor petitionary rogue (your bastard borrower), who, by his mumping visnomy, tells you that he expects nothing better; and, therefore, whose preconceived notions and expectations you do in 15 reality so much less shock in the refusal.

When I think of this man; his fiery glow of heart; his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how *ideal* he was; how great at the midnight hour; and when I compare with him the companions with whom I have associated since, I 20 grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders*, and *little men*.

To one like Elia, whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers than closed in iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have 25 touched upon; I mean your *borrowers of books*—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes. There is Comberbatch, matchless in his depredations!

That foul gap in the bottom shelf facing you, like a 30 great eye-tooth knocked out (you are now with me in my little back study in Bloomsbury, reader), with the huge Switzer-like tomes on each side (like the Guildhall giants, in their reformed posture, guardant of nothing) once held

the tallest of my folios, *Opera Bonaventuræ*, choice and massy divinity, to which its two supporters (school divinity also, but of a lesser caliber, Bellarmine, and Holy Thomas), showed but as dwarfs, itself an Ascapart! *that* Comber-
 5 batch abstracted upon the faith of a theory he holds, which is more easy, I confess, for me to suffer by than to refute, namely, that "the title to property in a book (my *Bonaventure*, for instance) is in exact ratio to the claimant's powers of understanding and appreciating the same."
 10 Should he go on acting upon this theory, which of our shelves is safe?

The slight vacuum in the left-hand case, two shelves from the ceiling, scarcely distinguishable but by the quick eye of a loser, was whilom the commodious resting-place
 15 of Browne on *Urn Burial*. C. will hardly allege that he knows more about that treatise than I do, who introduced it to him, and was indeed the first (of the moderns) to discover its beauties, but so have I known a foolish lover to praise his mistress in the presence of a rival more quali-
 20 fied to carry her off than himself.—Just below, Dodsley's dramas want their fourth volume, where *Vittoria Corom-bona* is! The remainder nine are as distasteful as Priam's refuse sons, when the Fates *borrowed* Hector. Here stood the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, in sober state.—There loitered
 25 the *Complete Angler*; quiet as in life, by some stream side.—In yonder nook, *John Bunclæ*, a widower-volume, with "eyes closed," mourns his ravished mate.

One justice I must do my friend, that if he sometimes, like the sea, sweeps away a treasure, at another time, sea-
 30 like, he throws up as rich an equivalent to match it. I have a small under-collection of this nature (my friend's gatherings in his various calls), picked up, he has forgotten at what odd places, and deposited with as little memory at mine. I take in these orphans, the twice-

deserted. These proselytes of the gate are welcome as the true Hebrews. There they stand in conjunction; natives, and naturalized. The latter seem as little disposed to inquire out their true lineage as I am. I charge no warehouse-room for these deodands, not shall ever put myself to the ungentlemanly trouble of advertising a sale of them to pay expenses. 5

To lose a volume to C. carries some sense and meaning in it. You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it. But what moved thee, wayward, spiteful K., to be so importunate to carry off with thee, in spite of tears and adjurations to thee to forbear, the *Letters* of that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle?—knowing at the time, and knowing that I knew also, thou most assuredly wouldst never turn over one leaf of the illustrious folio:—what but the mere spirit of contradiction, and childish love of getting the better of thy friend? —Then, worst cut of all! to transport it with thee to the Gallican land— 15 20

“Unworthy land to harbor such a sweetness,
A virtue in which all ennobling thoughts dwelt,
Pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts, her sex’s wonder!”

—hadst thou not thy play-books, and books of jests and fancies, about thee, to keep thee merry, even as thou keepest all companies with thy quips and mirthful tales? Child of the Green-Room, it was unkindly done of thee. Thy wife, too, that part French, better-part English-woman! that *she* could fix upon no other treatise to bear away, in kindly token of remembering us, than the works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brook—of which no Frenchman, nor woman of France, Italy or England, was ever by nature constituted to comprehend a tittle! *Was there not Zimmerman on Solitude?* 25 30

Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. T. C.; he will return them (generally anticipating the
5 time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are these precious MSS. of his (in *matter* oftentimes, and almost in *quantity* not unfrequently, vying with the originals), in no very clerkly hand; legible in my Daniel;
10 in old Burton; in Sir Thomas Browne; and those abstruser cogitations of the Greville, now, alas! wandering in Pagan lands. I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library, against S. T. C.

OLD CHINA

CHARLES LAMB

I HAVE an almost feminine partiality for old china.
15 When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one.
20 I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—
25 to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that, under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends, whom distance cannot diminish, figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals. 5

I love the men with women's faces, and women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance 10 seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must 15 infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Further on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive—so 20 objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon), some of these *speciosa miracula* 25 upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favorable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when 30 a passing sentiment seemed to overshadow the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

“I wish the good old times would come again,” she

said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state,"—so she was pleased to ramble on—"in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a
5 purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, oh! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*,
10 and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to
15 hang upon you, till your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare—and all because of that folio *Beaumont and Fletcher*, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent-garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to
20 the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting
25 bedward) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves
30 with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity with

which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now. 5

“When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo which we christened the ‘Lady Blanch;’ when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi’s, and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you? 15

“Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter’s bar, and Waltham, when we had a holiday—holidays and all other fun are gone now we are rich—and the little handbasket in which I used to deposit our day’s fare of savory cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a tablecloth—and wish for such another honest hostess as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now, when we go out a day’s pleasuring, which is seldom, moreover, we ride part of the way, and go into a fine inn, and order 20 25 30

the best of dinners, never debating the expense, which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

- 5 “You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the *Battle of Hexham*, and the *Surrender of Calais*, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the *Children in the Wood*—when we squeezed out our shilling apiece to sit
10 three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what
15 cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with *Rosalind in Arden*, or with *Viola at the Court of Illyria*? You used to say that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially; that the relish of such
20 exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going; that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on on the stage, because a word lost would have been a chasm which it
25 was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then, and I appeal to you whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in, indeed, and the
30 crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough,—but there was still a law of civility to woman recognized to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterward! Now we can only

pay our money, and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

“There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they 5 became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very 10 little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologizes, and is willing to take both halves 15 of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never *do* make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not 20 mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

“I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet,—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first Night of 25 December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found 30 our slender capital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and

laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with 'lusty brimmers' (as you used to quote it out of *heartly, cheerful* 5 *Mr. Cotton*, as you called him), we used to welcome in the 'coming guest.' Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year; no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

Bridget is so sparing of her speech, on most occasions, 10 that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor—hundred pounds a year. "It is true we were happier when we were 15 poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superfluous into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened 20 and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power, those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances can not straiten—with us are long since 25 passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth, a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride where we formerly walked: live better and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak 30 of. Yet could those days return, could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a day, could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them, could the good old one shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now, but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our

well-carpeted fireside, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear 5 those anxious shrieks of yours, and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed, when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing 10 to bury more wealth in than Croesus had, or the great Jew R—— is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half-Madonna-ish chit of a lady in 15 that very blue summer-house.”

SUGGESTIONS: What of the length of Lamb's sentences? Are they usually loose or not? What effect is gained by the constantly recurring exclamatory sentences? What, by the many allusions? Name three peculiar qualities of Lamb's vocabulary.

It may be noticed that *The Two Races of Men* begins with a general explanation, then narrows to a particular instance. Try to follow this general order in your own theme. Use some of Lamb's words, if you can.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

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|---|-----------------------------|
| Two Races of Students. | Rooms that I Have Loved. |
| On Being a Grind. | On the Decay of Text-books. |
| Red Ink. | Afternoon Teas. |
| My First Acquaintance with Cæsar. | |
| Of Persons One Would Wish to Have Been. | |
| On Going Home at Christmas. | |
| On College Actors and Acting. | |

ON THE ENJOYMENT OF UNPLEASANT
PLACES*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

IT is a difficult matter to make the most of any given place, and we have much in our own power. Things looked at patiently from one side after another generally end by showing a side that is beautiful. A few months ago some words were said in the *Portfolio* as to an “austere regimen in scenery;” and such a discipline was then recommended as “healthful and strengthening to the taste.” That is the text, so to speak, of the present essay. This discipline in scenery, it must be understood, is something more than a mere walk before breakfast to whet the appetite. For when we are put down in some unsightly neighborhood, and especially if we have come to be more or less dependent on what we see, we must set ourselves to hunt out beautiful things with all the ardor and patience of a botanist after a rare plant. Day by day we perfect ourselves in the art of seeing nature more favorably. We learn to live with her, as people learn to live with fretful or violent spouses: to dwell lovingly on what is good, and shut our eyes against all that is bleak or inharmonious. We learn, also, to come to each place in the right spirit. The traveler, as Brantôme quaintly tells us, “*fait des discours en soi pour se soutenir en chemin;*” and into these discourses he weaves something out of all that he sees and suffers by the way; they take their tone greatly from the varying character of the scene; a sharp ascent brings different thoughts from a level road; and the man’s fancies grow lighter as he comes out of the wood into a clearing. Nor does the scenery any more affect

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the thoughts than the thoughts affect the scenery. We see places through our humors as through differently colored glasses. We are ourselves a term in the equation, a note of the chord, and make discord of harmony almost at will. There is no fear for the result, if we can but surrender ourselves sufficiently to the country that surrounds and follows us, so that we are ever thinking suitable thoughts or telling ourselves some suitable sort of story as we go. We become thus, in some sense, a center of beauty; we are provocative of beauty, much as a gentle and sincere character is provocative of sincerity and gentleness in others. And even where there is no harmony to be elicited by the quickest and most obedient of spirits, we may still embellish a place with some attraction of romance. We may learn to go far afield for associations, and handle them lightly when we have found them. Sometimes an old print comes to our aid; I have seen many a spot lit up at once with picturesque imaginations, by a reminiscence of Callot, or Sadeler, or Paul Brill. Dick Turpin has been my lay figure for many an English lane. And I suppose the Trossachs would hardly be the Trossachs for most tourists if a man of admirable romantic instinct had not peopled it for them with harmonious figures, and brought them thither their minds rightly prepared for the impression. There is half the battle in this preparation. For instance: I have rarely been able to visit, in the proper spirit, the wild and inhospitable places of our own Highlands. I am happier where it is tame and fertile, and not readily pleased without trees. I understand that there are some phases of mental trouble that harmonize well with such surroundings, and that some persons, by the dispensing power of the imagination, can go back several centuries in spirit, and put themselves into sympathy with the hunted, houseless, unsociable way of life that

was in its place upon these savage hills. Now, when I am sad, I like nature to charm me out of my sadness, like David before Saul; and the thought of these past ages strikes nothing in me but an unpleasant pity; so that I
5 can never hit on the right humor for this sort of landscape, and lose much pleasure in consequence. Still, even here, if I were only let alone, and time enough were given, I should have all manner of pleasure, and take many clear and beautiful images away with me when I left. When we
10 cannot think ourselves into sympathy with the great features of a country, we learn to ignore them, and put our head among the grass for flowers, or pore, for long times together, over the changeful current of a stream. We come down to the sermon in stones, when we are shut
15 out from any poem in the spread landscape. We begin to peep and botanize, we take an interest in birds and insects, we find many things beautiful in miniature. The reader will recollect the little summer scene in *Wuthering Heights*—the one warm scene, perhaps, in all that powerful, miserable novel—and the great feature that is made
20 therein by grasses and flowers and a little sunshine: this is in the spirit of which I now speak. And, lastly, we can go indoors; interiors are sometimes as beautiful, often more picturesque, than the shows of the open air,
25 and they have that quality of shelter of which I shall presently have more to say.

With all this in mind, I have often been tempted to put forth the paradox that any place is good enough to live a life in, while it is only in a few, and those highly favored,
30 that we can pass a few hours agreeably. For, if we only stay long enough, we become at home in the neighborhood. Reminiscences spring up, like flowers, about uninteresting corners. We forget to some degree the superior loveliness of other places, and fall into a tolerant and sympathetic

spirit which is its own reward and justification. Looking back the other day on some recollections of my own, I was astonished to find how much I owed to such a residence; six weeks in one unpleasant country-side had done more, it seemed, to quicken and educate my sensibilities than 5 many years in places that jumped more nearly with my inclination.

The country to which I refer was a level and treeless plateau, over which the winds cut like a whip. For miles on miles it was the same. A river, indeed, fell into the sea 10 near the town where I resided; but the valley of the river was shallow and bald, for as far up as ever I had the heart to follow it. There were roads, certainly, but roads that had no beauty or interest; for, as there was no timber, and but little irregularity of surface, you saw your whole 15 walk exposed to you from the beginning: there was nothing left to fancy, nothing to expect, nothing to see by the way-side, save here and there an unhomely-looking homestead, and here and there a solitary, spectacled stone-breaker; and you were only accompanied, as you went doggedly 20 forward by the gaunt telegraph-posts and the hum of the resonant wires in the keen sea-wind. To one who has learned to know their song in warm pleasant places by the Mediterranean, it seemed to taunt the country, and make it still bleaker by suggested contrast. Even the 25 waste places by the side of the road were not, as Hawthorne liked to put it, "taken back to Nature" by any decent covering of vegetation. Wherever the land had the chance, it seemed to lie fallow. There is a certain tawny nudity of the South, bare sunburnt plains, colored 30 like a lion, and hills clothed only in the blue transparent air; but this was of another description—this was the nakedness of the North; the earth seemed to know that it was naked, and was ashamed and cold.

It seemed to be always blowing on that coast. Indeed, this had passed into the speech of the inhabitants, and they saluted each other when they met with "Breezy, breezy," instead of the customary "Fine day" of farther
5 south. These continual winds were not like the harvest breeze, that just keeps an equable pressure against your face as you walk, and serves to set all the trees talking over your head, or bring round you the smell of the wet surface of the country after a shower. They were of the
10 bitter, hard, persistent sort, that interferes with sight and respiration, and makes the eyes sore. Even such winds as these have their own merit in proper time and place. It is pleasant to see them brandish great masses of shadow. And what a power they have over the color of the world!
15 How they ruffle the solid woodlands in their passage, and make them shudder and whiten like a single willow! There is nothing more vertiginous than a wind like this among the woods, with all its sights and noises; and the effect gets between some painters and their sober eyesight,
20 so that, even when the rest of their picture is calm, the foliage is colored like foliage in a gale. There was nothing, however, of this sort to be noticed in a country where there were no trees and hardly any shadows, save the passive shadows and clouds or those of rigid houses
25 and walls. But the wind was nevertheless an occasion of pleasure; for nowhere could you taste more fully the pleasure of a sudden lull, or a place of opportune shelter. The reader knows what I mean; he must remember how, when he has sat himself down behind a dyke on a hill-
30 side, he delighted to hear the wind hiss vainly through the crannies at his back; how his body tingled all over with warmth, and it began to dawn upon him, with a sort of slow surprise, that the country was beautiful, the heather purple, and the far-away hills all marbled with

sun and shadow. Wordsworth, in a beautiful passage of the *Prelude*, has used this as a figure for the feeling struck in us by the quiet by-streets of London after the uproar of the great thoroughfares; and the comparison may be turned the other way with as good effect:

5

“Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length,
Escaped as from an enemy we turn,
Abruptly into some sequester’d nook,
Still as a shelter’d place when winds blow loud!”

I remember meeting a man once, in a train, who told me of what must have been quite the most perfect instance of this pleasure of escape. He had gone up, one sunny, windy morning, to the top of a great cathedral somewhere abroad; I think it was Cologne Cathedral, the great unfinished marvel by the Rhine; and after a long while in dark stairways, he issued at last into the sunshine, on a platform high above the town. At that elevation it was quite still and warm; the gale was only in the lower strata of the air, and he had forgotten it in the quiet interior of the church and during his long ascent; and so you may judge of his surprise when, resting his arms on the sunlit balustrade and looking over into the *Place* far below him, he saw the good people holding on their hats and leaning hard against the wind as they walked. There is something, to my fancy, quite perfect in this little experience of my fellow-traveler’s. The ways of men seem always very trivial to us when we find ourselves alone on a church-top, with the blue sky and a few tall pinnacles, and see far below us the steep roofs and foreshortened buttresses, and the silent activity of the city streets; but how much more must they not have seemed so to him as he stood, not only above other men’s business, but above other men’s climate, in a golden zone like Apollo’s!

This was the sort of pleasure I found in the country

of which I write. The pleasure was to be out of the wind, and to keep it in memory all the time, and hug oneself upon the shelter. And it was only by the sea that any such sheltered places were to be found. Between the black
5 worm-eaten headlands there are little bights and havens, well screened from the wind and the commotion of the external sea, where the sand and weeds look up into the gazer's face from a depth of tranquil water, and the sea-birds, screaming and flickering from the ruined crags,
10 alone disturb the silence and the sunshine. One such place has impressed itself on my memory beyond all others. On a rock by the water's edge, old fighting men of the Norse breed had planted a double castle; the two stood wall to wall like semi-detached villas; and yet feud had run
15 so high between their owners, that one, from out of a window, shot the other as he stood in his own doorway. There is something in the juxtaposition of these two enemies full of tragic irony. It is grim to think of bearded men and bitter women taking hateful counsel together
20 about the two hall-fires at night, when the sea boomed against the foundations and the wild winter wind was loose over the battlements. And in the study we may reconstruct for ourselves some pale figure of what life then was. Not so when we are there; when we are there such
25 thoughts come to us only to intensify a contrary impression, and association is turned against itself. I remember walking thither three afternoons in succession, my eyes weary with being set against the wind, and how, dropping suddenly over the edge of the down, I found myself in a
30 new world of warmth and shelter. The wind, from which I had escaped, "as from an enemy," was seemingly quite local. It carried no clouds with it, and came from such a quarter that it did not trouble the sea within view. The two castles, black and ruinous as the rocks about them,

were still distinguished from these by something more insecure and fantastic in the outline, something that the last storm had left imminent and the next would demolish entirely. It would be difficult to render in words the sense of peace that took possession of me on these three after- 5
noons. It was helped out, as I have said, by the contrast. The shore was battered and bemaused by previous tempests; I had the memory at heart of the insane strife of the pigmies who had erected these two castles and lived in them in mutual distrust and enmity, and knew I had only 10
to put my head out of this little cup of shelter to find the hard wind blowing in my eyes; and yet there were the two great tracts of motionless blue air and peaceful sea looking on, unconcerned and apart, at the turmoil of the present moment and the memorials of the precarious past. There 15
is ever something transitory and fretful in the impression of a high wind under a cloudless sky; it seems to have no root in the constitution of things; it must speedily begin to faint and wither away like a cut flower. And on those days the thought of the wind and the thought of human 20
life came very near together in my mind. Our noisy years did indeed seem moments in the being of the eternal silence: and the wind, in the face of that great field of stationary blue, was as the wind of a butterfly's wing. The placidity of the sea was a thing likewise to be remem- 25
bered. Shelley speaks of the sea as "hungering for calm," and in this place one learned to understand the phrase. Looking down into these green waters from the broken edge of the rock, or swimming leisurely in the sunshine, it seemed to me that they were enjoying their own tran- 30
quillity and when now and again it was disturbed by a wind ripple on the surface, or the quick black passage of a fish far below, they settled back again (one could fancy) with relief.

On shore, too, in the little nook of shelter, everything was so subdued and still that the least particular struck in me a pleasurable surprise. The desultory crackling of the whin-pods in the afternoon sun usurped the ear.

5 The hot, sweet breath of the bank, that had been saturated all day long with sunshine, and now exhaled it into my face, was like the breath of a fellow-creature. I remember that I was haunted by two lines of French verse; in some dumb way they seemed to fit my surroundings

10 and give expression to the contentment that was in me, and I kept repeating to myself—

“Mon cœur est un luth suspendu,
Sitôt qu’ on le touche, il résonne.”

I can give no reason why these lines came to me at this

15 time; and for that very cause I repeat them here. For all I know, they may serve to complete the impression in the mind of the reader, as they were certainly a part of it for me.

And this happened to me in the place of all others

20 where I liked least to stay. When I think of it I grow ashamed of my own ingratitude. “Out of the strong came forth sweetness.” There, in the bleak and gusty North, I received, perhaps, my strongest impression of peace. I saw the sea to be great and calm; and the earth,

25 in that little corner, was all alive and friendly to me. So, wherever a man is, he will find something to please and pacify him: in the town he will meet pleasant faces of men and women, and see beautiful flowers at a window, or hear a cage-bird singing at the corner of the gloomiest

30 street; and for the country, there is no country without some amenity—let him only look for it in the right spirit, and he will surely find.

SUGGESTIONS: In his essay called *A College Magazine*, Stevenson says, of his own early practice in writing: “I have played

the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, Lamb, Wordsworth. etc. . . .”

Can you decide upon and name definitely, any characteristics of style which Stevenson may have learned from Lamb? What differences do you note? Compare the vocabulary of the two writers.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

(See list under Lamb.)

DESCRIPTION

THE SIX JOLLY FELLOWSHIP-PORTERS*

CHARLES DICKENS

THE Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters, already mentioned as a tavern of a dropsical appearance, had long settled down into a state of hale infirmity. In its whole constitution it had not a straight floor, and hardly a
5 straight line; but it had outlasted, and clearly would yet outlast, many a better-trimmed building, many a sprucer public-house. Externally, it was a narrow, lop-sided wooden jumble of corpulent windows, heaped one upon another as you might heap as many toppling oranges,
10 with a crazy wooden veranda impending over the water; indeed, the whole house, inclusive of the complaining flag-staff on the roof, impended over the water, but seemed to have got into the condition of a faint-hearted diver who has paused so long on the brink that he will never go
15 in at all.

This description applies to the river-frontage of the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters. The back of the establishment, though the chief entrance was there, so contracted that it merely represented, in its connection with the front,
20 the handle of a flat-iron, set upright on its broadest end. This handle stood at the bottom of a wilderness of court and alley: which wilderness pressed so hard and close upon the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters as to leave the hostelry not an inch of ground beyond its door. For
25 this reason, in combination with the fact that the house was all but afloat at high water, when the Porters had a

**Our Mutual Friend*. Chapter 6.

family wash, the linen subjected to that operation might usually be seen drying on lines stretched across the reception-rooms and bed-chambers.

AVENEL CASTLE*

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WHILE he thus spoke, the verge of the morass was attained, and their path lay on the declivity. Greensward it was, and, viewed from a distance, checkered with its narrow and verdant line the dark-brown heath which it traversed, though the distinction was not so easily traced when they were walking on it†. The old man pursued his journey with comparative ease; and, unwilling again to awaken the jealous zeal of his young companion for the Roman faith, he discoursed on other matters. The tone of his conversation was still grave, moral, and instructive. He had traveled much, and knew both the language and manners of other countries, concerning which Halbert Glendinning, already anticipating the possibility of being obliged to leave Scotland for the deed he had done, was naturally and anxiously desirous of information. By degrees he was more attracted by the charms of the stranger's conversation than repelled by the dread of his dangerous character as a heretic, and Halbert had called him father more than once, ere the turrets of Avenel Castle came in view.

The situation of this ancient fortress was remarkable. It occupied a small rocky islet in a mountain lake, or

**The Monastery.* Chapters 23 and 24.

†This sort of path, visible when looked at from a distance, but not to be seen when you are upon it, is called on the Border by the significant name of a blind-road.

“tarn,” as such a piece of water is called in Westmoreland. The lake might be about a mile in circumference, surrounded by hills of considerable height, which, except where old trees and brushwood occupied the ravines that
5 divided them from each other, were bare and heathy. The surprise of the spectator was chiefly excited by finding a piece of water situated in that high and mountainous region, and the landscape around had features which might rather be termed wild, than either romantic or
10 sublime; yet the scene was not without its charms. Under the burning sun of summer, the clear azure of the deep unruffled lake refreshed the eye, and impressed the mind with a pleasing feeling of deep solitude. In winter, when the snow lay on the mountains around, these dazzling
15 masses appeared to ascend far beyond their wonted and natural height, while the lake, which stretched beneath, and filled their bosom with all its frozen waves, lay like the surface of a darkened and broken mirror around the black and rocky islet, and the walls of the gray castle
20 with which it was crowned.

As the castle occupied, either with its principal buildings, or with its flanking and outward walls, every projecting point of rock, which served as its site, it seemed as completely surrounded by water as the nest of a wild swan,
25 save where a narrow causeway extended betwixt the islet and the shore. But the fortress was larger in appearance than in reality; and of the buildings which it actually contained, many had become ruinous and uninhabitable. In the times of the grandeur of the Avenel
30 family, these had been occupied by a considerable garrison of followers and retainers, but they were now in a great measure deserted; and Julian Avenel would probably have fixed his habitation in a residence better suited to his diminished fortunes, had it not been for the great security

which the situation of the old castle afforded to a man of his precarious and perilous mode of life. Indeed, in this respect, the spot could scarce have been more happily chosen, for it could be rendered almost completely inaccessible at the pleasure of the inhabitant. The distance 5 betwixt the nearest shore and the islet was not indeed above a hundred yards; but then the causeway which connected them was extremely narrow, and completely divided by two cuts, one in the mid-way between the islet and shore, and another close under the outward gate of 10 the castle. These formed a formidable, and almost insurmountable, interruption to any hostile approach. Each was defended by a drawbridge, one of which, being that nearest to the castle, was regularly raised at all times during the day, and both were lifted at night. 15

When, issuing from the gorge of a pass which terminated upon the lake, the travelers came in sight of the ancient castle of Avenel, the old man looked with earnest attention upon the scene before him. The castle was, as we have said, in many places ruinous, as was evident, even at this 20 distance, by the broken, rugged, and irregular outline of the walls and of the towers. In others it seemed more entire, and a pillar of dark smoke, which ascended from the chimneys of the donjon, and spread its long dusky pennon through the clear ether, indicated that it was 25 inhabited. But no corn-fields or enclosed pasture-grounds on the side of the lake showed that provident attention to comfort and subsistence which usually appeared near the houses of the greater, and even of the lesser, barons. There were no cottages with their patches of infield, 30 and their crofts and gardens, surrounded by rows of massive sycamores; no church with its simple tower in the valley; no herds of sheep among the hills; no castle on the

lower ground; nothing which intimated the occasional prosecution of the arts of peace and of industry. It was plain that the inhabitants, whether few or numerous, must be considered as the garrison of the castle, living within its
5 defended precincts, and subsisting by means which were other than peaceful.

THE DUCAL PALACE*

JOHN RUSKIN

BEFORE the reader can enter upon any inquiry into the history of the Ducal Palace, it is necessary that he should be thoroughly familiar with the arrangement
10 and names of its principal parts, as it at present stands; otherwise he cannot comprehend so much as a single sentence of any of the documents referring to it. I must do what I can, by the help of a rough plan and bird's-eye view, to give him the necessary topographical knowledge.

15 The reader will observe that the Ducal Palace is arranged somewhat in the form of a hollow square, of which one side faces the Piazzetta, and another the quay called Riva de' Schiavoni; the third is on the dark canal called Rio del Palazzo, and the fourth joins the Church of St. Mark.

20 Of this fourth side, therefore, nothing can be seen. Of the other three sides we shall have to speak constantly; and they will be respectively called, that toward the Piazzetta, the "Piazzetta Façade;" that toward the Riva de' Schiavoni, the "Sea Façade;" and that toward
25 the Rio del Palazzo, the "Rio Façade." This Rio, or

**Stones of Venice*. Library edition, vol. 10.

canal, is usually looked upon by the traveler with great respect, or even horror, because it passes under the Bridge of Sighs. It is, however, one of the principal thoroughfares of the city; and the bridge and its canal together occupy, in the mind of a Venetian, very much the position 5 of Fleet Street and Temple Bar in that of a Londoner,—at least at the time when Temple Bar was occasionally decorated with human heads. The two buildings closely resemble each other in form.

We must now proceed to obtain some rough idea of 10 the appearance and distribution of the palace itself; but its arrangement will be better understood by supposing ourselves raised some hundred and fifty feet above the point in the lagoon in front of it, so as to get a general view of the Sea Façade and Rio Façade (the latter in very 15 steep perspective) and to look down into its interior court. Fig. II* roughly represents such a view, omitting all details on the roofs, in order to avoid confusion. In this drawing we have merely to notice that, of the two bridges 20 seen on the right, the uppermost, above the Rio del Palazzo, is the Bridge of Sighs; the lower one is the Ponte della Paglia, the regular thoroughfare from quay to quay, and, I believe, called the Bridge of Straws, because the boats which brought straw from the mainland used to sell it at this place. The corner of the palace, rising above 25 this bridge, and formed by the meeting of the Sea Façade and Rio Façade, will always be called the Vine angle, because it is decorated by a sculpture of the drunkenness of Noah. The angle opposite will be called the Fig-tree 30 angle because it is decorated by a sculpture of the Fall of Man. The long and narrow range of building, of which the roof is seen in perspective behind this angle, is the part of the palace fronting the Piazzetta; and the angle under

*Ruskin's drawings have been omitted.

the pinnacle most to the left of the two which terminate it will be called, for a reason presently to be stated, the Judgment angle. Within the square formed by the building is seen its interior court (with one of its wells),
5 terminated by small and fantastic buildings of the Renaissance period, which face the Giant's stair, of which the extremity is seen sloping down on the left.

The great façade which fronts the spectator looks southward. Hence the two traceried windows lower than
10 the rest, and to the right of the spectator, may be conveniently distinguished as the "Eastern Windows." There are two others like them, filled with tracery, and at the same level, which look upon the narrow canal between the Ponte della Paglia and the Bridge of Sighs: these we
15 may conveniently call the "Canal Windows." The spectator will observe a vertical line in this dark side of the palace, separating its nearer and plainer wall from a long four-storied range of rich architecture. This more distant range is entirely Renaissance: its extremity is not
20 indicated, because I have no accurate sketch of the small buildings and bridges beyond it, and we shall have nothing whatever to do with this part of the palace in our present inquiry. The nearer and undecorated wall is part of the older palace, though much defaced by modern opening of
25 common windows, refittings of the brickwork, etc.

It will be observed that the façade is composed of a smooth mass of wall, sustained on two tiers of pillars, one above the other. . . . The two lower stories [behind the two tiers of pillars] are entirely modernized, . . . and what
30 vestiges remain of ancient masonry are entirely undecipherable. . . . With the subdivisions of these stories, therefore, I shall not trouble the reader; but those of the great upper story are highly important.

In the bird's-eye view, we noticed that the two windows

on the right are lower than the other four of the façade. In this arrangement there is one of the most remarkable instances I know of the daring sacrifice of symmetry to convenience which was one of the chief noblenesses of the Gothic schools.

The part of the palace in which the two lower windows occur, we shall find, was first built, and arranged in four stories, in order to obtain the necessary number of apartments. Owing to circumstances, of which we shall presently give an account, it became necessary, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, to provide another large and magnificent chamber for the meeting of the Senate. That chamber was added at the side of the older building: but, as only one room was wanted, there was no need to divide the added portion into two stories. The entire height was given to the single chamber, being indeed not too great for just harmony with its enormous length and breadth. And then came the question how to place the windows, whether on a line with the two others, or above them.

The ceiling of the new room was to be adorned by the paintings of the best masters in Venice, and it became of great importance to raise the light near that gorgeous roof, as well as to keep the tone of illumination in the Council Chamber serene; and therefore to introduce light rather in simple masses than in many broken streams. A modern architect, terrified at the idea of violating external symmetry, would have sacrificed both the pictures and the peace of the Council. He would have placed the larger windows at the same level with the other two, and have introduced above them smaller windows, like those of the upper story in the older building, as if that upper story had been continued along the façade. But the old Venetian thought of the honor of the paintings,

and the comfort of the Senate, before his own reputation. He unhesitatingly raised the large windows to their proper position with reference to the interior of the chamber, and suffered the external appearance to take care of itself.

5 And I believe the whole pile rather gains than loses in effect by the variation thus obtained in the spaces of wall above and below the windows.

In nearly the center of the Sea Façade, and between the first and second windows of the Great Council Chamber,

10 is a large window to the ground, opening on a balcony, which is one of the chief ornaments of the palace, and will be called in future the "Sea Balcony."

The façade which looks on the Piazzetta is very nearly like this to the Sea, but the greater part of it was built

15 in the fifteenth century, when people had become studious of their symmetries. Its side windows are all on the same level. Two light the west end of the Great Council Chamber, one lights a small room anciently called the Quarantia Civil Nuova; the other three, and the central

20 one, with a balcony like that to the Sea, light another large chamber, called Sala del Scrutino, or "Hall of Inquiry," which extends to the extremity of the palace above the Porta della Carta.

The reader is now well enough acquainted with the

25 topography of the existing building, to be able to follow the accounts of its history.

SUGGESTIONS: These three descriptions,—of the old inn, the medieval castle, and the Venetian palace, respectively,—should be studied separately and then in comparison with one another. How does the purpose of the first two differ from that of the third? How does the purpose, in each case, react upon the description? Are the differences merely of length or of method also? How does the point of view in the descriptions by Dickens and by Ruskin differ from that in the description

by Scott? Is any definite "order of perception" followed in Avenel Castle? What does Halbert see first?—what afterward? Is Scott's description weak at any point? Show, if possible, that this same method is followed in The Ducal Palace. How does each description convey the impression of "perspective?"

In Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*,* the following architectural principle is formulated. Show its application to written description.

"It has often been observed that a building, in order to show its magnitude, must be seen all at once;—it would, perhaps, be better to say, must be bounded as much as possible by continuous lines, and that its extreme points should be seen all at once; or we may state, in simpler terms, still, that it must have one visible bounding line from top to bottom, and from end to end If the bounding line be violently broken, . . . majesty will be lost This error is even more fatal when much of the building is concealed; as in the well-known case of the recession of the dome of St. Peter's, and from the greater number of points of view, in churches whose highest portions, whether dome or tower, are over their cross. Thus there is only one point from which the size of the Cathedral of Florence is felt; and that is from the corner of the Via de' Balestrieri, opposite the southeast angle, where it happens that the dome is seen rising instantly above the apse and transepts."

After choosing your subject, write two descriptions of it, one from a moving, one from a stationary point of view. Remember Ruskin's rule for seeing a building all at once, and choose your point of view accordingly. Let one exercise be written as part of a narrative, if you so prefer. The other may be an elaborate description of plan and construction. In each case, get a good suggestive "fundamental image."

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

A dwelling-house, which you are approaching for the first time.

A dwelling-house with which you are familiar.

A church.

*Library edition, vol. 8. *The Lamp of Power*, p. 6.

A college hall.

The handsomest building at——College.

A capitol.

An old house.

The most striking house I know.

The most picturesque house I know.

THE CHAPEL AT ENGADDI*

SIR WALTER SCOTT

SO saying, and making the knight a sign to follow him,
the hermit went toward the altar, and, passing
behind it, pressed a spring, which, opening without noise,
showed a small iron door wrought in the side of the cavern,
5 so as to be almost imperceptible, unless upon the most
severe scrutiny. The hermit, ere he ventured fully to
open the door, dropt on the hinges some oil which the
lamp supplied. A small staircase, hewn in the rock, was
discovered when the iron door was at length completely
10 opened.

“Take the veil which I hold,” said the hermit, in a
melancholy tone, “and blind mine eyes; for I may not
look on the treasure which thou art presently to behold,
without sin and presumption.”

15 Without reply, the knight hastily muffled the recluse’s
head in the veil, and the latter began to ascend the staircase
as one too much accustomed to the way to require the use
of light, while at the same time he held the lamp to the
Scot, who followed him for many steps up the narrow
20 ascent. At length they rested in a small vault of irregular
form, in one nook of which the staircase terminated, while

*From *The Talisman*. Chapter iv.

in another corner a corresponding stair was seen to continue the ascent. In a third angle was a Gothic door, very rudely ornamented with the usual attributes of clustered columns and carving, and defended by a wicket, strongly guarded with iron, and studded with large nails. To this last point the hermit directed his steps, which seemed to falter as he approached it. 5

“Put off thy shoes,” he said to his attendant; “the ground on which thou standest is holy. Banish from thy innermost heart each profane and carnal thought, for to harbor such while in this place were a deadly impiety.” 10

The knight laid aside his shoes as he was commanded and the hermit stood in the meanwhile as if communing with his soul in secret prayer, and when he again moved, commanded the knight to knock at the wicket three times. He did so. The door opened spontaneously, at least Sir Kenneth beheld no one, and his senses were at once assailed by a stream of the purest light, and by a strong and almost oppressive sense of the richest perfumes. He stepped two or three paces back, and it was the space of a minute ere he recovered from the dazzling and overpowering effects of the sudden change from darkness to light. 15 20

When he entered the apartment in which this brilliant luster was displayed, he perceived that the light proceeded from a combination of silver lamps, fed with purest oil, and sending forth the richest odors, hanging by silver chains from the roof of a small Gothic chapel, hewn, like most part of the hermit’s singular mansion, out of the sound and solid rock. But, whereas, in every other place which Sir Kenneth had seen, the labor employed upon the rock had been of the simplest and coarsest description, it had in this chapel employed the invention and the chisels of the most able architects. The groined roof rose 25 30

from six columns on each side, carved with the rarest skill; and the manner in which the crossings of the concave arches were bound together, as it were, with appropriate ornaments, was all in the finest tone of the architecture
5 and of the age. Corresponding to the line of pillars, there were on each side six richly wrought niches, each of which contained the image of one of the twelve apostles.

At the upper and eastern end of the chapel stood the altar, behind which a very rich curtain of Persian silk,
10 embroidered deeply with gold, covered a recess, containing, unquestionably, some image or relic of no ordinary sanctity, in honor of whom this singular place of worship had been erected. Under the persuasion that this must be the case, the knight advanced to the shrine, and, kneeling down
15 before it, repeated his devotions with fervency, during which his attention was disturbed by the curtain being suddenly raised, or rather pulled aside, how or by whom he saw not; but in the niche which was thus disclosed he beheld a cabinet of silver and ebony, with a double folding-
20 door, the whole formed into the miniature resemblance of a Gothic church.

As he gazed with anxious curiosity on the shrine, the two folding-doors also flew open, discovering a large piece of wood, on which were blazoned the words "VERA
25 CRUX;" at the same time a choir of female voices sung *Gloria Patri*. The instant the strain had ceased, the shrine was closed and the curtain again drawn, and the knight who knelt at the altar might now continue his devotions undisturbed in honor of the holy relic which had been
30 just disclosed to his view. He did this under the profound impression of one who had witnessed, with his own eyes, an awful evidence of the truth of his religion, and it was some time ere, concluding his orisons, he arose and ventured to look around him for the hermit, who had guided

him to this sacred and mysterious spot. He beheld him, his head still muffled in the veil which he had himself wrapped around it, couching, like a rated hound, upon the threshold of the chapel, but, apparently, without venturing to cross it: the holiest reverence, the most penitential 5 remorse was expressed by his posture, which seemed that of a man borne down and crushed to the earth by the burden of his inward feelings. It seemed to the Scot that only the sense of the deepest penitence, remorse, and humiliation could have thus prostrated a frame so strong and a 10 spirit so fiery.

He approached him as if to speak, but the recluse anticipated his purpose, murmuring in stifled tones from beneath the fold in which his head was muffled, and which sounded like a voice proceeding from the cerements of a 15 corpse: "Abide—abide; happy thou that mayst—the vision is not yet ended." So saying, he reared himself from the ground, drew back from the threshold on which he had hitherto lain prostrate, and closed the door of the chapel, which, secured by a spring-bolt within, the snap 20 of which resounded through the place, appeared so much like a part of the living rock from which the cavern was hewn that Kenneth could hardly discern where the aperture had been. He was now alone in the lighted chapel, which contained the relic to which he had lately rendered 25 his homage, without other arms than his dagger, or other companion than his pious thoughts and dauntless courage.

Uncertain what was next to happen, but resolved to abide the course of events, Sir Kenneth paced the solitary chapel till about the time of the earliest cock-crowing. 30 At this dead season, when night and morning met together, he heard, but from what quarter he could not discover, the sound of such a small silver bell as is rung at the elevation of the host, in the ceremony, or sacrifice, as it

has been called, of the mass. The hour and the place rendered the sound fearfully solemn, and, bold as he was, the knight withdrew himself into the farther nook of the chapel, at the end opposite to the altar, in order to observe, without interruption, the consequences of this unexpected signal.

He did not wait long ere the silken curtain was again withdrawn, and the relic again presented to his view. As he sunk reverentially on his knee, he heard the sound of the lauds, or earliest office of the Catholic Church, sung by female voices, which united together in the performance as they had done in the former service. The knight was soon aware that the voices were no longer stationary in the distance, but approached the chapel and became louder, when a door, imperceptible when closed, like that by which he had himself entered, opened on the other side of the vault, and gave the tones of the choir more room to swell along the ribbed arches of the roof.

The knight fixed his eyes on the opening with breathless anxiety, and, continuing to kneel in the attitude of devotion which the place and scene required, expected the consequence of these preparations. A procession appeared about to issue from the door. First, four beautiful boys, whose arms, neck, and legs were bare, showing the bronze complexion of the East, and contrasting with the snow-white tunics which they wore, entered the chapel two by two. The first pair bore censers, which they swung from side to side, adding double fragrance to the odors with which the chapel already was impregnated. The second pair scattered flowers.

After these followed, in due and majestic order, the females who composed the choir—six who, from their black scapularies and black veils over their white garments,

appeared to be professed nuns of the order of Mount Carmel, and as many whose veils, being white, argued them to be novices, or occasional inhabitants in the cloister, who were not as yet bound to it by vows. The former held in their hands large rosaries, while the younger and lighter figures who followed carried each a chaplet of red and white roses. They moved in procession around the chapel without appearing to take the slightest notice of Kenneth, although passing so near him that their robes almost touched him; while they continued to sing, the knight doubted not that he was in one of those cloisters where the noble Christian maidens had formerly openly devoted themselves to the services of the church. Most of them had been suppressed since the Mahometans had reconquered Palestine, but many, purchasing connivance by presents, or receiving it from the clemency or contempt of the victors, still continued to observe in private the ritual to which their vows had consecrated them. Yet, though Kenneth knew this to be the case, the solemnity of the place and hour, the surprise at the sudden appearance of these votresses, and the visionary manner in which they moved past him, had such influence on his imagination, that he could scarce conceive that the fair procession which he beheld was formed of creatures of this world, so much did they resemble a choir of supernatural beings rendering homage to the universal object of adoration.

Such was the knight's first idea, as the procession passed him, scarce moving, save just sufficiently to continue their progress; so that, seen by the shadowy and religious light which the lamps shed through the clouds of incense which darkened the apartment, they appeared rather to glide than to walk.

But as a second time, in surrounding the chapel, they

passed the spot on which he kneeled, one of the white-stoled maidens, as she glided by him, detached from the chaplet which she carried a rosebud, which dropped from her fingers, perhaps unconsciously, at the foot of Sir
5 Kenneth.

SUGGESTIONS: Here again, we have a changing point of view very convincingly maintained. Perhaps the best characteristic of the description is the manner in which the lighted chapel is made to impress the knight, who has just entered from the dark stairway. What things does he see first?—What, later? Imitate this effect, as far as possible, in your own description.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Interiors:—

A church.	A gymnasium.
A theatre.	A library reading-room.
A lecture hall.	A commencement.
A church service on Easter Sunday.	

ST. MARK'S*

JOHN RUSKIN

AND now I wish that the reader, before I bring him
into St. Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a
little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk
with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go
10 together up the more retired street, at the end of which
we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then
through the low, gray gateway with its battlemented top
and small latticed window in the center, into the inner

**Stones of Venice.*

private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grassplots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with 5 little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream color and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockleshells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable, wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward 10 till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft; and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid 15 divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side, where the canons' children are walking with their nurserymaids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a 20 time, looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king 25 long ago in heaven; and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered, and gray, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and colored on their 30 stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees, like a

drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the whole square with that strange clangor of theirs, so harsh
5 and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and sea.

Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity. Estimate its secluded, continuous, drowsy felicities, and its
10 evidence of the sense and steady performance of such kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock; and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their feet for centuries, and on all who have seen them rising far away
15 over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river. And then let us quickly recollect that we are in Venice, and land at the extremity of the Calle Lunga San Moisè,
20 which may be considered as there answering to the secluded street that led us to our English cathedral gateway.

We find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen,—a shriek in their beginning,
25 and dying away into a kind of brazen ringing, all the worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which we have to make our way. Overhead, an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies, and chimney flues, pushed out on brackets
30 to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there, where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all. On each side, a row

of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors: intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door; the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscoted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. The less pious shopkeeper sometimes leaves his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print; the more religious one has his print colored and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a faded flower or two on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly. Here, at the fruiterer's, where the dark-green watermelons are heaped upon the counter like cannon-balls, the Madonna has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves; but the pewterer next door has let his lamp out, and there is nothing to be seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the studded patterns on the copper pans, hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "Vendita Frittolo e Liquori," where the Virgin, enthroned in a very humble manner beside a tallow candle on a back shelf, presides over certain ambrosial morsels of a nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But, a few steps farther on, at the regular wine-shop of the calle, where we are offered "Vino Nostrani a Soldi 28-22," the Madonna is in great glory, enthroned above ten or a dozen large red casks of three-year-old vintage, and flanked by goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps; and for the evening, when

the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they have gained during the day, she will have a whole chandelier.

A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply moulded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the "Bocca di Piazza," and then we forget them all; for between those pillars there opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of checkered stones: and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away;—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid

of colored light; a treasure-heap it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm-leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. Around the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, “their bluest veins to kiss,”—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark’s lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until, at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches

break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with
5 coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air,
10 the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.

15 And what effect has this splendor on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St. Mark's, and you will not see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor,
20 pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats—not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole
25 square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge, and read empty journals; in its center the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes,—the march drowning the
30 *Miserere*, and the sullen crowd thickening round them,—a crowd which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards; and unre-

garded children,—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing,—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised centesimi upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the 5 images of Christ and His angels look down upon it continually.

That we may not enter the church out of the midst of the horror of this, let us turn aside under the portico which looks toward the sea, and passing round within the two 10 massive pillars brought from St. Jean d'Acre, we shall find the gate of the Baptistery; let us enter there. The heavy door closes behind us instantly, and the light and the turbulence of the Piazzetta are together shut out by it.

We are in a low vaulted room; vaulted, not with arches, 15 but with small cupolas starred with gold, and checkered with gloomy figures: in the center is a bronze font charged with rich bas-reliefs, a small figure of the Baptist standing above it in a single ray of light that glances across the narrow room, dying as it falls from a window high in the 20 wall, and the first thing that strikes, and the only thing that it strikes brightly, is a tomb. We hardly know if it be a tomb indeed; for it is like a narrow couch set beside the window, low-roofed and curtained, so that it might seem, but that it is some height above the pavement, to 25 have been drawn toward the window, that the sleeper might be wakened early; only there are two angels who have drawn the curtain back, and are looking down upon him. Let us look also, and thank that gentle light that rests upon his forehead for ever, and dies away upon 30 his breast.

The face is of a man, in middle life, but there are two deep furrows right across the forehead, dividing it like the foundations of a tower; the height of it above is bound

by the fillet of the ducal cap. The rest of the features are singularly small and delicate, the lips sharp, perhaps the sharpness of death being added to that of the natural lines; but there is a sweet smile upon them, and a deep
5 serenity upon the whole countenance. The roof of the canopy above has been blue, filled with stars; beneath, in the center of the tomb on which the figure rests, is a seated figure of the Virgin, and the border of it all around is of flowers and soft leaves, growing rich and deep, as if
10 in a field in summer.

It is the Doge Andrea Dandolo, a man early great among the great of Venice; and early lost. She chose him for her king in his thirty-sixth year; he died ten years later, leaving behind him that history to which we owe
15 half of what we know of her former fortunes.

Look round at the room in which he lies. The floor of it is of rich mosaic, encompassed by a low seat of red marble, and its walls are of alabaster, but worn and shattered, and darkly stained with age, almost a ruin,—in
20 places the slabs of marble have fallen away altogether, and the rugged brickwork is seen through the rents, but all beautiful; the ravaging fissures fretting their way among the islands and channelled zones of the alabaster, and the time-stains on its translucent masses darkened
25 into fields of rich golden brown, like the color of seaweed when the sun strikes on it through deep sea. The light fades away into the recess of the chamber toward the altar, and the eye can hardly trace the lines of the bas-relief behind it of the baptism of Christ: but on the vaulting of
30 the roof the figures are distinct, and there are seen upon it two great circles, one surrounded by the "Principalities and powers in heavenly places," of which Milton has expressed the ancient division in the single massy line,
"Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,"

and around the other, the Apostles; Christ the center of both: and upon the walls, again and again repeated, the gaunt figure of the Baptist, in every circumstance of his life and death; and the streams of the Jordan running down between their cloven rocks; the axe laid to the root 5 of a fruitless tree that springs upon their shore. "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down, and cast into the fire." Yes, verily: to be baptized with fire, or to be cast therein; it is the choice set before all men. The march-notes still murmur through the grated window, 10 and mingle with the sounding in our ears of the sentence of judgment, which the old Greek has written on that Baptistery wall. Venice has made her choice.

He who lies under that stony canopy would have taught her another choice, in his day, if she would have listened 15 to him; but he and his counsels have long been forgotten by her, and the dust lies upon his lips.

Through the heavy door whose bronze net-work closes the place of his rest, let us enter the church itself. It is lost in still deeper twilight, to which the eye must be ac- 20 customed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a Cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars; 25 and here and there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colors along the floor. What else there is of light is from torches, or silver lamps, burning 30 ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels; the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames; and the glories round the heads of the sculp-

tured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and over head, a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another, as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible
5 mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal; the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption;
10 for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone; sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapt round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms, and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet;
15 but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse. And although in the recesses of the aisles and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily, we may see continually a figure
20 traced in faint lines upon their marble, a woman standing with her eyes raised to heaven, and the inscription above her, "Mother of God," she is not here the presiding deity. It is the Cross that is first seen, and always burning in the center of the temple; and every dome and hollow of its
25 roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power, or returning in judgment.

Nor is this interior without effect on the minds of the people. At every hour of the day there are groups collected before the various shrines, and solitary worshippers
30 scattered through the darker places of the church, evidently in prayer both deep and reverent, and, for the most part, profoundly sorrowful. The devotees at the greater number of the renowned shrines of Romanism may be seen murmuring their appointed prayers with wandering

eyes and unengaged gestures; but the step of the stranger does not disturb those who kneel on the pavement of St. Mark's; and hardly a moment passes, from early morning to sunset, in which we may not see some half-veiled figure enter beneath the Arabian porch, cast itself into long 5 abasement on the floor of the temple, and then rising slowly with more confirmed step, and with a passionate kiss and clasp of the arms given to the feet of the crucifix, by which the lamps burn always in the northern aisle, leave the church, as if comforted. 10

SUGGESTIONS: Very little comment is needed upon this famous and beautiful description. For an admirably clear point of view, and for the employment of most effective comparisons, it may not easily be surpassed. Especially noteworthy are the means by which the appearance of the whole cathedral is suggested at once, first the exterior, and later the interior.

Ruskin's words should be carefully studied both as to character and variety.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

(See lists under *Avenel Castle* and *The Chapel at Engaddi*.)

THE ENGLISH LAKE COUNTRY*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

AT Lucerne, in Switzerland, is shown a model of the Alpine country which encompasses the lake of the four Cantons. The spectator ascends a little platform, and sees mountains, lakes, glaciers, rivers, woods, waterfalls, and valleys, with their cottages, and every other object contained in them, lying at his feet; all things being re- 15 presented in their appropriate colors. It may be easily

*From *Guide to the Lakes*, 1835. Section first.

conceived that this exhibition affords an exquisite delight to the imagination, tempting it to wander at will from valley to valley, from mountain to mountain, through the deepest recesses of the Alps. But it supplies also a more
5 substantial pleasure: for the sublime and beautiful region, with all its hidden treasures, and their bearings and relations to each other, is thereby comprehended and understood at once.

Something of this kind, without touching upon minute
10 details and individualities which would only confuse and embarrass, will here be attempted, in respect to the lakes in the North of England, and the vales and mountains enclosing and surrounding them. The delineation, if tolerably executed, will, in some instances, communicate
15 to the traveler, who has already seen the objects, new information; and will assist in giving to his recollections a more orderly arrangement than his own opportunities of observing may have permitted him to make; while it will be still more useful to the future traveler, by directing
20 his attention at once to distinctions in things, which, without such previous aid, a length of time only could enable him to discover. It is hoped, also, that this essay may become generally serviceable, by leading to habits of more exact and considerate observation than, as far as
25 the writer knows, have hitherto been applied to local scenery.

To begin, then, with the main outlines of the country: I know not how to give the reader a distinct image of these more readily, than by requesting him to place himself
30 with me, in imagination, upon some given point; let it be the top of either of the mountains, Great Gavel, or Scawfell; or, rather, let us suppose our station to be a cloud hanging midway between those two mountains, at not more than half a mile's distance from the summit of each, and not

many yards above their highest elevation; we shall then see stretched at our feet a number of valleys, not fewer than eight, diverging from the point, on which we are supposed to stand, like spokes from the nave of a wheel. First, we note, lying to the southeast, the vale of Langdale,* 5 which will conduct the eye to the long lake of Winandermere, stretched nearly to the sea; or rather to the sands of the vast bay of Morcamb, serving here for the rim of this imaginary wheel;—let us trace it in a direction from the southeast toward the south, and we shall next fix our eyes 10 upon the vale of Coniston, running up likewise from the sea, but not (as all the other valleys do) to the nave of the wheel, and therefore it may be not inaptly represented as a broken spoke sticking in the rim. Looking forth again with an inclination toward the west, we see immediately 15 at our feet the vale of Duddon, in which is no lake, but a copious stream winding among fields, rocks, and mountains, and terminating its course in the sands of Duddon. The fourth vale, next to be observed, viz., that of the Esk, is of the same general character as the last, yet beautifully 20 discriminated from it by peculiar features. Its stream passes under the woody steep upon which stands Muncaster Castle, the ancient seat of the Penningtons, and after forming a short and narrow estuary enters the sea below the small town of Ravenglass. Next, almost due 25 west, look down into, and along the deep valley of Wastdale, with its little chapel and half a dozen neat dwellings scattered upon a plain of meadow and corn-ground intersected with stone walls apparently innumerable, like a large piece of lawless patchwork, or an array of mathe- 30 matical figures, such as in the ancient schools of geometry

*Anciently spelled Langden, and so called by the old inhabitants to this day—dean, from which the latter part of the word is derived, being in many parts of England a name for a valley.

might have been sportively and fantastically traced out upon sand. Beyond this little fertile plain lies, within a bed of steep mountains, the long, narrow, stern, and desolate lake of Wastdale; and, beyond this, a dusky tract
5 of level ground conducts the eye to the Irish Sea. The stream that issues from Wast-water is named the Irt, and falls into the estuary of the river Esk. Next comes in view Ennerdale, with its lake of bold and somewhat savage shores. Its stream, the Ehen or Enna, flowing
10 through a soft and fertile country, passes the town of Egremont, and the ruins of the castle,—then, seeming like the other rivers, to break through the barrier of sand thrown up by the winds on this tempestuous coast, enters the Irish Sea. The vale of Buttermere, with the lake and
15 village of that name, and the Crummock-water, beyond, next present themselves. We will follow the main stream, the Coker, through the fertile and beautiful vale of Lorton, till it is lost in the Derwent, below the noble ruins of Cockermouth Castle. Lastly, Borrowdale, of which the
20 vale of Keswick is only a continuation, stretching due north, brings us to a point nearly opposite to the vale of Winandermere with which we began. From this it will appear, that the image of a wheel, thus far exact, is little more than one half complete; but the deficiency
25 on the eastern side may be supplied by the vales of Wytheburn, Ullswater, Haweswater, and the vale of Grasmere and Rydal; none of these, however, run up to the central point between Great Gavel and Scawfell. From this, hitherto our central point, take a flight of not more than
30 four or five miles eastward to the ridge of Helvellyn, and you will look down upon Wytheburn and St. John's Vale, which are a branch of the vale of Keswick; upon Ullswater, stretching due east:—and not far beyond to the southeast (though from this point not visible) lie the

vale and lake of Haweswater; and lastly, the vale of Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside, brings you back to Winandermere, thus completing, though on the eastern side in a somewhat irregular manner, the representative figure of the wheel.

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Such, concisely given, is the general topographical view of the country of the lakes in the north of England; and it may be observed that, from the circumference to the center, that is, from the sea or the plain country to the mountain stations specified, there is—in the several ridges that enclose these vales, and divide them from each other, I mean in the forms and surfaces, first of the swelling grounds, next of the hills and rocks, and lastly of the mountains—an ascent of almost regular gradation, from elegance and richness, to their highest point of grandeur and sublimity. It follows therefore from this, first, that these rocks, hills, and mountains must present themselves to view in stages rising toward the central point; and next, that an observer familiar with the several vales, must, from their various position in relation to the sun, have had before his eyes every possible embellishment of beauty, dignity, and splendor, which light and shadow can bestow upon objects so diversified. For example, in the vale of Winandermere, if the spectator looks for gentle and lovely scenes, his eye is turned toward the south; if for grand, toward the north: in the vale of Keswick, which (as hath been said) lies almost due north of this, it is directly the reverse. Hence, when the sun is setting in summer far to the northwest, it is seen, by the spectator from the shores or breast of Winandermere, resting among the summits of the loftiest mountains, some of which will perhaps be half or wholly hidden by clouds, or by the blaze of light which the orb diffuses around it; and the surface of the lake will reflect before the eye correspondent

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colors through every variety of beauty, and through all degrees of splendor. In the vale of Keswick, at the same period, the sun sets over the humbler regions of the landscape, and showers down upon *them* the radiance which
5 at once veils and glorifies,—sending forth, meanwhile, broad streams of rosy, crimson, purple, or golden light, toward the grand mountains in the south and southeast, which, thus illuminated, with all their projections and cavities, and with an intermixture of solemn shadows, are
10 seen distinctly through a cool and clear atmosphere. Of course, there is as marked a difference between the *noontide* appearance of these two opposite vales. The bedimming haze that overspreads the south, and the clear atmosphere and determined shadows of the clouds
15 in the north, at the same time of the day, are each seen in these several vales, with a contrast as striking. The reader will easily conceive in what degree the intermediate vales partake of a kindred variety.

I do not indeed know any tract of country in which,
20 within so narrow a compass, may be found an equal variety in the influences of light and shadow upon the sublime or beautiful features of landscape; and it is owing to the combined circumstances to which the reader's attention has been directed. From a point between
25 Great Gavel and Scawfell, a shepherd would not require more than an hour to descend into any one of eight of the principal vales by which he would be surrounded; and all the others lie (with the exception of Haweswater) at but a small distance. Yet, though clustered together,
30 every valley has its distinct and separate character; in some instances, as if they had been formed in studied contrast to each other, and in others with the united pleasing differences and resemblances of a sisterly rivalry. This concentration of interest gives to the country a decided

superiority over the most attractive districts of Scotland and Wales, especially for the pedestrian traveler. In Scotland and Wales are found, undoubtedly, individual scenes, which, in their several kinds, cannot be excelled. But, in Scotland, particularly, what long tracts of desolate 5 country intervene! so that the traveler, when he reaches a spot deservedly of great celebrity, would find it difficult to determine how much of his pleasure is owing to excellence inherent in the landscape itself; and how much to an instantaneous recovery from an oppression left upon his 10 spirits by the barrenness and desolation through which he has passed.

SUGGESTIONS: The interest and value of this description consist in the simple yet skillful means by which the peculiar contour of a large region is suggested, and suggested vividly, without the use of pictures or diagrams.

Note the old-fashioned quality of Wordsworth's prose style. In what, more particularly, does this consist? Study the length and cadence of his sentences. Compare his vocabulary with that of Ruskin. What differences do you find? Which do you prefer?

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

The topography of my native county.

The situation and plan of my home town.

Roads and parks in a town I know well.

A famous region which I have visited.

EDINBURGH FROM THE CALTON HILL

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON*

THE east of New Edinburgh is guarded by a craggy hill, of no great elevation, which the town embraces. The old London road runs on one side of it; while the 15

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New Approach, leaving it on the other hand, completes the circuit. You mount by stairs in a cutting of the rock to find yourself in a field of monuments. Dugald Stewart has the honors of situation and architecture; Burns is
5 memorialized lower down upon a spur; Lord Nelson, as befits a sailor, gives his name to the top-gallant of the Calton Hill. This latter erection has been differently and yet, in both cases, aptly compared to a telescope and a butterchurn; comparisons apart, it ranks among the
10 vilest of men's handiworks. But the chief feature is an unfinished range of columns, the "Modern Ruin" as it has been called, an imposing object from far and near, and giving Edinburgh, even from the sea, that false air of a modern Athens which has earned for her so many slighting
15 speeches. It was meant to be a National Monument; and its present state is a very suitable monument to certain national characteristics. The old Observatory,—a quaint brown building on the edge of the steep,—and the New Observatory,—a classical edifice with a dome,
20 —occupy the central portion of the summit. All these are scattered on a green turf, browsed over by some sheep.

Of all places for a view, this Calton Hill is perhaps the best; since you can see the Castle, which you lose from
25 the Castle, and Arthur's Seat, which you cannot see from Arthur's Seat. It is the place to stroll on one of those days of sunshine and east wind which are so common in our more than temperate summer. The breeze comes off the sea, with a little of the freshness, and that touch
30 of chill, peculiar to the quarter. . . It brings with it a faint, floating haze, a cunning decolorizer although not thick enough to obscure outlines near at hand. But the haze lies more thickly to windward at the far end of Musselburgh Bay; and over the links of Aberlady and

Berwick Law and the hump of the Bass Rock it assumes the aspect of a bank of thin sea fog.

Immediately underneath, upon the south, you command the yards of the High School, and the towers and courts of the new jail—a large place, castellated to the extent 5 of folly, standing by itself on the edge of a steep cliff, and often joyfully hailed by tourists as the Castle. In the one, you may perhaps see female prisoners taking exercise like a string of nuns; in the other, schoolboys running at play and their shadows keeping step with them. From 10 the bottom of the valley, a gigantic chimney rises almost to the level of the eye, a taller and a shapelier edifice than Nelson's Monument. Look a little farther and there is Holyrood Palace, with its Gothic frontal and ruined abbey, and the red sentry pacing smartly to and fro before the 15 door like a mechanical figure in a panorama. By way of an outpost, you can single out the little peak-roofed lodge, over which Rizzio's murderers made their escape, and where Queen Mary herself, according to gossip, bathed in white 20 wine to entertain her loveliness. Behind and overhead, lie the Queen's Park, from Muschat's Cairn to Dumbiedykes, St. Margaret's Loch, and the long wall of Salisbury Crags; and thence, by knoll and rocky bulwark and precipitous slope, the eye rises to the top of Arthur's Seat, a hill for magnitude, a mountain in virtue of its bold design. This 25 upon your left. Upon the right, the roofs and spires of the Old Town climb one above another to where the citadel prints its broad bulk and jagged crown of bastions on the western sky.—Perhaps it is now one in the afternoon; and at the same instant of time, a ball rises to the 30 summit of Nelson's flagstaff close at hand, and, far away, a puff of smoke followed by a report bursts from the half-moon battery at the Castle. This is the time-gun by which people set their watches, as far as the sea coast or in hill

farms upon the Pentlands. To complete the view, the eye enfilades Princes Street, black with traffic, and has a broad look over the valley between the Old Town and the New: here full of railway trains and stepped over by the
 5 high North Bridge upon its many columns, and there, green with trees and gardens.

On the north, the Calton Hill is neither so abrupt in itself nor has it so exceptional an outlook; and yet even here it commands a striking prospect. A gully separates
 10 it from the New Town. This is Greenside, where witches were burned and tournaments held in former days. Down that almost precipitous bank, Bothwell launched his horse, and so first, as they say, attracted the bright eyes of Mary. It is now tessellated with sheets and blankets
 15 out to dry, and the sound of people beating carpets is rarely absent. Beyond all this, the suburbs run out to Leith; Leith camps on the seaside with her forest of masts; Leith roads are full of ships at anchor; the sun picks out the white pharos upon Inchkeith island: the
 20 Firth extends on either hand from the Ferry to the May; the towns of Fifeshire sit, each in its bank of blowing smoke, along the opposite coast; and the hills inclose the view, except to the farthest east, where the haze of the horizon rests upon the open sea. There lies the road to
 25 Norway: a dear road for Sir Patrick Spens and his Scots Lords; and yonder smoke on the hither side of Largo Law is Aberdour, from whence they sailed to seek a queen for Scotland.

30 "O lang, lang, may the ladies sit,
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Or e'er they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the land!"

These are the main features of the scene roughly sketched. How they are all tilted by the inclination of the ground,

how each stands out in delicate relief against the rest, what manifold detail, and play of sun and shadow, animate and accentuate the picture, is a matter for a person on the spot, and turning swiftly on his heels, to grasp and bind together in one comprehensive look. It is the character of such a prospect to be full of change and of things moving. The multiplicity embarrasses the eye; and the mind, among so much, suffers itself to grow absorbed with single points. You remark a tree in a hedge row, or follow a cart along a country road. You turn to the city, and see children, dwarfed by distance into pigmies, at play about suburban doorsteps; you have a glimpse upon a thoroughfare where people are densely moving; you note ridge after ridge of chimney-stacks running downhill one behind another, and church spires rising bravely from the sea of roofs. At one of the innumerable windows, you watch a figure moving; on one of the multitude of roofs, you watch clambering chimney-sweeps. The wind takes a run and scatters the smoke; bells are heard, far and near, faint and loud, to tell the hour; or perhaps a bird goes dipping evenly over the housetops, like a gull across the waves. And here you are in the meantime, on this pastoral hillside, among nibbling sheep and looked upon by monumental buildings.

Return thither on some clear, dark, moonless night, with a ring of frost in the air, and only a star or two set sparsely in the vault of heaven; and you will find a sight as stimulating as the hoariest summit of the Alps. The solitude seems perfect; the patient astronomer, flat on his back under the Observatory dome and spying heaven's secrets, is your only neighbor; and yet from all round you there comes up the dull hum of the city, the tramp of countless people marching out of time, the rattle of carriages and the continuous jingle of the tramway bells. An hour

or so before, the gas was turned on; lamplighters scoured the city; in every house, from kitchen to attic, the windows kindled and gleamed forth into the dusk. And so now, although the town lies blue and darkling on her hills, innumerable spots of the bright element shine far and near along the pavements and upon the high façades. Moving lights of the railway pass and repass below the stationary lights upon the bridge. Lights burn in the Jail. Lights burn high up on the Castle turrets; they burn low down in Greenside or along the Park. They run out, one beyond the other, into the dark country. They walk in a procession down to Leith, and shine singly far along Leith pier. Thus the plan of the city and her suburbs is mapped out upon the ground of blackness, as when a child pricks a drawing full of pin holes and exposes it before a candle; not the darkest night of winter can conceal her high station and fanciful design; every evening in the year she proceeds to illuminate herself in honor of her own beauty; and as if to complete the scheme—or rather as if some prodigal Pharaoh were beginning to extend to the adjacent sea and country—half-way over to Fife, there is an outpost of light upon Inchkeith, and far to seaward, yet another on the May.

And while you are looking, across upon the Castle Hill, the drums and bugles begin to recall the scattered garrison; the air thrills with the sound; the bugles sing aloud; and the last rising flourish mounts and melts into the darkness like a star: a martial swan-song, fitly rounding in the labors of the day.

SUGGESTIONS: This sketch of Stevenson's is a strikingly clear description of a very difficult and complex scene. Is the point of view consistently maintained? What devices are employed to keep it constantly in the reader's mind? What characteristic of the description is indicated in Stevenson's

remark, "The picture is a matter for a person on the spot, and turning swiftly on his heels, to grasp and bind together in one comprehensive look." Test the psychological accuracy of the passage immediately following this sentence—the one beginning "It is the character of such a prospect, etc."

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Describe, from a stationary point of view, a landscape with which you are familiar.

Describe the panorama from a high dome or tower.

Describe a city, from a point of view on a "sky-scraper."

EDINBURGH, FROM THE BALLOON

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

(From Chap. 33 of *St. Ives*,* by Robert Louis Stevenson. This story, unfinished by Stevenson, was completed by Mr. Quiller-Couch, whose work begins at Chap. 31.)

[Note: The Vicomte de Saint-Yves, who is flying from the sheriff's officers, has taken refuge in a balloon which is about to ascend from a fair at Edinburgh.]

I TURNED to scan the earth we were leaving—I had not guessed how rapidly.

We contemplated it from the height of six hundred feet, or so Byfield asserted after consulting his barometer. He added that this was a mere nothing; the wonder was that the balloon had risen at all with one-half the total folly of Edinburgh clinging to the car. I passed the possible inaccuracy and certain ill-temper of this calculation. He had (he explained) made jettison of at least a hundred-weight of sand ballast. I could only hope it had fallen on my cousin. To me, six hundred feet appeared a very respectable eminence. And the view was ravishing.

*Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1897. pp. 372-3, 379-80.

The *Lunardi* mounting through a stagnant calm in a line almost vertical, had pierced the morning mists, and now swam emancipated in a heaven of exquisite blue. Below us, by some trick of eyesight, the country had
5 grown concave, its horizons curving up like the rim of a shallow bowl—a bowl heaped, in point of fact, with sea-fog, but to our eyes with a froth delicate and dazzling as a whipped syllabub of snow. Upon it the traveling shadow of the balloon became no shadow but a stain; an amethyst
10 (you might call it) purged of all grosser properties than color and lucency. At times thrilled by no perceptible wind, rather by the pulse of the sun's rays, the froth shook and parted; and then behold, deep in the *crevasses*, vignetted and shining, an acre or two of the earth of
15 man's business and fret—tilled slopes of the Lothians, ships dotted on the Forth, the capital like a hive that some child had smoked—the ear of fancy could almost hear it buzzing.

I snatched the glass from Byfield, and brought it to
20 focus upon one of these peepshow rifts: and lo! at the foot of the shaft, imaged, as it were, far down in a luminous well, a green hillside and three figures standing. A white speck fluttered; and fluttered until the rift closed again. Flora's handkerchief! Blessings on the brave
25 hand that waved it!—at a moment when (as I have since heard and knew without need of hearing) her heart was down in her shoes, or, to speak accurately, in the milk-maid Janet's. Singular in many things, she was at one with the rest of her sex in its native and incurable distrust
30 of man's inventions.

I am bound to say that my own faith in *aërostatics* was a plant—a sensitive plant—of extremely tender growth. . . .

But to my unspeakable relief the *Lunardi* floated upward, and continued to float, almost without a tremor.

Only by reading the barometer, or by casting scraps of paper overboard, could we tell that the machine moved at all. Now and again we revolved slowly: so Byfield's compass informed us, but for ourselves we had never guessed it. We were the only point in space, without possibility of comparison with another. . . . 5

My hands, by this time, were numb with cold. We had been ascending steadily, and Byfield's English thermometer stood at thirteen degrees. I borrowed from the heap a thicker overcoat, in the pocket of which I was lucky enough to find a pair of furred gloves; and leaned over for another look below, still with a corner of my eye for the *aéronaut*, who stood biting his nails, as far from me as the car allowed. 10

The sea-fog had vanished, and the south of Scotland lay spread beneath us from sea to sea, like a map in monotint. Nay, yonder was England, with the Solway cleaving the coast—a broad, bright spear-head, slightly bent at the tip—and the fells of Cumberland beyond, mere hummocks on the horizon; all else flat as a board or as the bottom of a saucer. White threads of high-road connected town to town: the intervening hills had fallen down, and the towns, as if in fright, had shrunk into themselves, contracting their suburbs as a snail his horns. The old poet was right who said that Olympians had a delicate view. The lace-makers of Valenciennes might have had the tracing of those towns and high-roads; those knots of *guipure*, and ligatures of finest *réseau*-work. And when I considered that what I looked down on—this, with its arteries and nodules of public traffic—was a nation; that each silent nodule held some thousands of men, each man moderately ready to die in defence of his shopboard and hen-roost: it came into my mind that 20 25 30

my Emperor's emblem was the bee, and this Britain the spider's web, sure enough.

SUGGESTIONS: This description is noteworthy in nearly every way. From the point of view (an extraordinary one) the scene (an equally extraordinary one) is described with convincing skill and apparent veracity. The student should note especially the constant use of "fundamental images" and comparisons, and their unusual force and cleverness. He should also observe the means by which a greater or less degree of distance is indicated.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Describe, from a changing point of view, a landscape with which you are familiar.

Describe, from a high and distant point of view, a football or baseball game on an athletic field; a boat-race; a naval review; a procession through the streets of a city.

SPRING IN A SIDE STREET*

BRANDER MATTHEWS

IN the city the spring comes earlier than it does in the country, and the horsechestnuts in the sheltered
5 squares sometimes break into blossom a fortnight before their brethren in the open fields. That year the spring came earlier than usual, both in the country and in the city, for March, going out like a lion, made an April-fool of the following month, and the huge banks of snow heaped
10 high by the sidewalks vanished in three or four days, leaving the gutters only a little thicker with mud than they are accustomed to be. Very trying to the convalescent was the uncertain weather, with its obvious inability

* Reprinted by permission from *Vignettes of Manhattan*. New York: Harper & Brothers.

to know its own mind, with its dark fog one morning and its brisk wind in the afternoon, with its mid-day as bright as June and its sudden chill descending before nightfall.

Yet when the last week of April came, and the grass in the little square around the corner was green again, and the shrubs were beginning to flower out, the sick man also felt his vigor returning. His strength came back with the spring, and restored health sent fresh blood coursing through his veins as the sap was rising in the branches of the tree before his window. He had had a hard struggle, he knew, although he did not suspect that more than once he had wrestled with death itself. Now his appetite had awakened again, and he had more force to withstand the brooding sadness which sought to master him.

The tree before his window was but a shabby sycamore, and the window belonged to a hall bedroom in a shabby boarding-house down a side street. The young man himself lay back in the steamer chair lent him by one of the few friends he had in town, and his overcoat was thrown over his knees. His hands, shrunken yet sinewy, lay crossed upon a book in his lap. His body was wasted by sickness, but the frame was well knit and solid. His face was still white and thin, although the yellow pallor of the sick-bed had gone already. His scanty boyish beard that curled about his chin had not been trimmed for two months, and his uncut brown hair fell thickly on the collar of his coat. His dark eyes bore the mark of recent suffering, but they revealed also a steadfast soul, strong to withstand misfortune.

His room was on the north side of the street, and the morning sun shone in his window, as he lay back in the chair, grateful for its warmth. A heavy cart rumbled along slowly over the worn and irregular pavement; it came to a stand at the corner, and a gang of workmen

swiftly emptied it of the steel rails it contained, dropping them on the sidewalk one by one with a loud clang which reverberated harshly far down the street. From the little knot of men who were relaying the horse-car track came
5 cries of command, and then a rail would drop into position, and be spiked swiftly to its place. Then the laborers would draw aside while an arrested horse-car urged forward again, with the regular footfall of its one horse, as audible above the mighty roar of the metropolis as the jingle of
10 the little bell on the horse's collar. At last there came from over the housetops a loud whistle of escaping steam, followed shortly by a dozen similar signals, proclaiming the mid-day rest. A rail or two more clanged down on the others, and then the cart rumbled away. The work-
15 men relaying the track had already seated themselves on the curb to eat their dinner, while one of them had gone to the saloon at the corner for a large can of the new beer advertised in the window by the gaudy lithograph of a frisky young goat bearing a plump young goddess on his
20 back.

The invalid was glad of the respite from the more violent noises of track-layers, for his head was not yet as clear as it might be, and his nerves were strained by pain. He leaned forward and looked down at the street below, catching the eye of a young man who was bawling "Straw-
25 b'rees! straw-b'rees!" at the top of an unmelodious voice. The invalid smiled, for he knew that the street venders of strawberries were an infallible sign of spring—an indication of its arrival as indisputable as the small
30 square labels announcing that three of the houses opposite to him were "To let." The first of May was at hand. He wondered whether the flower-market in Union Square had already opened; and he recalled the early mornings of the preceding spring, when the girl he loved, the girl

who had promised to marry him, had gone with him to Union Square to pick out young roses and full blown geraniums worthy to bloom in the windows of her parlor looking out on Central Park.

He thought of her often that morning, and without 5
bitterness, though their engagement had been broken in
the fall, three months or more before he was taken sick.
He had not seen her since Christmas, and he found him-
self wondering how she would look that afternoon, and
whether she was happy. His reverie was broken by the 10
jangling notes of an ill-tuned piano in the next house,
separated from his little room only by a thin party-wall.
Someone was trying to pick out the simple tune of "Wait
till the clouds roll by." Seemingly it was the practice 15
hour for one of the children next door, whose playful
voices he had often heard. Seemingly also the task was
unpleasant, for the piano and the tune and the hearer
suffered from the ill-will of the childish performer.

A sudden hammering of a steel rail in the street below
notified him the nooning was over, and that the workmen 20
had gone back to their labors. Somehow he had failed
to hear the stroke of one from the steeple of the church at
the corner of the avenue, a short block away. Now he
became conscious of a permeating odor, and he knew that
the luncheon hour of the boarding-house had arrived. He 25
had waked early, and his breakfast had been very light.
He felt ready for food, and he was glad when the servant
brought him up a plate of cold beef and a saucer of prunes.
His appetite was excellent, and he ate with relish and
enjoyment. 30

When he had made an end of his unpretending meal,
he leaned back again in his chair. A turbulent wind
blew the dust of the street high in the air and set swinging
the budding branches of the sycamore before the window.

As he looked at the tender green of the young leaves dancing before him in the sunlight he felt the spring-time in his blood; he was strong again with the strength of youth; he was able to cope with all morbid fancies, and to cast
5 away all repining. He wished himself in the country—somewhere where there were brooks and groves and grass—somewhere where there were quiet and rest and surcease of noise—somewhere where there were time and space to think out the past and to plan out the future resolutely—
10 somewhere where there were not two hand-organs at opposite ends of the block vying which should be the more violent, one playing “Annie Laurie” and the other “Annie Rooney.” He winced as the struggle between the two organs attained its height, while the child next door
15 pounded the piano more viciously than before. Then he smiled.

With returning health why should he mind petty annoyances? In a week or so he would be able to go back to the store and to begin again to earn his own living.
20 No doubt the work would be hard at first, but hard work was what he needed now. For the sake of its results in the future, and for its own sake also, he needed severe labor. Other young men there were a-plenty in the thick of the struggle, but he knew himself as stout of
25 heart as any in the whole city, and why might not fortune favor him too? With money and power and position he could hold his own in New York; and perhaps some of those who thought little of him now would then be glad to know him.

30 While he lay back in the steamer chair in his hall room the shadows began to lengthen a little, and the long day drew nearer to its end. When next he roused himself the hand-organs had both gone away, and the child next door had given over her practising, and the street was

quiet again, save for the high notes of a soprano voice singing a florid aria by an open window in the conservatory of music in the next block, and save also for an unusual rattle of vehicles drawing up almost in front of the door of the boarding-house. With an effort he raised himself, and saw a line of carriages on the other side of the way, moving slowly toward the corner. A swirling sand-storm sprang up again in the street below, and a simoom of dust almost hid from him the faces of those who sat in the carriages—young girls dressed in light colors, and young men with buttoned frock-coats. They were chatting easily; now and again a gay laugh rang out. 5 10

He wondered if it were time for the wedding. With difficulty he twisted himself in his chair and took from the bureau behind him an envelope containing the wedding-cards. The ceremony was fixed for three. He looked at his watch, and he saw that it lacked but a few minutes of that hour. His hand trembled a little as he put the watch back in his pocket; and he gazed steadily into space until the bell in the steeple of the church at the corner of the avenue struck three times. The hour appointed for the wedding had arrived. There were still carriages driving up swiftly to deposit belated guests. 15 20

The convalescent young man in the hall bedroom of the shabby boarding-house in the side street was not yet strong enough to venture out in the spring sunshine and to be present at the ceremony. But as he lay there in the rickety steamer chair with the old overcoat across his knees, he had no difficulty in evoking the scene in the church. He saw the middle-aged groom standing at the rail awaiting the bride. He heard the solemn and yet joyous strains of the wedding-march. He saw the bride pass slowly up the aisle on the arm of her father, with the lace veil 25 30

scarcely lighter or fairer than her own filmy hair. He wondered whether she would be pale, and whether her conscience would reproach her as she stood at the altar. He heard the clergyman ask the questions and pronounce
5 the benediction. He saw the new-made wife go down the aisle again on the arm of her husband. He sighed wearily, and lay back in his chair with his eyes closed, as though to keep out the unwelcome vision. He did not move when the carriages again crowded past his door,
10 and went up to the church porch one after another in answer to hoarse calls from conflicting voices.

He lay there for a long while motionless and silent. He was thinking about himself, about his hopes, which had been as bright as the sunshine of spring, about his bitter
15 disappointment. He was pondering on the mysteries of the universe, and asking himself whether he could be of any use in the world—for he still had high ambitions. He was wondering what might be the value of any one man's labor for his fellow-men, and he thought harshly
20 of the order of things. He said to himself that we all slip out of sight when we die, and the waters close over us, for the best of us are soon forgotten, and so are the worst, since it makes little difference whether the coin you throw into the pool is gold or copper—the rarer metal does not
25 make the more ripples. Then, as he saw the long shafts of almost level sunshine sifting through the tiny leaves of the tree before his window, he took heart again as he recalled the great things accomplished by one man. He gave over his mood of self-pity; and he even smiled at
30 the unconscious conceit of his attitude toward himself.

He was recalled from his long reverie by the thundering of a heavy fire-engine, which crashed its way down the street, with its rattling hose-reel tearing along after it. In the stillness that followed, broken only by the warning

whistles of the engine as it crossed avenue after avenue further and further east, he found time to remember that every man's struggle forward helps along the advance of mankind at large. The humble fireman who does his duty and dies serves the cause of humanity. 5

The swift twilight of New York was almost upon him when he was next distracted from his thoughts by the crossing shouts of loud-voiced men bawling forth a catch-penny extra of a third-rate evening paper. The cries arose from both sides of the street at once, and they 10 ceased while the fellows sold a paper here and there to the householders whose curiosity called them to the doorstep.

The sky was clear, and a single star shone out sharply. The air was fresh, and yet balmy. The clanging of rails 15 had ceased an hour before, and the gang of men who were spiking the iron into place had dispersed each to his own home. The day was drawing to an end. Again there was an odor of cooking diffused through the house, heralding the dinner hour. 20

But the young man who lay back in the steamer chair in the hall bedroom of the boarding-house was unconscious of all except his own thoughts. Before him was a picture of a train of cars speeding along moonlit valleys, and casting a hurrying shadow. In the train as he saw it, 25 was the bride of that afternoon, borne away by the side of her husband. But it was the bride he saw, and not the husband. He saw her pale face and her luminous eyes and her ashen-gold hair; and he wondered whether in the years to come she would be as happy as if she had kept 30 her promise to marry him.

SUGGESTIONS: The value of this sketch lies in its very careful and convincing "local color,"—i. e., the close description of details peculiar to the place or situation under consideration.

In planning your own theme, select carefully all details that will contribute to the final impression that you aim to create—joy, weariness, monotony, delirium, or what not.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Describe a convalescent's mood under other circumstances.
Describe a child's sensations and ideas during an illness.

MORNING IN MATSUE

LAFCADIO HEARN*

THE first of the noises of a Matsue day comes to the sleeper like the throbbing of a slow, enormous pulse exactly under his ear. It is a great, soft, dull buffet of sound—like a heartbeat in its regularity, in its muffled depth, in the way it quakes up through one's pillow so as to be felt rather than heard. It is simply the pounding of the ponderous pestle of the kometsuki, the cleaner of rice,—a sort of colossal wooden mallet with a handle about fifteen feet long horizontally balanced on a pivot. By treading with all his force on the end of the handle, the naked kometsuki elevates the pestle, which is then allowed to fall back by its own weight into the rice-tub. The measured muffled echoing of its fall seems to me the most pathetic of all sounds of Japanese life; it is the beating, indeed, of the Pulse of the Land.

Then the boom of the great bell of Tokoji, the Zenshu temple, shakes over the town; then come melancholy echoes of drumming from the tiny little temple of Jizo in the street Zaimokucho, near my house, signifying the

**Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, Houghton, Mifflin & Co, 1894, pp. 139-150, selected.

Buddhist hour of morning prayer. And finally the cries of the earliest itinerant venders begin,—“*Daikoyai! kabuya-kabu!*”—the sellers of daikou and other strange vegetables. “*Moyayamoya!*”—the plaintive call of the women who sell little thin slips of kindling-wood for the lighting of charcoal fires. 5

Roused thus by these earliest sounds of the city's wakening life, I slide open my little Japanese paper window to look out upon the morning over a soft green cloud of spring foliage rising from the river-bounded garden below. 10 Before me, tremulously mirroring everything upon its farther side, glimmers the broad glassy mouth of the Ohashigawa, opening into the grand Shinji lake, which spreads out broadly to the right in a dim gray frame of peaks. Just opposite to me, across the stream, the blue- 15 pointed Japanese dwellings have their *to** all closed; they are still shut up like boxes, for it is not yet sunrise, although it is day.

But oh, the charm of the vision,—those first ghostly love-colors of a morning steeped in mist soft as sleep 20 itself resolved into a visible exhalation! Long reaches of faintly-tinted vapor cloud the far lake verge,—long nebulous bands, such as you may have seen in old Japanese picture-books, and must have deemed only artistic whimsicalities unless you had previously looked upon the real phenomena 25 All the bases of the mountain are veiled by them, and they stretch athwart the loftier peaks at different heights like immeasurable lengths of gauze (this singular appearance the Japanese term “shelving”), so that the lake appears incomparably larger than it really is, and not an actual 30 lake, but a beautiful spectral sea of the same tint as the dawn-sky and mixing with it, while peak-tips rise like

*Thick solid sliding shutters of unpainted wood, which in Japanese houses serve both as shutters and doors.

islands from the brume, and visionary strips of hill-ranges figure as league-long causeways stretching out of sight—an exquisite chaos, ever changing aspect as the delicate fogs rise, slowly, very slowly. As the sun's yellow rim comes into sight, fine thin lines of warmer tone—spectral violets and opalines—shoot across the flood, treetops take tender fire, and the unpainted façades of high edifices across the water change their wood-color to vapory gold through the delicious haze.

Looking sunward, up the long Ohashigawa, beyond the many-pillared wooden bridge, one high-pooped junk, just hoisting sail, seems to me the most fantastically beautiful craft I ever saw, a dream of Orient seas, so idealized by the vapor it is; the ghost of a junk, but a ghost that catches the light as clouds do; a shape of gold mist, seemingly semi-diaphanous, and suspended in pale blue light.

And now from the river-front touching my garden there rises to me a sound of clapping of hands,—one, two, three, four claps,—but the owner of the hands is screened from view by the shrubbery. At the same time, however, I see men and women descending the stone steps of the wharves on the opposite side of the Ohashigawa, all with little blue towels tucked into their girdles. They wash their faces and hands and rinse their mouths,—the customary ablution preliminary to Shinto prayer. Then they turn their faces to the sunrise and clap their hands four times and pray. From the long high white bridge come other clappings, like echoes, and others again from far light graceful craft, curved like new moons,—extraordinary boats in which I see bare-limbed fishermen standing with foreheads bowed to the golden East. Now the clappings multiply,—multiply at last into an almost

continuous volleying of sharp sounds. For all the population are saluting the rising sun,—O-Hi-San, the Lady of Fire,—Amaterasu—oho-mi-Kami, the Lady of the Great Light.

“Ho—ke-kyo!”

5

My uguisu is awake at last and utters his morning prayer. You do not know what an uguisu is? An uguisu is a holy little bird that professes Buddhism. All uguisu have professed Buddhism from time immemorial; all uguisu preach alike to men the excellence of the divine 10 Sutra.

“Ho—ke-kyo!”

Very brief indeed is my little feathered Buddhist's confession of faith,—only the sacred name reiterated over and over again like a litany, with liquid bursts of 15 twittering between.

“Ho—ke-kyo!”

Only this one phrase, but how deliciously he utters it! With what slow amorous ecstasy he dwells upon its golden syllables! 20

“Ho—ke-kyo!”

Always he makes a reverent little pause after uttering it and before shrilling out his ecstatic warble,—his bird-hymn of praise. First the warble; then a pause of about five seconds; then a slow, sweet, solemn utterance of the 25 holy name in a tone as of meditative wonder; then another pause; then another wild, rich, passionate warble. Could you see him, you would marvel how so powerful and penetrating a soprano could ripple from so minute a throat; for he is one of the very tiniest of all feathered 30 singers; yet his chant can be heard far across the broad

river, and children going to school pause daily on the bridge, a whole *cho* away, to listen to his song. And uncomely withal: a neutral-tinted mite, almost lost in his immense box-cage of hinoki wood, darkened with paper screens over its little wire-grated windows, for he loves the gloom.

Delicate he is and exacting even to tyranny. All his diet must be laboriously trituated and weighed in scales, and measured out to him at precisely the same hour each day. It demands all possible care and attention merely to keep him alive. He is precious, nevertheless, "Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of him," so rare he is. Indeed, I could not have afforded to buy him. He was sent to me by one of the sweetest ladies in Japan, daughter of the governor of Izumo, who, thinking the foreign teacher might feel lonesome during a brief illness, made him the exquisite gift of this dainty creature.

The clapping of hands has ceased; the toil of the day begins; continually louder and louder the pattering of geta over the bridge. It is a sound never to be forgotten, this pattering of geta over the Ohashi,—rapid, merry, musical, like the sound of an enormous dance; and a dance it veritably is. The whole population is moving on tip-toe, and the multitudinous twinkling of feet over the verge of the sunlit roadway is an astonishment. All those feet are small, symmetrical,—light as the feet of figures painted on Greek vases,—and the step is always taken toe first; indeed, with geta it could be taken no other way, for the heel touches neither the geta nor the ground, and the foot is tilted forward by the wedge-shaped wooden sole. Merely to stand upon a pair of geta is difficult for one unaccustomed to their use, yet you see Japanese children running at full speed in geta with soles at least three inches high, held to the foot only by a forestrap fastened between the

great toe and the other toes; and they never trip and the geta never falls off.

Now children begin to appear, hurrying to school. The undulation of the wide sleeves of their pretty speckled robes, as they run, looks precisely like a fluttering of 5 extraordinary butterflies. The junks spread their great white or yellow wings, and the funnels of the little steamers which have been lying all night by the wharves begin to smoke.

One of the tiny lake steamers lying at the opposite 10 wharf has just opened its steam-throat to utter the most unimaginable, piercing, desperate, furious howl. When that cry is heard everybody laughs. The other little steamboats utter only plaintive mooings, but unto this particular vessel,—newly built and launched by a rival 15 company,—there has been given a voice expressive to the most amazing degree of reckless hostility and savage defiance. The good people of Matsue, upon hearing its voice for the first time, gave it forthwith a new and just name,—Okami-Maru. “Maru” signifies a steamship. 20 “Okami” signifies a wolf.

The vapors have vanished, sharply revealing a beautiful little islet in the lake, lying scarcely half a mile away, —a low, narrow strip of land with a Shinto shrine upon it, shadowed by giant pines; not pines like ours, but huge, 25 gnarled, shaggy, tortuous shapes, vast-reaching like ancient oaks.

Now the sky is blue down to the horizon, the air is a caress of spring. I go forth to wander through the queer old city.

SUGGESTIONS: Note the point of view in the foregoing description. Who and where is the speaker? In what order are the different sounds and sights described? Is this order convincing and natural? Are all changes in point of view made sufficiently evident?

What artistic impression does the description, as a whole, make upon you? What do you consider its chief merit?—What its chief defect? Are there any obvious digressions? Have these digressions any justification?

What do you think of the author's vocabulary? Is it unusual?—If so, why? Defend the description from a possible charge of "fine writing."

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

Morning in the country.

Morning in the city.

A strange scene.

The most picturesque landscape I ever saw.

A familiar scene, described for "atmosphere" of a definitely determined kind.

THE SWALLOW*

GILBERT WHITE

LETTER XVIII

TO THE HONOURABLE DAINES BARRINGTON

Selborne, Jan. 29, 1774.

Dear Sir:

The house-swallow, or chimney-swallow, is undoubtedly the first comer of all the British *hirundines*; and appears in general on or about the thirteenth of April, as I have remarked from many years' observation. Not but now

**Natural History of Selborne*, J. M. Dent & Co. London. pp. 145-49.

and then a straggler is seen much earlier: and, in particular, when I was a boy I observed a swallow for a whole day together on a sunny, warm Shrove Tuesday; which day could not fall out later than the middle of March, and often happened early in February. 5

It is worth remarking that these birds are seen first about lakes and mill-ponds; and it is also very particular, that if these early visitors happen to find frost and snow, as was the case of the two dreadful springs of 1770 and 1771, they immediately withdraw for a time. A circumstance 10 this much more in favor of hiding than migration; since it is much more probable that a bird should retire to its hybernaculum just at hand, than return for a week or two only to warmer latitudes.

The swallow, though called the chimney-swallow, by no 15 means builds altogether in chimneys, but often within barns and out-houses against the rafters; and so she did in Virgil's time:

..... "Antè
Garrula quàm tignis nidos suspendat hirundo." 20

In Sweden she builds in barns, and is called *ladu swala*, the barn-swallow. Besides, in the warmer parts of Europe, there are no chimneys to houses, except they are English-built: in these countries she constructs her nest in porches, 25 and gateways, and galleries, and open halls.

Here and there a bird may affect some odd, peculiar place; as we have known a swallow build down the shaft of an old well, through which chalk had been formerly drawn up for the purpose of manure: but in general with us this *hirundo* breeds in chimneys; and loves to 30 haunt those stacks where there is a constant fire, no doubt for the sake of warmth. Not that it can subsist in the immediate shaft where there is a fire: but prefers one

adjoining to that of the kitchen, and disregards the perpetual smoke of that funnel, as I have often observed with some degree of wonder.

Five or six or more feet down the chimney does this little
5 bird begin to form her nest about the middle of May, which consists, like that of the house-martin, of a crust or shell composed of dirt or mud, mixed with short pieces of straw to render it tough and permanent; with this difference, that whereas the shell of the martin is nearly
10 hemispheric, that of the swallow is open at the top, and like half a deep dish: this nest is lined with fine grasses, and feathers which are often collected as they float in the air.

Wonderful is the address which this adroit bird shows all
15 day long in ascending and descending with security through so narrow a pass. When hovering over the mouth of the funnel, the vibrations of her wings acting on the confined air occasion a rumbling like thunder. It is not improbable that the dam submits to this inconvenient situation so low
20 in the shaft, in order to secure her broods from rapacious birds, and particularly from owls, which frequently fall down chimneys, perhaps in attempting to get at these nestlings.

The swallow lays from four to six white eggs, dotted
25 with red specks; and brings out her first brood about the last week in June, or the first week in July. The progressive method by which the young are introduced into life is very amusing: first, they emerge from the shaft with difficulty enough, and often fall down into the rooms below:
30 for a day or so they are fed on the chimney-top, and then are conducted to the dead leafless bough of some tree, where, sitting in a row, they are attended with great assiduity, and may then be called perchers. In a day or two more they become flyers, but are still unable to take

their own food; therefore they play about near the place where the dams are hawking for flies; and when a mouthful is collected, at a certain signal given, the dam and the nestling advance, rising toward each other, and meeting at an angle; the young one all the while uttering such a little quick note of gratitude and complacency, that a person must have paid very little regard to the wonders of nature that has not often remarked this feat. 5

The dam betakes herself immediately to the business of a second brood as soon as she is disengaged from her first; which at once associates with the first broods of house-martins; and with them congregates, clustering on sunny roofs, towers, and trees. This *hirundo* brings out her second brood toward the middle and end of August. 15

All the summer long is the swallow a most instructive pattern of unwearied industry and affection; for, from morning to night, while there is a family to be supported, she spends the whole day in skimming close to the ground, and exerting the most sudden turns and quick evolutions. Avenues, and long walks under hedges, and pasture-fields, and mown meadows where cattle graze, are her delight, especially if there are trees interspersed; because in such spots insects most abound. When a fly is taken a smart snap from her bill is heard, resembling the noise at the shutting of a watch-case; but the motion of the mandibles is too quick for the eye. 20 25

The swallow, probably the male bird, is the *excubitor* to house-martins, and other little birds, announcing the approach of birds of prey. For as soon as an hawk appears, with a shrill alarming note he calls all the swallows and martins about him; who pursue in a body, and buffet and strike their enemy till they have driven him from the village, darting down from above on his back, and rising 30

in a perpendicular line in perfect security. This bird also will sound the alarm, and strike at cats when they climb on the roofs of houses, or otherwise approach the nests. Each species of *hirundo* drinks as it flies along, sipping
5 the surface of the water; but the swallow alone, in general, washes on the wing, by dropping into a pool for many times together: in very hot weather house-martins and bank-martins dip and wash a little.

The swallow is a delicate songster, and in soft sunny
10 weather sings both perching and flying; on trees in a kind of concert, and on chimney-tops: is also a bold flyer, ranging to distant downs and commons even in windy weather, which the other species seem much to dislike; nay, even frequenting exposed sea-port towns,
15 and making little excursions over the salt water. Horsemen on wide downs are often closely attended by a little party of swallows for miles together, which plays before and behind them, sweeping around, and collecting all the skulking insects that are roused by the trampling of the
20 horses' feet: when the wind blows hard, without this expedient, they are often forced to settle to pick up their lurking prey.

This species feeds much on little *coleoptera*, as well as on gnats and flies: and often settles on dug ground, or paths
25 for gravels to grind and digest its food. Before they depart for some weeks, to a bird, they forsake houses and chimneys, and roost in trees; and usually withdraw about the beginning of October; though some few stragglers may appear on at times till the first week in November.

30 Some few pairs haunt the new and open streets of London next the fields, but do not enter, like the house-martin, the close and crowded parts of the city.

Both male and female are distinguished from their congeners by the length and forkedness of their tails. They

are undoubtedly the most nimble of all the species: and when the male pursues the female in amorous chase, they then go beyond their usual speed, and exert a rapidity almost too quick for the eye to follow.

After this circumstantial detail of the life and discerning *στοργή* of the swallow, I shall add, for your farther amusement, an anecdote or two not much in favor of her sagacity:

A certain swallow built for two years together on the handles of a pair of garden-shears, that were stuck up 10 against the boards in an out-house, and therefore must have her nest spoiled whenever that implement was wanted: and, what is stranger still, another bird of the same species built its nest on the wings and body of an owl that happened by accident to hang dead and dry 15 from the rafter of a barn. This owl, with the nest on its wings, and with eggs in the nest, was brought as a curiosity worthy the most elegant private museum in Great Britain. The owner, struck with the oddity of the sight, furnished the bringer with a large shell, or conch, desiring him to fix 20 it just where the owl hung: the person did as he was ordered, and the following year a pair, probably the same pair, built their nest in the conch, and laid their eggs.

The owl and the conch make a strange grotesque appearance, and are not the least curious specimens in that 25 wonderful collection of art and nature.

Thus is instinct in animals, taken the least out of its way, an undistinguishing, limited faculty; and blind to every circumstance that does not immediately respect self-preservation, or lead at once to the propagation or 30 support of their species.

I am,

With all respect, etc., etc.

THE TORTOISE*

GILBERT WHITE

LETTER XIII

TO THE HONOURABLE DAINES BARRINGTON

April 12, 1772.

Dear Sir:

While I was in Sussex last autumn my residence was at the village near Lewes, from whence I had formerly the
5 pleasure of writing to you. On the first of November, I remarked that the old tortoise, formerly mentioned, began first to dig the ground in order to the forming its hybernaculum, which it had fixed on just beside a great tuft of hepaticas. It scrapes out the ground with its forefeet, and
10 throws it up over its back with its hind; but the motion of its legs is ridiculously slow, little exceeding the hour-hand of a clock. Nothing can be more assiduous than this creature night and day in scooping the earth, and forcing its great body into the cavity; but, as the noons of that
15 season proved unusually warm and sunny, it was continually interrupted, and called forth by the heat in the middle of the day; and though I continued there till the thirteenth of November, yet the work remained unfinished. Harsher weather, and frosty mornings, would have
20 quickened its operations. No part of its behavior ever struck me more than the extreme timidity it always expresses with regard to rain; for though it has a shell that would secure it against the wheel of a loaded cart, yet does it discover as much solicitude about rain as a

**Op. cit.* pp. 129-30, 220-21

lady dressed in all her best attire, shuffling away on the first sprinklings, and running its head up in a corner. If attended to, it becomes an excellent weather-glass; for as sure as it walks elate, and as it were on tiptoe, feeding with great earnestness in a morning, so sure will it rain 5 before night. It is totally a diurnal animal, and never pretends to stir after it becomes dark. The tortoise, like other reptiles, has an arbitrary stomach as well as lungs; and can refrain from eating as well as breathing for a great part of the year. When first awakened it eats 10 nothing; nor again in the autumn before it retires; through the height of the summer it feeds voraciously, devouring all the food that comes in its way. I was much taken with its sagacity in discerning those that do it kind offices; for, as soon as the good old lady comes in sight who has 15 waited on it for more than thirty years, it hobbles toward its benefactress with awkward alacrity; but remains inattentive to strangers. Thus not only "*the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib,*" but the most abject reptile and torpid of beings distinguishes the hand that 20 feeds it, and is touched with the feelings of gratitude!

I am, etc., etc.

P. S. In about three days after I left Sussex the tortoise retired into the ground under the hepatica.

LETTER L

TO THE HONOURABLE DAINES BARRINGTON

Selborne, April 21, 1780. 25

Dear Sir:

The old Sussex tortoise, that I have mentioned to you so often, is become my property. I dug it out of its winter

dormitory in March last, when it was enough awakened to express its resentments by hissing; and, packing it in a box with earth, carried it eighty miles in post-chaises. The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it that, when I turned it out on a border, it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden; however, in the evening, the weather being cold, it buried itself in the loose mould, and continues still concealed.

As it will be under my eye, I shall now have an opportunity of enlarging my observations on its mode of life, and propensities; and perceive already that, toward the time of coming forth, it opens a breathing place in the ground near its head, requiring, I conclude, a freer respiration, as it becomes more alive. This creature not only goes under the earth from the middle of November to the middle of April, but sleeps great part of the summer; for it goes to bed in the longest days at four in the afternoon, and often does not stir in the morning till late. Besides, it retires to rest for every shower; and does not move at all in wet days.

When one reflects on the state of this strange being, it is a matter of wonder to find that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander more than two-thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor, and be lost to all sensation for months together in the profoundest of slumbers.

While I was writing this letter, a moist and warm afternoon, with the thermometer at 50, brought forth troops of shell-snails; and, at the same juncture, the tortoise heaved up the mould and put out its head; and the next morning came forth, as it were raised from the dead; and walked about till four in the afternoon. This was a curious coincidence! a very amusing occurrence! to

see such a similarity of feelings between the two *φερέουκοι*! for so the Greeks call both the shell-snail and the tortoise.

Summer birds are, this cold and backward spring, unusually late: I have seen but one swallow yet. This conformity with the weather convinces me more and more that they sleep in the winter.

SUGGESTIONS: These are examples of description from a series of observations very close and detailed, if not thoroughly scientific from a modern point of view. Note the rather "old-fashioned" effect of the style. To what peculiarities of words and sentences is this due? Note the charmingly sympathetic treatment of "The Tortoise."

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

The habits of some bird, or animal, or insect with which you are familiar.

An account of some pet animal of your childhood.

THE PLAINS OF PATAGONIA*

W. H. HUDSON

NEAR the end of Darwin's famous narrative of the voyage of the *Beagle* there is a passage which, for me has a very special interest and significance. It is as follows, and the italicization is mine: "In calling up 10 images of the past, I find the plains of Patagonia frequently cross before my eyes; yet these plains are pronounced by all to be most wretched and useless. They are characterized only by negative possessions; without habita- 15 tions, without water, without trees, without mountains, they support only a few dwarf plants. *Why, then—and the*

*Reprinted from *Idle Days in Patagonia*, Chapter 13, by permission of D. Appleton & Company.

case is not peculiar to myself—have these arid wastes taken so firm possession of my mind? Why have not the still more level, the greener and more fertile pampas, which are serviceable to mankind, produced an equal impression?

5 I can scarcely analyze these feelings, but it must be partly owing to the free scope given to the imagination. The plains of Patagonia are boundless, for they are scarcely practicable, and hence unknown; they bear the stamp of having thus lasted for ages, and there appears no limit to
10 their duration through future time. If, as the ancients supposed, the flat earth was surrounded by an impassable breadth of water, or by deserts heated to an intolerable excess, who would not look at these last boundaries to man's knowledge with deep but ill-defined sensations?"

15 That he did not in this passage hit on the right explanation of the sensations he experienced in Patagonia, and of the strength of the impressions it made on his mind, I am quite convinced; for the thing is just as true of to-day as of the time, in 1836, when he wrote that the case was not
20 peculiar to himself. Yet since that date—which now, thanks to Darwin, seems so remote to the naturalist—those desolate regions have ceased to be impracticable, and, although still uninhabited and uninhabitable, except to a few nomads, they are no longer unknown. During
25 the last twenty years the country has been crossed in various directions, from the Atlantic to the Andes, and from the Rio Negro to the Straits of Magellan, and has been found all barren. The mysterious illusive city, peopled by whites, which was long believed to exist in the
30 unknown interior, in a valley called Trapalanda, is to moderns a myth, a mirage of the mind, as little to the traveler's imagination as the glittering capitol of great Manoa, which Alonzo Pizarro and his false friend Orellana failed to discover. The traveler of to-day really expects

to see nothing more exciting than a solitary huanaco keeping watch on a hill-top, and a few gray-plumaged rheas flying from him, and, possibly, a band of long-haired, roving savages, with their faces painted black and red. Yet, in spite of accurate knowledge, the old charm 5 still exists in all its freshness; and after all the discomforts and sufferings endured in a desert cursed with eternal barrenness, the returned traveler finds in after years that it still keeps its hold on him, that it shines brighter in memory, and is dearer to him than any other region he 10 may have visited.

We know that the more deeply our feelings are moved by any scene the more vivid and lasting will its image be in memory—a fact which accounts for the comparatively unfailing character of the images that date back to the 15 period of childhood, when we are most emotional. Judging from my own case, I believe that we have here the secret of the persistence of Patagonian images, and their frequent recurrence in the minds of many who have visited that gray, monotonous, and, in one sense, eminently 20 uninteresting region. It is not the effect of the unknown, it is not imagination; it is that nature in these desolate scenes, for a reason to be guessed at by and by, moves us more deeply than in others. In describing his rambles in one of the most desolate spots in Patagonia, Darwin 25 remarks: "Yet, in passing over these scenes, without one bright object near, an ill-defined but strong sense of pleasure is vividly excited." When I recall a Patagonian scene, it comes before me so complete in all its vast extent, with all its details so clearly outlined, that, if I were 30 actually gazing on it, I could scarcely see it more distinctly; yet other scenes, even those that were beautiful and sublime, with forest, and ocean, and mountain, and over all the deep blue sky and brilliant sunshine of the

tropics, appear no longer distinct and entire in memory, and only become more broken and clouded if any attempt is made to regard them attentively. Here and there I see a wooded mountain, a grove of palms, a flowery tree, green waves dashing on a rock shore—nothing but isolated patches of bright color, the parts of the picture that have not faded on a great blurred canvas, or series of canvases. These last are images of scenes which were looked on with wonder and admiration—but the gray, monotonous solitude woke other and deeper feelings, and in that mental state the scene was indelibly impressed on the mind.

I spent the greater part of one winter at a point on the Rio Negro, seventy or eighty miles from the sea, where the valley on my side of the water was about five miles wide. The valley alone was habitable, where there was water for man and beast, and a thin soil producing grass and grain; it is perfectly level, and ends abruptly at the foot of the bank or terrace-like formation of the higher barren plateau. It was my custom to go out every morning on horseback with my gun, and, followed by one dog, to ride away from the valley; and no sooner would I climb the terrace and plunge into the gray universal thicket, than I would find myself as completely alone and cut off from all sight and sound of human occupancy as if five hundred instead of only five miles separated me from the hidden green valley and river. So wild and solitary and remote seemed that gray waste, stretching away into infinitude, a waste untrodden by man, and where the wild animals are so few that they have made no discoverable path in the wilderness of thorns. There I might have dropped down and died, and my flesh been devoured by birds, and my bones bleached white in sun and wind, and no person would have found them, and it would have been forgotten that

one had ridden forth in the morning and had not returned. Or if, like the few wild animals there—puma, huanaco, and hare-like dolichotis, or Darwin's rhea and the crested tinamou among the birds—I had been able to exist without water, I might have made myself a hermitage of brush- 5 wood or dug-out in the side of a cliff, and dwelt there until I had grown gray as the stones and trees around me, and no human foot would have stumbled on my hiding-place.

Not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but day after day I 10 returned to this solitude, going to it in the morning as if to attend a festival, and leaving it only when hunger and thirst and the westering sun compelled me. And yet I had no object in going—no motive which could be put into words; for although I carried a gun, there was nothing 15 to shoot—the shooting was all left behind in the valley. Sometimes a dolichotis, starting up at my approach, flashed for one moment on my sight, to vanish the next moment in the continuous thicket; or a covey of tinamous sprang rocket-like into the air, and fled away with long wailing 20 note and loud whir of wings; or on some distant hillside a bright patch of yellow, of a deer that was watching me, appeared and remained motionless for two or three minutes. But the animals were few, and sometimes I would pass an entire day without seeing one mammal, 25 and perhaps not more than a dozen birds of any size. The weather at that time was cheerless, generally with a gray film of cloud spread over the sky, and a bleak wind, often cold enough to make my bridle hand feel quite numb. Moreover, it was not possible to enjoy a canter; the bushes 30 grew so close together that it was as much as one could do to pass through at a walk without brushing against them; and at this slow pace, which would have seemed intolerable in other circumstances, I would ride about for hours at a

stretch. In the scene itself there was nothing to delight the eye. Everywhere through the light, gray mould, gray as ashes and formed by the ashes of myriads of generations of dead trees, where the wind had blown on it, or the rain
5 had washed it away, the underlying yellow sand appeared, and the old ocean-polished pebbles, dull red, and gray, and green, and yellow. On arriving at a hill, I would slowly ride to its summit, and stand there to survey the prospect. On every side it stretched away in great undulations; but
10 the undulations were wild and irregular; the hills were rounded and cone-shaped; they were solitary and in groups and ranges; some sloped gently, others were ridge-like and stretched away in league-long terraces, with other terraces beyond; and all alike were clothed in the gray
15 everlasting thorny vegetation. How gray it all was! hardly less so near at hand than on the haze-wrapped horizon, where the hills were dim and the outline blurred by distance. Sometimes I would see the large eagle-like, white-breasted buzzard, *Buteo erythronotus*, perched on
20 the summit of a bush half a mile away; and so long as it would continue stationed motionless before me my eyes would remain involuntarily fixed on it, just as one keeps his eyes on a bright light shining in the gloom; for the whiteness of the hawk seemed to exercise a fascinating
25 power on the vision, so surpassingly bright was it by contrast in the midst of that universal unrelieved grayness. Descending from my lookout, I would take up my aimless wanderings again, and visit other elevations to gaze on the same landscape from another point; and so on for hours,
30 and at noon I would dismount and sit or lie on my folded poncho for an hour or longer. One day, in these rambles, I discovered a small grove composed of twenty to thirty trees, about eighteen feet high, and taller than the surrounding trees. They were growing at a convenient

distance apart, and had evidently been resorted to by a herd of deer or other wild animals for a very long time, for the boles were polished to a glassy smoothness with much rubbing, and the ground beneath was trodden to a floor of clean, loose yellow sand. This grove was on a hill differing in shape from other hills in its neighborhood, so that it was easy for me to find it on other occasions; and after a time I made a point of finding and using it as a resting-place every day at noon. I did not ask myself why I made choice of that one spot, sometimes going miles out of my way to sit there, instead of sitting down under any one of the millions of trees and bushes covering the country, on any other hillside. I thought nothing at all about it, but acted unconsciously; only afterward, when revolving the subject, it seemed to me that after having rested there once, each time I wished to rest again the wish became associated with the image of that particular clump of trees, with polished stems and clean bed of sand beneath; and in a short time I formed a habit of returning, animal-like, to repose at that same spot.

It was perhaps a mistake to say that I would sit down and rest, since I was never tired: and yet without being tired, that noon-day pause, during which I sat for an hour without moving, was strangely grateful. All day the silence seemed grateful, it was very perfect, very profound. There were no insects, and the only bird sound—a feeble chirp of alarm emitted by a small skulking wrenlike species—was not heard oftener than two or three times an hour. The only sounds as I rode were the muffled hoof-strokes of my horse, scratching of twigs against my boot or saddle-flap, and the low panting of the dog. And it seemed to be a relief to escape even from these sounds when I dismounted and sat down: for in a few moments the dog would stretch his head out on his paws and go to sleep,

and then there would be no sound, not even the rustle of a leaf. For unless the wind blows strong there is no fluttering motion and no whisper in the small stiff undeciduous leaves; and the bushes stand unmoving as if carved out of stone. One day while *listening* to the silence, it occurred to my mind to wonder what the effect would be if I were to shout aloud. This seemed at the time a horrible suggestion of fancy, a "lawless and uncertain thought" which almost made me shudder, and I was anxious to dismiss it quickly from my mind. But during those solitary days it was a rare thing for any thought to cross my mind; animal forms did not cross my vision or bird-voices assail my hearing more rarely. In that novel state of mind I was in, thought had become impossible. Elsewhere I had always been able to think most freely on horseback; and on the pampas, even in the most lonely places, my mind was always most active when I traveled at a swinging gallop. This was doubtless habit; but now, with a horse under me, I had become incapable of reflection: my mind had suddenly transformed itself from a thinking machine into a machine for some other unknown purpose. To think was like setting in motion a noisy engine in my brain; and there was something there which bade me be still, and I was forced to obey. My state was one of *suspense* and *watchfulness*; yet I had no expectation of meeting with an adventure, and felt as free from apprehension as I feel now when sitting in a room in London. The change in me was just as great and wonderful as if I had changed my identity for that of another man or animal; but at the time I was powerless to wonder at or speculate about it; the state seemed familiar rather than strange, and although accompanied by a strong feeling of elation, I did not know it—did not know that something had come between me and my intellect—until I lost it and returned

to my former self—to thinking, and the old insipid existence.

Such changes in us, however brief in duration they may be, and in most cases they are very brief, but which so long as they last seem to affect us down to the very roots of our being, and come as a great surprise—a revelation of an unfamiliar and unsuspected nature hidden under the nature we are conscious of—can only be attributed to an instantaneous reversion to the primitive and wholly savage mental conditions. 10

It is true that we are eminently adaptive, that we have created, and exist in some sort of harmony with new conditions, widely different from those to which we were originally adapted; but the old harmony was infinitely more perfect than the new, and if there be such a thing as historical memory in us, it is not strange that the sweetest moment in any life, pleasant or dreary, should be when Nature draws near to it, and, taking up her neglected instrument, plays a fragment of some ancient melody, long unheard on the earth. 15 20

It might be asked: If nature has at times this peculiar effect on us, restoring instantaneously the old vanished harmony between organism and environment, why should it be experienced in a greater degree in the Patagonian desert than in other solitary places—a desert which is waterless, where animal voices are seldom heard, and vegetation is gray instead of green? I can only suggest a reason for the effect being so much greater in my own case. In subtropical woods and thickets, and in wild forests in temperate regions, the cheerful verdure and bright colors of flower and insects, if we have acquired a habit of looking closely at these things, and the melody and noises of bird-life engage the senses; there is movement and brightness; new forms, animal and vegetable, 25 30

are continually appearing, curiosity and expectation are excited, and the mind is so much occupied with novel objects that the effect of wild nature in its entirety is minimized. In Patagonia the monotony of the plains, or
5 expanse of low hills, the universal unrelieved grayness of everything, and the absence of animal forms and objects new to the eye, leave the mind open and free to receive an impression of visible nature as a whole. One gazes on the prospect as on the sea, for it stretches away sealike without
10 change, into infinitude; but without the sparkle of water, the changes of hue which shadows and sunlight and nearness and distance give, and motion of waves and white flash of foam. It has a look of antiquity, of desolation, of eternal peace, of a desert that has been a desert from of
15 old and will continue a desert forever; and we know that its only human inhabitants are a few wandering savages, who live by hunting as their progenitors have done for thousands of years. Again, in fertile savannahs and pampas there may appear no signs of human occupancy,
20 but the traveler knows that eventually the advancing tide of humanity will come with its flocks and herds, and the ancient silence and desolation will be no more; and this thought is like human companionship, and mitigates the effect of nature's wildness on the spirit. In Patagonia no
25 such thought or dream of the approaching changes to be wrought by human agency can affect the mind. There is no water there, the arid soil is sand and gravel—pebbles rounded by the action of ancient seas, before Europe was; and nothing grows except the barren things that nature
30 loves—thorns, and a few woody herbs, and scattered tufts of wiry, bitter grass.

SUGGESTIONS: The quiet yet wonderfully vivid effect of this description should be noted. To what characteristics is this effect due? What is the cause of the writer's mood? How does he

explain his impression? Try to describe, with equal clearness, the subject of your own theme.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

A state of mind in which I once found myself.

An unexpected fright, and how I felt.

Homesickness.

Before my oration.

On the witness stand.

My interview with the President.

Before the race.

When I thought I heard a burglar.

On receiving a telegram.

Before we went into the championship game.

A runaway.

Afraid of the dark.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

BUT the business of landing was briskly carried through; and presently the baggage was all tumbled on shore, the boat on its return voyage to the lugger, and the passenger standing alone upon the point of rock, a tall slender figure of a gentleman, habited in black, with a sword by his side and a walking cane upon his wrist. As he so stood, he waved the cane to Captain Crail by way of salutation, with something both of grace and mockery that wrote the gesture deeply on my mind.

I was now near enough to see him, a very handsome figure and countenance, swarthy, lean, long, with a quick, alert, black look, as of one who was a fighter and accus-

* *The Master of Ballantrae*, p. 101. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1897.

tomed to command; upon one cheek he had a mole, not unbecoming; a large diamond sparkled on his hand; his clothes, although of the one hue, were of a French and foppish design; his ruffles, which he wore longer than
5 common, of exquisite lace; and I wondered the more to see him in such a guise, when he was but newly landed from a dirty smuggling lugger.

THE ANTIQUARY*

SIR WALTER SCOTT

OUR youth . . . amused himself . . . by speculating upon the occupation and character of the personage
10 who was now come to the coach office.

He was a good-looking man of the age of sixty, perhaps older,—but his hale complexion and firm step announced that years had not impaired his strength or health. His countenance was of the true Scottish cast, strongly marked,
15 and rather harsh in features, with a shrewd and penetrating eye, and a countenance in which habitual gravity was enlivened by a cast of ironical humor. His dress was uniform and of a color becoming his age and gravity; a wig, well dressed and powdered, surmounted by a slouched
20 hat, had something of a professional air. He might be a clergyman, yet his appearance was more that of a man of the world than usually belongs to the kirk of Scotland, and his first ejaculation put the matter beyond question.

He arrived with a hurried pace, and, casting an alarmed
25 glance toward the dial-plate of the church, then looking at the place where the coach should have been, exclaimed, “Deil’s in it—I am too late after all!”

*From *The Antiquary*, Chapter 1.

ESTHER LYON*

GEORGE ELIOT

ESTHER bowed slightly as she walked across the room to fetch the candle and place it near her tray. Felix rose and bowed, also with an air of indifference, which was perhaps exaggerated by the fact that he was inwardly surprised. The minister's daughter was not the sort of person he expected. She was quite incongruous with his notion of ministers' daughters in general; and though he had expected something nowise delightful, the incongruity repelled him. A very delicate scent, the faint suggestion of a garden, was wafted as she went. He would not observe her, but he had a sense of an elastic walk, the tread of small feet, a long neck, and a high crown of shining brown plaits with curls that floated backward—things, in short, that suggested a fine lady to him, and determined him to notice her as little as possible.

DINAH MORRIS†

GEORGE ELIOT

SEVERAL of the men followed Ben's lead, and the traveler pushed his horse on to the Green, as Dinah walked rather quickly, and in advance of her companions, toward the cart under the maple-tree. While she was near Seth's tall figure, she looked short, but when she had mounted the cart, and was away from all comparison, she seemed above the middle height of woman, though in reality she did not exceed it—an effect which was due to

*From *Felix Holt, the Radical*, Chapter v.†From *Adam Bede*, Chapter ii.

the slimness of her figure, and the simple line of her black stuff dress. The stranger was struck with surprise as he saw her approach and mount the cart—surprise, not so much at the feminine delicacy of her appearance, as at the total absence of self-consciousness in her demeanor. He had made up his mind to see her advance with a measured step, and a demure solemnity of countenance; he had felt sure that her face would be mantled with the smile of conscious saintship, or else charged with denunciatory bitterness. He knew but two types of Methodist—the ecstatic and the bilious. But Dinah walked as simply as if she were going to market, and seemed as unconscious of her outward appearance as a little boy: there was no blush, no tremulousness, which said, “I know you think me a pretty woman, too young to preach;” no casting up or down of the eyelids, no compression of the lips, no attitude of the arms, that said, “But you must think of me as a saint.” She held no book in her ungloved hands, but let them hang down lightly crossed before her, as she stood and turned her gray eyes on the people. There was no keenness in the eyes; they seemed rather to be shedding love than making observations; they had the liquid look which tells that the mind is full of what it has to give out, rather than impressed by external objects. She stood with her left hand toward the descending sun, and leafy boughs screened her from its rays; but in this sober light the delicate coloring of her face seemed to gather a calm vividness, like flowers at evening. It was a small oval face, of a uniform transparent whiteness, with an egg-like line of cheek and chin, a full but firm mouth, a delicate nostril, and a low perpendicular brow, surmounted by a rising arch of parting between smooth locks of pale reddish hair. The hair was drawn straight back behind the ears, and covered, except for an inch or

two, above the brow, by a net Quaker cap. The eyebrows, of the same color as the hair, were perfectly horizontal and firmly pencilled; the eyelashes, though no darker, were long and abundant; nothing was left blurred or unfinished. It was one of those faces that make one think of white 5 flowers with light touches of color on their pure petals. The eyes had no peculiar beauty, beyond that of expression; they looked so simple, so candid, so gravely loving, that no accusing scowl, no light sneer could help melting away before their glance. Joshua Rann gave a long 10 cough, as if he were clearing his throat in order to come to a new understanding with himself; Chad Cranage lifted up his leather skull-cap and scratched his' head; and Wiry Ben wondered how Seth had the pluck to think of courting her. 15

BEATRIX ESMOND*

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

IN the hall of Walcote House is a staircase that leads from an open gallery, where are the doors of the sleeping chambers; and from one of these, a wax candle in her hand, and illuminating her, came Mistress Beatrix—the light falling indeed upon the scarlet ribbon which she 20 wore, and upon the most brilliant white neck in the world.

Esmond had left a child and found a woman, grown beyond the common height; and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty, that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was 25 a brightness so lustrous and melting, that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible: and that night the great Duke was at the playhouse after Ramillies, every soul turned and looked (she chanced

*From *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.*, Bk. ii. Chap. vii.

to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty: that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows, and eyelashes were dark: her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving
 5 over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine: except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble,
 10 but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always
 15 perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen—now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic—there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

So she came holding her dress with one fair rounded arm,
 20 and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH*

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

WORDSWORTH was, upon the whole, not a well-made man. His legs were pointedly condemned by all female connoisseurs in legs; not that they were bad
 25 in any way which *would* force itself upon your notice—there was no absolute deformity about them; and undoubtedly they had been serviceable legs beyond the average standard of human requisition; for I calculate, upon good data, that with these identical legs Wordsworth must have

*From *Reminiscences of the English Lake Poets*.

traversed a distance of one hundred and seventy-five thousand to one hundred and eighty thousand English miles—a mode of exertion which, to him, stood in the stead of alcohol and all other stimulants whatsoever to the animal spirits; to which, indeed, he was indebted for a life of unclouded happiness, and we for much of what is most excellent in his writings. But useful as they have proved themselves, the Wordsworthian legs were certainly not ornamental; and it was really a pity, as I agreed with a lady in thinking, that he had not another pair for evening dress parties. . . . But the worst part of Wordsworth's person was the bust; there was a narrowness and a droop about the shoulders which became striking, and had an effect of meanness when brought into close juxtaposition with a figure of a more statuesque build. Once on a summer evening, walking in the Vale of Langdale with Wordsworth, his sister, and Mr. J——, a native Westmoreland clergyman, I remember that Miss Wordsworth was positively mortified by the peculiar illustration which settled upon this defective conformation. Mr. J——, a fine towering figure, six feet high, massy and columnar in his proportions, happened to be walking, a little in advance, with Wordsworth; Miss Wordsworth and myself being in the rear; . . . at intervals, Miss Wordsworth would exclaim, in a tone of vexation, “Is it possible,—can that be William? How very mean he looks!” And she did not conceal a mortification that seemed really painful, until I, for my part, could not forbear laughing outright at the serious interest which she carried into this trifle. She was, however, right, as regarded the mere visual judgment. Wordsworth's figure, with all its defects, was brought into more powerful relief by one which had been cast in a more square or massy mould; . . . and yet Wordsworth was of a good height (five feet ten), and

not a slender man But the total effect of Wordsworth's person was always worst in a state of motion. Meantime, his face—that was one which would have made amends for greater defects of figure. Many such, and
5 finer, I have seen among the portraits of Titian, and, in a later period, among those of Vandyke, . . . but none which has more impressed me in my own time.

It was a face of the long order, often falsely classed as oval The head was well filled out; and there, to
10 begin with, was a great advantage over the head of Charles Lamb, which was absolutely truncated in the posterior region—sawn off, as it were, by no timid sawyer. The forehead was not remarkably lofty but was perhaps remarkable for its breadth and expansive development.
15 Neither were the eyes of Wordsworth “large,” as is erroneously stated somewhere in “Peter’s Letters;” on the contrary, they were (I think), rather small; but *that* did not interfere with their effect, which at times was fine, and suitable to his intellectual character After a long
20 day’s toil in walking, I have seen them assume an appearance the most solemn and spiritual that it is possible for the human eye to wear The nose, a little arched, was large; which, by the way, . . . has always been accounted an unequivocal expression of animal appetites
25 organically strong. And that expressed the simple truth: Wordsworth’s intellectual passions were fervent and strong: but they rested upon a basis of preternatural animal sensibility diffused through *all* the animal passions (or appetites); and something of that will be found to hold
30 of all poets who have been great by original force and power The mouth, and the whole circumjacent features of the mouth, composed the strongest feature in Wordsworth’s face; there was nothing specially to be noticed in

the mere outline of the lips; but the swell and protrusion of the parts above and around the mouth were both noticeable in themselves, and also because they reminded me of a very interesting fact which I discovered about three years after my first visit to Wordsworth. 5

The Richardson engraving of Milton has the advantage of presenting, not only by far the best likeness of Wordsworth, but of Wordsworth in the prime of his powers It may be supposed that I took an early opportunity of carrying the book down to Grasmere, and 10 calling for the opinions of Wordsworth's family upon this most remarkable coincidence. Not one member of that family but was as much impressed as myself with the accuracy of the likeness. All the peculiarities even were retained—a drooping appearance of the eyelids, that re- 15 markable swell which I have noticed about the mouth, the way in which the hair lay upon the forehead. In two points only there was a deviation from the rigorous truth of Wordsworth's features—the face was a little too short and too broad, and the eyes were too large. There was 20 also a wreath of laurel about the head, which (as Wordsworth remarked) disturbed the natural expression of the whole picture; else, . . . he also admitted that the resemblance was, *for that period of his life*, perfect, or as nearly so as art could accomplish. 25

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE*

THOMAS CARLYLE

THE good man, he was now getting old, toward sixty perhaps; and gave you an idea of the life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished,

*From *The Life of John Sterling*. Centenary Edition. vol. xi, p. 54.

still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his “object” and “subject,” terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province; and how he sang and snuffled them into “om-m-mject” and “sum-m-mject,” with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

MRS. BROWNING met us at the door of the drawing-room, and greeted us most kindly,—a pale, small person, scarcely embodied at all; at any rate, only sub-

*From *French and Italian Note Books*, p. 294. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

stantial enough to put forth her slender fingers to be grasped, and to speak with a shrill, yet sweet, tenuity of voice. Really, I do not see how Mr. Browning can suppose that he has an earthly wife any more than an earthly child; both are of the elfin race, and will flit away from him some day when he least thinks of it. She is a good and kind fairy, however, and sweetly disposed toward the human race, although only remotely akin to it. It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her eyes. There is not such another figure in the world; and her black ringlets cluster down into her neck, and make her face look the whiter by their sable profusion. I could not form any judgment about her age; it may range anywhere within the limits of human life or elfin life. When I met her in London at Lord Houghton's breakfast-table, she did not impress me so singularly; for the morning light is more prosaic than the dim illumination of their great tapestried drawing-room; and, besides, sitting next to her, she did not have occasion to raise her voice in speaking, and I was not sensible what a slender voice she has. It is marvelous to me how so extraordinary, so acute, so sensitive a creature can impress us, as she does, with the certainty of her benevolence. It seems to me there were a million chances to one that she would have been a miracle of acidity and bitterness.

CHARLES LAMB*

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

METHINKS I see him before me now, as he appeared then, and as he continued with scarcely any perceptible alteration to me, during the twenty years of

*Quoted in *Charles Lamb*, by Alfred Ainger, pp. 74-5. *English Men of Letters Series*.

intimacy which followed, and were closed by his death. A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet.

5 His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose slightly curved, and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which
10 was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy stem. Who shall describe his countenance, catch its quivering sweetness, and fix it for ever in words? There are none, alas, to answer the vain desire of friendship. Deep thought,
15 striving with humor; the lines of suffering wreathed into cordial mirth; and a smile of painful sweetness, present an image to the mind which it can as little describe as lose. His personal appearance and manner are not unfitly characterized by what he himself says in one of his letters
20 to Manning, of Braham, "a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel."

MY LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

A^{ET.} 19+. Tender-eyed blonde. Long ringlets. Cameo pin. Gold pencil-case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accordeon. Reads
25 Byron, Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior, while her mother makes the puddings. Says "Yes?" when you tell her anything.

*From *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

MR. MICAWBER*

CHARLES DICKENS

THE counting-house clock was at half-past twelve, and there was general preparation for going to dinner, when Mr. Quinion tapped at the counting-house window, and beckoned to me to go in. I went in, and found there a stoutish, middle-aged person, in a brown surtout and black 5 tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one, and very shining) than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face, which he turned full upon me. His clothes were shabby, but he had an imposing shirt-collar on. He carried a jaunty sort of stick, with 10 a large pair of rusty tassels to it; and a quizzing-glass hung outside his coat,—for ornament, I afterward found, as he very seldom looked through it, and couldn't see anything when he did.

"This," said Mr. Quinion, in allusion to myself, "is he." 15

"This," said the stranger, with a certain condescending roll in his voice, and a certain indescribable air of doing something genteel, which impressed me very much, "is Master Copperfield. I hope I see you well, sir?" I said I was very well, and hoped he was. I was sufficiently ill at 20 ease, Heaven knows; but it was not in my nature to complain much at that time of my life, so I said I was very well, and hoped he was.

"I am," said the stranger, "thank Heaven, quite well. I have received a letter from Mr. Murdstone, in which he 25 mentions that he would desire me to receive into an apartment in the rear of my house, which is at present unoccupied—and is, in short, to be let as a—in short," said the

**David Copperfield*, Vol. 1, Chap. xi.

stranger, with a smile and in a burst of confidence, "as a bedroom—the young beginner whom I have now the pleasure to"—and the stranger waved his hand, and settled his chin in his shirt collar.

5 "This is Mr. Micawber," said Mr. Quinion to me.

"Ahem!" said the stranger, "that is my name."

"Mr. Micawber," said Mr. Quinion, "is known to Mr. Murdstone. He takes orders for us on commission, when he can get any. He has been written to by Mr. Murdstone,
10 on the subject of your lodgings, and he will receive you as a lodger."

"My address," said Mr. Micawber, "is Windsor Terrace, City Road. I—in short," said Mr. Micawber, with the same genteel air, and in another burst of confidence—
15 "I live there."

I made him a bow.

"Under the impression," said Mr. Micawber, "that your peregrinations in this metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the Modern Babylon in the direction of the City Road—in short," said Mr. Micawber, in another burst of confidence, "that you might lose yourself—I shall be happy to call this evening, and install you in the knowledge of the nearest way."
20

25 I thanked him with all my heart; for it was friendly in him to offer to take that trouble.

"At what hour," said Mr. Micawber, "shall I—"

"At about eight," said Mr. Quinion.

"At about eight," said Mr. Micawber. "I beg to
30 wish you good day, Mr. Quinion. I will intrude no longer."

So he put on his hat, and went out with his cane under his arm: very upright, and humming a tune when he was clear of the counting-house.

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN*

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

WE slept on Wednesday evening at Capel Carig, which Sir W. supposes to mean the Chapel of the Crag, a pretty little inn in a most picturesque situation certainly, and as to the matter of toasted cheese quite exquisite. Next day we advanced through, I verily believe, the most perfect gem of a country eye ever saw, having all the wildness of Highland backgrounds, and all the loveliness of rich English landscape nearer us, and streams like the purest and most babbling of our own. At Llangollen your papa was waylaid by the celebrated "Ladies," viz: Lady Eleanor Buller and the Honorable Miss Ponsonby, who having been one or both crossed in love, forswore all dreams of matrimony in the heyday of youth, beauty, and fashion, and selected this charming spot for the repose of their now time-honored virginity. It was many a day, however, before they could get implicit credit for being the innocent friends they really were among the people of the neighborhood, for their elopement from Ireland had been performed under suspicious circumstances, and as Lady Eleanor arrived here in her natural aspect of a pretty girl, while Miss Ponsonby had condescended to accompany her in the garb of a smart footman in buckskin breeches, years and years elapsed ere full justice was done to the character of their romance. We proceeded up the hill, and found everything about them and their habitation odd and extravagant beyond report. Imagine two women, one apparently seventy, the other sixty-five, dressed in heavy blue riding-habits, enormous shoes, and men's

*From *Letters of John Gibson Lockhart*. 1825.

hats, with their petticoats so tucked up that at the first glance of them, fussing and tottering about their porch in the agony of expectation, we took them for a couple of hazy or crazy old sailors. On nearer inspection, they
5 both wear a world of brooches, rings, etc., and Lady Eleanor positively *orders*—several stars and crosses, and a red ribbon, exactly like a K. C. B. To crown all, they have crop heads, shaggy, rough, bushy, and as white as snow, the one with age alone, the other assisted by a
10 sprinkling of powder. The elder lady is almost blind, and every way much decayed; the other, the *ci-devant* groom, in good preservation. But who could paint the prints, the dogs, the cats, the miniatures, the cram of cabinets, clocks, glass-cases, books, bijouterie, dragon-china, nod-
15 ding mandarins, and whirligigs of every shape and hue—the whole house outside and in (for we must see everything in the dressing closets), *covered* with carved oak, very rich and fine some of it—and the illustrated copies of Sir W.'s poems, and the joking, simpering compliments about
20 *Waverley*, and the anxiety to know who MacIvor really was, and the absolute devouring of the poor Unknown, who had to carry off, besides all the rest, one small bit of literal *butter* dug up in a Milesian stone jar lately from the bottom of some Irish bog. Great romances, *i. e.*,
25 absurd innocence of character, one must have looked for; but it was confounding to find this mixed up with such eager curiosity, and enormous knowledge of the tattle and scandal of the world they had so long left. Their tables were piled with newspapers from every corner of the
30 kingdom, and they seemed to have the deaths and marriages of the antipodes at their fingers' ends. Their albums and autographs, from Louis XVIII and George IV, down to magazine poets and quack-doctors, are a museum. I shall never see the spirit of blue-stockingsism again in

such perfect incarnation. Peveril won't get over their final kissing match for a week. Yet it is too bad to laugh at these good old girls; they have long been the guardian angels of the village, and are worshipped by man, woman, and child about them.

5

SUGGESTIONS: These descriptions of people exemplify several different methods of observation. What, for instance, is the difference in method between "The Antiquary" and "Mr. Micawber," or between Carlyle's description of Coleridge, and De Quincey's description of Wordsworth?

Consider the point of view of each description. In which one do you think that the point of view is most consistently and convincingly maintained?

What distinctive peculiarities of method do we find in "Mr. Micawber?"—in "Esther Lyon?"—in "My Landlady's Daughter?"

Decide on the method which you intend to use for your adapted subjects, and stick to it rigidly. Do not catalogue details, but pick out two or three significant features or characteristics for emphasis. Try the "dramatic" method on at least one of your subjects. In this general connection, Professor Barrett Wendell's *English Composition*, pp. 217-19, will be found helpful.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS*

A friend, for purposes of identification.

A friend, to show character.

A distinguished-looking personage.

A well-known personage.

The teacher whom I remember best.

The prettiest girl I know.

The cleverest person I know.

The most conceited person I know.

A disagreeable character.

An odd character.

An old gentleman.

An old lady.

A typical Freshman (Sophomore, etc.).

*These of course may be indefinitely extended and made local.

An engineering student.	A commercial traveler.
An agricultural student.	The hired girl.
The church choir.	A book agent.
A shop girl.	A reporter.
A janitor.	A "cow-puncher."
A newsboy.	A washerwoman.
A fireman.	A street-car conductor.
An Indian squaw.	A Brave.

NARRATION

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES DARWIN*

A GERMAN editor having written to me for an account of the development of my mind and character, with some sketch of my autobiography, I have thought that the attempt would amuse me, and might possibly interest my children or their children. I know that it would have interested me greatly to have read even so short and dull a sketch of the mind of my grandfather, written by himself, and what he thought and did, and how he worked. I have attempted to write the following account of myself, as if I were a dead man in another world looking back at my own life. Nor have I found this difficult, for life is nearly over with me. I have taken no pains about my style of writing.

I was born at Shrewsbury on February 12, 1809, and my earliest recollection goes back only to when I was a few months over four years old, when we went to near Abergele for sea-bathing, and I recollect some events and places there with some little distinctness.

My mother died in July, 1817, when I was a little over eight years old, and it is odd that I can remember hardly anything about her except her death-bed, her black velvet gown, and her curiously constructed work-table. In the spring of this same year I was sent to a day-school in Shrewsbury, where I stayed a year. I have been told that I was much slower in learning than my younger sister Catherine, and I believe that I was in many ways a naughty boy.

By the time I went to this day-school my taste for

*Selected from Chapter ii. of *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, by his son Francis Darwin, 1888. Reprinted by permission of D. Appleton & Company.

natural history, and more especially for collecting, was well developed. I tried to make out the names of plants, and collected all sorts of things, shells, seals, franks, coins, and minerals. The passion for collecting which leads a man to be a systematic naturalist, a virtuoso, or a miser, was 5 very strong in me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters or brother ever had this taste.

One little event during this year has fixed itself very firmly in my mind, and I hope that it has done so from my conscience having been afterward sorely troubled by it; it 10 is curious as showing that apparently I was interested at this early age in the variability of plants! I told another little boy (I believe it was Leighton, who afterward became a well-known lichenologist and botanist), that I could produce variously colored polyanthuses and prim- 15 roses by watering them with certain colored fluids, which was of course a monstrous fable, and had never been tried by me. I may here confess that as a little boy I was much given to inventing deliberate falsehoods, and this was always done for the sake of causing excitement. For 20 instance, I once gathered much valuable fruit from my father's trees and hid it in the shrubbery, and then ran in breathless haste to spread the news that I had discovered a hoard of stolen fruit.

I must have been a very simple little fellow when I first 25 went to the school. A boy of the name of Garnett took me into a cake shop one day, and bought some cakes for which he did not pay, as the shopman trusted him. When we came out I asked him why he did not pay for them, and he instantly answered, "Why, do you not know that my 30 uncle left a great sum of money to the town on condition that every tradesman should give whatever was wanted without payment to any one who wore his old hat and moved (it) in a particular manner?" and he then showed me

how it was moved. He then went into another shop where he was trusted, and asked for some small article, moving his hat in the proper manner, and of course obtained it without payment. When we came out he said, "Now if
5 you like to go by yourself into that cake-shop (how well I remember its exact position) I will lend you my hat, and you can get whatever you like if you move the hat on your head properly." I gladly accepted the generous offer, and went in and asked for some cakes, moved the old hat and
10 was walking out of the shop, when the shopman made a rush at me, so I dropped the cakes and ran for dear life, and was astonished by being greeted with shouts of laughter by my false friend Garnett.

I can say in my own favor that I was as a boy humane,
15 but I owed this entirely to the instruction and example of my sisters. I doubt indeed whether humanity is a natural or innate quality. I was very fond of collecting eggs, but I never took more than a single egg out of a bird's nest, except on one single occasion, when I took all, not for their
20 value, but from a sort of bravado.

I had a strong taste for angling, and would sit for any number of hours on the bank of a river or pond watching the float; when at Maer* I was told that I could kill the worms with salt and water, and from that day I never
25 spitted a living worm, though at the expense probably of some loss of success.

Once as a very little boy whilst at the day school, or before that time, I acted cruelly, for I beat a puppy, I believe, simply from enjoying the sense of power; but the beating
30 could not have been severe, for the puppy did not howl, of which I feel sure, as the spot was near the house. This act lay heavily on my conscience, as is shown by my remembering the exact spot where the crime was commit-

*The house of his uncle, Josiah Wedgwood.

ted. It probably lay all the heavier from my love of dogs being then, and for a long time afterward, a passion. Dogs seemed to know this, for I was an adept in robbing their love from their masters.

I remember clearly only one other incident during this year while at Mr. Case's daily school,—namely, the burial of a dragoon soldier; and it is surprising how clearly I can still see the horse with the man's empty boots and carbine suspended to the saddle, and the firing over the grave. This scene deeply stirred whatever poetic fancy was in me. 5 10

In the summer of 1818 I went to Dr. Butler's great school in Shrewsbury, and remained there for seven years till midsummer, 1825, when I was sixteen years old. I boarded at this school, so that I had the great advantage of living the life of a true schoolboy; but as the distance was hardly more than a mile to my home, I very often ran there in the longer intervals between the callings over and before locking up at night. This, I think, was in many ways advantageous to me by keeping up home affections and interests. I remember in the early part of my school life that I often had to run very quickly to be in time, and from being a fleet runner was generally successful; but when in doubt I prayed earnestly to God to help me, and I well remember that I attributed my success to the prayers and not to my quick running, and marveled how generally I was aided. 15 20 25

I have heard my father and elder sister say that I had, as a very young boy, a strong taste for long solitary walks; but what I thought about I know not. I often became quite absorbed, and once, while returning to school on the summit of the old fortifications round Shrewsbury, which had been converted into a public foot-path with no parapet on one side, I walked off and fell to the ground, but the 30

height was only seven or eight feet. Nevertheless the number of thoughts which passed through my mind during this very short, but sudden and wholly unexpected fall, was astonishing, and seems hardly compatible with what
5 physiologists have, I believe, proved about each thought's requiring quite an appreciable amount of time.

Nothing could have been worse for the development of my mind than Dr. Butler's school, as it was strictly classical, nothing else being taught, except a little ancient geography
10 and history. The school as a means of education to me was simply a blank. During my whole life I have been singularly incapable of mastering any language. Especial attention was paid to verse-making, and this I could never do well. I had many friends, and got together a good
15 collection of old verses, which by patching together, sometimes aided by other boys, I could work into any subject. Much attention was paid to learning by heart the lessons of the previous day; this I could effect with great facility, learning forty or fifty lines of Virgil or Homer, while I
20 was in morning chapel; but the exercise was utterly useless, for every verse was forgotten in forty-eight hours. I was not idle, and with the exception of versification, generally worked conscientiously at my classics, not using cribs. The sole pleasure I ever received from such
25 studies, was from some of the odes of Horace, which I admired greatly.

When I left the school I was for my age neither high nor low in it; and I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather
30 below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification my father once said to me, "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." But my father, who was the kindest man I ever knew and whose

memory I love with all my heart, must have been angry and somewhat unjust when he used such words.

Looking back as well as I can at my character during my school life, the only qualities which at this period promised well for the future, were, that I had strong and 5 diversified tastes, much zeal for whatever interested me, and a keen pleasure in understanding any complex subject or thing. I was taught Euclid by a private tutor, and I distinctly remember the intense satisfaction which the clear geometrical proofs gave me. I remember, with 10 equal distinctness, the delight which my uncle gave me (the father of Francis Galton) by explaining the principle of the vernier of a barometer. With respect to diversified tastes, independently of science, I was fond of reading various books, and I used to sit for hours reading the 15 historical plays of Shakespeare, generally in an old window in the thick walls of the school. I read also other poetry, such as Thomson's *Seasons*, and the recently published poems of Byron and Scott. I mention this because later in life I wholly lost, to my great regret, all pleasure from 20 poetry of any kind, including Shakespeare. In connection with pleasure from poetry, I may add that in 1822 a vivid delight in scenery was first awakened in my mind, during a riding tour of the borders of Wales, and this has lasted longer than any other esthetic pleasure. 25

As I was doing no good at school, my father wisely took me away at a rather earlier age than usual, and sent me (October, 1825) to Edinburgh University with my brother, where I stayed for two years or sessions. My brother was completing his medical studies, though I do not believe 30 he ever really intended to practise, and I was sent there to commence them. But soon after this period I became convinced from various small circumstances that my

father would leave me property enough to subsist on with some comfort, though I never imagined that I should be so rich a man as I am; but my belief was sufficient to check any strenuous efforts to learn medicine.

5 The instruction was altogether by lectures, and these were intolerably dull, with the exception of those on chemistry by Hope; but to my mind there are no advantages and many disadvantages in lectures compared with reading. Dr. Duncan's lectures on *Materia Medica* at
10 eight o'clock on a winter's morning are something fearful to remember. Dr.—— made his lectures on human anatomy as dull as he was himself, and the subject disgusted me. It has proved one of the greatest evils in my life that I was not urged to practise dissection, for I should
15 soon have got over my disgust; and the practice would have been invaluable for my future work. This has been an irremediable evil, as well as my incapacity to draw. I also attended regularly the clinical wards in the hospital. Some of the cases distressed me a good deal, and I still
20 have vivid pictures before me of some of them; but I was not so foolish as to allow this to lessen my attendance. I cannot understand why this part of my medical course did not interest me in a greater degree; for during the summer before coming to Edinburgh I began attending
25 some of the poor people, chiefly children and women in Shrewsbury: I wrote down as full an account as I could of the case with all the symptoms, and read them aloud to my father, who suggested further inquiries and advised me what medicines to give, which I made up myself. At one
30 time I had at least a dozen patients, and felt a keen interest in the work. My father, who was by far the best judge of character whom I ever knew, declared that I should make a successful physician,—meaning by this one who would get many patients. He maintained that the chief element

of success was exciting confidence; but what he saw in me which convinced him that I should create confidence I know not. I also attended on two occasions the operating theatre in the hospital at Edinburgh, and saw two very bad operations, one on a child, but I rushed away before 5 they were completed. Nor did I ever attend again, for hardly any inducement would have been strong enough to make me do so; this being long before the blessed days of chloroform. The two cases fairly haunted me for many a long year. 10

As it was decided that I should be a clergyman, it was necessary that I should go to one of the English universities and take a degree; but as I had never opened a classical book since leaving school, I found to my dismay, that in the two intervening years I had actually forgotten, in- 15 credible as it may appear, almost everything which I had learned, even to some few of the Greek letters. I did not therefore proceed to Cambridge at the usual time in October, but worked with a private tutor in Shrewsbury, and went to Cambridge after the Christmas vacation, early 20 in 1828. I soon recovered my school standard of knowledge, and could translate easy Greek books, such as Homer and the Greek Testament, with moderate facility.

During the three years which I spent at Cambridge my time was wasted, as far as the academical studies were 25 concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh and at school. I attempted mathematics, and even went during the summer of 1828 with a private tutor (a very dull man) to Barmouth, but I got on very slowly. The work was repugnant to me, chiefly from my not being able to see any 30 meaning in the early steps in algebra. This impatience was very foolish, and in after years I have deeply regretted that I did not proceed far enough at least to understand

something of the great leading principles of mathematics, for men thus endowed seem to have an extra sense. But I do not believe that I should have succeeded beyond a very low grade. With respect to classics I did nothing
 5 except attend a few compulsory college lectures, and the attendance was almost nominal. In my second year I had to work for a month or two to pass the Little-Go, which I did easily. Again, in my last year I worked with some earnestness for my final degree of B. A., and brushed
 10 up my classics, together with a little algebra and Euclid, which latter gave me much pleasure, as it did at school. In order to pass the B. A. examination, it was also necessary to get up Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, and his *Moral Philosophy*. This was done in a thorough
 15 manner, and I am convinced that I could have written out the whole of the *Evidences* with perfect correctness, but not of course in the clear language of Paley. The logic of this book and, as I may add, of his *Natural Theology*, gave me as much delight as did Euclid. The careful
 20 study of these works, without attempting to learn any part by rote, was the only part of the academical course which, as I then felt and as I still believe, was of the least use to me in the education of my mind. I did not at that time trouble myself about Paley's premises; and taking these on trust,
 25 I was charmed and convinced by the long line of argumentation. By answering well the examination questions in Paley, by doing Euclid well, and by not failing miserably in classics, I gained a good place among the ὅτ πολλοί or crowd of men who do not go in for honors. Oddly enough
 30 I cannot remember how high I stood, and my memory fluctuates between the fifth, tenth, or twelfth, name on the list.

Public lectures on several branches were given in the university, attendance being quite voluntary; but I was so

sickened with lectures at Edinburgh that I did not even attend Sedgwick's eloquent and interesting lectures. Had I done so I should probably have become a geologist earlier than I did. I attended, however, Henslow's lectures on botany, and liked them much for their extreme clearness, and the admirable illustrations; but I did not study botany. Henslow used to take his pupils, including several of the older members of the university, field excursions, on foot or in coaches, to distant places, or in a barge down the river, and lectured on the rarer plants and animals which were observed. These excursions were delightful.

Although, as we shall presently see, there were some redeeming features in my life at Cambridge, my time was sadly wasted there, and worse than wasted. From my passion for shooting and for hunting, and, when this failed, for riding across country, I got into a sporting set, including some dissipated, low-minded young men. We used often to dine together in the evening, though these dinners often included men of a higher stamp, and we sometimes drank too much, with jolly singing and playing at cards afterward. I know that I ought to feel ashamed of days and evenings thus spent, but as some of my friends were very pleasant, and we were all in the highest spirits, I cannot help looking back to these times with much pleasure.

But I am glad to think that I had many other friends of a widely different nature. I was very intimate with Whitley,* who was afterward Senior Wrangler, and we used continually to take long walks together. He inoculated me with a taste for pictures and good engravings, of which I bought some. I frequently went to the Fitz-

*Rev. C. Whitley, Hon. Canon of Durham, formerly Reader in Natural Philosophy in Durham University.

william Gallery, and my taste must have been fairly good, for I certainly admired the best pictures, which I discussed with the old curator. I read also with much interest Sir Joshua Reynolds' book. This taste, though not natural
5 to me, lasted for several years, and many of the pictures in the National Gallery in London gave me much pleasure; that of Sebastian del Piombo exciting in me a sense of sublimity.

I also got into a musical set, I believe by means of my
10 warm-hearted friend, Herbert,* who took a high wrangler's degree. From associating with these men, and hearing them play, I acquired a strong taste for music, and used very often to time my walks so as to hear on week days the anthem in King's College Chapel. This gave me intense
15 pleasure, so that my backbone would sometimes shiver. I am sure that there was no affectation or mere imitation in this taste, for I used generally to go by myself to King's College, and I sometimes hired the chorister boys to sing in my rooms. Nevertheless I am so utterly destitute of
20 ear, that I cannot perceive a discord, or keep time and hum a tune correctly; and it is a mystery how I could possibly have derived pleasure from music.†

I have now mentioned all the books which I have published, and these have been the milestones in my life, so
25 that little remains to be said. I am not conscious of any change in my mind during the last thirty years, excepting in one point presently to be mentioned; nor, indeed, could any change have been expected unless one of general deterioration. But my father lived to his eighty-third
30 year with his mind as lively as ever it was, and all his

*The late John Maurice Herbert, County Court Judge of Cardiff and the Monmouth Circuit.

†The middle period of Darwin's life has been omitted, for lack of space. [Editor.]

faculties undimmed; and I hope that I may die before my mind fails to a sensible extent. I think that I have become a little more skillful in guessing right explanations and in devising experimental tests; but this may probably be the result of mere practice, and of a larger store of knowledge. I have as much difficulty as ever in expressing myself clearly and concisely; and this difficulty has caused me a great loss of time; but it has had the compensating advantage of forcing me to think long and intently about every sentence, and thus I have been led to see errors in reasoning and in my own observations or those of others.

There seems to be a sort of fatality in my mind leading me to put at first my statement or proposition in a wrong or awkward form. Formerly I used to think about my sentences before writing them down; but for several years I have found that it saves time to scribble in a vile hand whole pages as quickly as I possibly can, contracting half the words; and then correct deliberately. Sentences thus scribbled down are often better ones than I could have written deliberately.

Having said thus much about my manner of writing, I will add that with my large books I spent a good deal of time over the general arrangement of the matter. I first made the rudest outline in two or three pages, and then a larger one in several pages, a few words or one word standing for a whole discussion or series of facts. Each one of these headings is again enlarged and often transferred before I begin to write *in extenso*. As, in several of my books, facts observed by others have been very extensively used, and as I have always had several quite distinct subjects in hand at the same time, I may mention that I keep from thirty to forty large portfolios, in cabinets with labelled shelves, into which I can at once put a detached

reference or memorandum. I have bought many books, and at their ends I make an index of all the facts that concern my work: or, if the book is not my own, write out a separate abstract, and of such abstracts I have a large
5 drawer full. Before beginning on any subject I look to all the short indexes and make a general and classified index, and by taking the one or more proper portfolios I have all the information collected during my life ready for use.

I have said that in one respect my mind has changed
10 during the last twenty or thirty years. Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, gave me great pleasure, and even as a school-boy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in
15 the historical plays. I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I
20 have also lost my taste for pictures or music. Music generally sets me thinking too energetically on what I have been at work on, instead of giving me pleasure. I retain some taste for fine scenery, but it does not cause me the exquisite delight which it formerly did. On the other
25 hand, novels which are works of the imagination, though not of a very high order, have been for years a wonderful relief and pleasure to me, and I often bless all novelists. A surprising number have been read aloud to me, and I like all if moderately good, and if they do not end unhappily—against which a law ought to be passed. A novel,
30 according to my taste, does not come into the first class unless it contains some person whom one can thoroughly love, and if a pretty woman all the better.

This curious and lamentable loss of the higher esthetic

tastes is all the odder, as books on history, biographies, and travels (independently of any scientific facts which they may contain), and essays on all sorts of subjects interest me as much as ever they did. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organized or better constituted than mine, would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.

My books have sold largely in England, have been translated into many languages, and passed through several editions in foreign countries. I have heard it said that the success of a work abroad is the best test of its enduring value. I doubt whether this is at all trustworthy; but judged by this standard my name ought to last for a few years. Therefore it may be worth while to try to analyze the mental qualities and the conditions on which my success has depended; though I am aware that no man can do this correctly.

I have no great quickness of apprehension or wit which is so remarkable in some clever men, for instance, Huxley. I am therefore a poor critic: a paper or book, when first read, generally excites my admiration, and it is only after considerable reflection that I perceive the weak points. My power to follow a long and purely abstract train of

thought is very limited; and therefore I could never have succeeded with metaphysics or mathematics. My memory is extensive, yet hazy: it suffices to make me cautious by vaguely telling me that I have observed or read something
5 opposed to the conclusion which I am drawing, or on the other hand in favor of it; and after a time I can generally recollect where to search for my authority. So poor in one sense is my memory, that I have never been able to remember for more than a few days a single date or line
10 of poetry.

Some of my critics have said, "Oh, he is a good observer, but he has no power of reasoning!" I do not think that this can be true, for the *Origin of Species* is one long argument from the beginning to the end, and it has con-
15 vinced not a few able men. No one could have written it without having some power of reasoning. I have a fair share of invention, and of common sense or judgment, such as every fairly successful lawyer or doctor must have, but not, I believe, in any higher degree.

20 On the favorable side of the balance, I think that I am superior to the common run of men in noticing things which easily escape attention, and in observing them carefully. My industry has been nearly as great as it could have been in the observation and collection of facts. What is far
25 more important, my love of natural science has been steady and ardent.

This pure love has, however, been much aided by the ambition to be esteemed by my fellow naturalists. From my early youth I have had the strongest desire to under-
30 stand or explain whatever I observed,—that is, to group all facts under some general laws. These causes combined have given me the patience to reflect or ponder for any number of years over an unexplained problem. As far as I can judge, I am not apt to follow blindly the lead

of other men. I have steadily endeavored to keep my mind free so as to give up any hypothesis, however much beloved, (and I cannot resist forming one on every subject), as soon as facts are shown to be opposed to it. Indeed, I have had no choice but to act in this manner, for with the exception of the Coral Reefs, I cannot remember a single first-formed hypothesis which had not after a time to be given up or greatly modified. This has naturally led me to distrust greatly deductive reasoning in the mixed sciences. On the other hand, I am not very sceptical,—a frame of mind which I believe to be injurious to the progress of science. A good deal of scepticism in a scientific man is advisable to avoid much loss of time, for I have met with not a few men, who, I feel sure, have often thus been deterred from experiment or observations, which would have proved directly or indirectly serviceable.

My habits are methodical, and this has been of not a little use for my particular line of work. Lastly, I have had ample leisure from not having to earn my own bread. Even ill-health, though it has annihilated several years of my life, has saved me from the distractions of society and amusement.

Therefore my success as a man of science, whatever this may have amounted to, has been determined, as far as I can judge, by complex and diversified mental qualities and conditions. Of these, the most important have been—the love of science—unbounded patience in long reflecting over any subject—industry in observing and collecting facts—and a fair share of invention as well as of common sense. With such moderate abilities as I possess, it is truly surprising that I should have influenced to a considerable extent the belief of scientific men on some important points.

SUGGESTIONS: The striking characteristic of this narrative is its extraordinary simplicity and modesty. What do you think of Darwin's opinion of his own style? What, of his statement: "I have taken no pains about my style of writing."

What is your general impression of the autobiography? What are the sources of this impression? What literary characteristic of the narrative should you wish particularly to imitate?

ADAPTED SUBJECT

Write your own autobiography.

A HOLIDAY*

KENNETH GRAHAME

THE masterful wind was up and out, shouting and chasing, the lord of the morning. Poplars swayed and tossed with a roaring swish; dead leaves sprang aloft, and whirled into space; and all the clear-swept heaven
5 seemed to thrill with sound like a great harp. It was one of the first awakenings of the year. The earth stretched herself, smiling in her sleep; and everything leapt and pulsed to the stir of the giant's movement. With us it was a whole holiday; the occasion a birthday—it matters not
10 whose. Some one of us had had presents, and pretty conventional speeches, and had glowed with that sense of heroism which is no less sweet that nothing has been done to deserve it. But the holiday was for all, the rapture of awakening Nature for all, the various out-door joys of
15 puddles and sun and hedge-breaking for all. Colt-like I ran through the meadows, frisking happy heels in the face of Nature laughing responsive. Above, the sky was bluest of the blue; wide pools left by the winter's floods flashed

*From *The Golden Age*, John Lane Company. 1897. Selected.

the color back, true and brilliant; and the soft air thrilled with the germinating touch that seemed to kindle something in my own small person as well as in the rash primrose already lurking in sheltered haunts. Out into the brimming sun-bathed world I sped, free of lessons, free 5 of discipline and correction, for one day at least. My legs ran of themselves, and though I heard my name called faint and shrill behind, there was no stopping for me. It was only Harold, I concluded, and his legs, though shorter than mine, were good for a longer spurt than this. Then 10 I heard it called again, but this time more faintly, with a pathetic break in the middle; and I pulled up short, recognizing Charlotte's plaintive note.

She panted up anon, and dropped on the turf beside me. Neither had any desire for talk; the glow and the 15 glory of existing on this perfect morning were satisfaction full and sufficient.

"Where's Harold?" I asked presently.

"Oh, he's just playin' muffin-man, as usual," said Charlotte with petulance. "Fancy wanting to be a muf- 20 fin-man on a whole holiday!"

It was a strange craze, certainly; but Harold, who invented his own games and played them without assistance, always stuck staunchly to a new fad, till he had worn it quite out. Just at present he was a muffin-man, and day 25 and night he went through passages and up and down staircases, ringing a noiseless bell and offering phantom muffins to invisible wayfarers. It sounds a poor sort of sport; and yet—to pass along busy streets of your own building, for ever ringing an imaginary bell and offering 30 airy muffins of your own make to a bustling thronging crowd of your own creation—there were points about the game, it cannot be denied, though it seemed scarce in harmony with this radiant wind-swept morning!

"And Edward, where is he?" I questioned again.

"He's coming along by the road," said Charlotte.

"He'll be crouching in the ditch when we get there, and he's going to be a grizzly bear and spring out on us, only
5 you mustn't say I told you, 'cos it's to be a surprise."

"All right," I said magnanimously. "Come on and let's be surprised." But I could not help feeling that on this day of days even a grizzly felt misplaced and common.

Sure enough an undeniable bear sprang out on us as we
10 dropped into the road; then ensued shrieks, growlings, revolver-shots, and unrecorded heroisms, till Edward condescended at last to roll over and die, bulking large and grim, an unmitigated grizzly. It was an understood thing, that whoever took upon himself to be a bear must eventual-
15 ly die, sooner or later, even if he were the eldest born; else, life would have been all strife and carnage, and the Age of Acorns have displaced our hard-won civilization. This little affair concluded with satisfaction to all parties concerned, we rambled along the road, picking up the defaulting
20 Harold by the way, muffinless now and in his right and social mind.

"What would you do?" asked Charlotte presently,—the book of the moment always dominating her thoughts until it was sucked dry and cast aside,—“what would you
25 do if you saw two lions in the road, one on each side, and you didn't know if they was loose or if they was chained up?”

"Do?" shouted Edward, valiantly, "I should—I should—I should—" His boastful accents died away into a
30 mumble: "Dunno what I should do."

"Shouldn't do anything," I observed after consideration; and really it would be difficult to arrive at a wiser conclusion.

"If it came to *doing*," remarked Harold, reflectively,

"the lions would do all the doing there was to do, wouldn't they?"

"But if they was *good* lions," rejoined Charlotte, "they would do as they would be done by."

"Ah, but how are you to know a good lion from a bad one?" said Edward. "The books don't tell you at all, and the lions ain't marked any different."

"Why, there aren't any good lions," said Harold, hastily.

"Oh, yes, there are, heaps and heaps," contradicted Edward. "Nearly all the lions in the story-books are good lions. There was Androcles' lion, and St. Jerome's lion, and—and—the Lion and the Unicorn——"

"He beat the Unicorn," observed Harold, dubiously, "all round the town."

"That *proves* he was a good lion," cried Edward, triumphantly. "But the question is, how are you to tell 'em when you see 'em?"

"I should ask Martha," said Harold of the simple creed.

Edward snorted contemptuously, then turned to Charlotte. "Look here," he said; "let's play at lions, anyhow, and I'll run on to that corner and be a lion,—I'll be two lions, one on each side of the road,—and you'll come along, and you won't know whether I'm chained up or not, and that'll be the fun!"

"No, thank you," said Charlotte, firmly; "you'll be chained up till I'm quite close to you, and then you'll be loose, and you'll tear me in pieces, and make my frock all dirty, and p'raps you'll hurt me as well. I know your lions!"

"No, I won't; I swear I won't," protested Edward. "I'll be quite a new lion this time,—something you can't even imagine." And he raced off to his post. Charlotte hesitated; then she went timidly on, at each step growing less Charlotte, the mummer of a minute, and more the

anxious Pilgrim of all time. The lion's wrath waxed terrible at her approach; his roaring filled the startled air. I waited until they were both thoroughly absorbed, and then I slipped through the hedge out of the trodden highway, 5 into the vacant meadow spaces. It was not that I was unsociable, nor that I knew Edward's lions to the point of satiety; but the passion and the call of the divine morning were high in my blood. Earth to earth! That was the frank note, the joyous summons of the day; and they could 10 not but jar and seem artificial, these human discussions and pretences, when boon Nature, reticent no more, was singing that full-throated song of hers that thrills and claims control of every fibre.

All the time the hearty wind was calling to me companionably from where he swung and bellowed in the tree-tops. "Take me for guide to-day," he seemed to plead.

. So we sheered off together, so to speak; and with fullest confidence I took the jiggling, thwartwise course my chainless pilot laid for me.

20 A whimsical comrade I found him, ere he had done with me. Was it in jest, or with some serious purpose of his own, that he brought me plump upon a pair of lovers, silent, face to face o'er a discreet unwinking stile? As a rule this sort of thing struck me as the most pitiful tom-foolery. 25 Two calves rubbing noses through a gate were natural and right and within the order of things; but that human beings, with salient interests and active pursuits beckoning them on from every side, could thus—! Well, it was a thing to hurry past, shamed of face, and think on 30 no more. But this morning everything I met seemed to be accounted for and set in tune by that same magical touch in the air; and it was with a certain surprise that I found myself regarding these fatuous ones with kindliness

instead of contempt, as I rambled by, unheeded of them. There was indeed some reconciling influence abroad, which could bring the like antics into harmony with bud and growth and the frolic air.

He was tugging at me anew, my insistent guide; and I 5
felt sure, as I rambled off in his wake, that he had more holiday matter to show me. And so, indeed, he had; and all of it was to the same lawless tune. Like a black pirate flag on the blue ocean of air, a hawk hung ominous; then, plummet-wise, dropped to the hedgerow, whence there 10
rose, thin and shrill, a piteous voice of squealing. By the time I got there a whisk of feathers on the turf—like scattered playbills—was all that remained to tell of the tragedy just enacted. Yet Nature smiled and sang on, pitiless, gay, impartial. To her, who took no sides, there 15
was every bit as much to be said for the hawk as for the chaffinch. Both were her children, and she would show no preferences.

My invisible companion was singing also, and seemed at times to be chuckling softly to himself, doubtless at thought 20
of the strange new lessons he was teaching me; perhaps, too, at a special bit of waggishness he had still in store. For when at last he grew weary of such insignificant earth-bound company, he deserted me at a certain spot I knew; then dropped, subsided, and slunk away into 25
nothingness. I raised my eyes, and before me, grim and lichened, stood the ancient whipping-post of the village; its sides fretted with the initials of a generation that scorned its mute lesson, but still clipped by the stout rusty shackles that had tethered the wrists of such of that 30
generation's ancestors as had dared to mock at order and law. Had I been an infant Sterne, here was a grand

chance for sentimental output! As things were, I could only hurry homeward, my moral tail well between my legs, with an uneasy feeling, as I glanced back over my shoulder, that there was more in this chance than met the eye.

And outside our gate I found Charlotte, alone and crying. Edward, it seemed, had persuaded her to hide, in the full expectation of being duly found and ecstatically pounced upon; then he had caught sight of the butcher's cart, and, forgetting his obligations, had rushed off for a ride. Harold, it further appeared, greatly coveting tadpoles, and top-heavy with the eagerness of possession, had fallen into the pond. This, in itself, was nothing; but on attempting to sneak in by the back door, he had rendered up his duckweed-bedabbled person into the hands of an aunt, and had been promptly sent off to bed; and this, on a holiday, was very much. The moral of the whipping-post was working itself out; and I was not in the least surprised when, on reaching home, I was seized upon and accused of doing something I had never even thought of. And my frame of mind was such, that I could only wish most heartily that I had done it.

DOBBIN OF OURS*

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

CUFF'S fight with Dobbin, and the unexpected issue of that contest, will long be remembered by every man who was educated at Dr. Swishtail's famous school. The latter youth (who used to be called Heigh-ho Dobbin,

*From *Vanity Fair*, Chapter v.

Gee-ho Dobbin, and by many other names indicative of puerile contempt) was the quietest, the clumsiest, and, as it seemed, the dullest of all Dr. Swishtail's young gentlemen. His parent was a grocer in the City: and it was bruited abroad that he was admitted into Dr. Swishtail's academy upon what are called "mutual principles"—that is to say, the expenses of his board and schooling were defrayed by his father in goods, not money; and he stood there—almost at the bottom of the school—in his scraggy corduroys and jacket, through the seams of which his great big bones were bursting—as the representative of so many pounds of tea, candles, sugar, mottled-soap, plums (of which a very mild proportion was supplied for the puddings of the establishment), and other commodities. A dreadful day it was for young Dobbin when one of the youngsters of the school, having run into the town upon a poaching excursion for hardbake and polonies, espied the cart of Dobbin and Rudge, Grocers and Oilmen, Thames Street, London, at the Doctor's door, discharging a cargo of the wares in which the firm dealt.

Young Dobbin had no peace after that. The jokes were frightful, and merciless against him. "Hullo, Dobbin," one wag would say, "here's good news in the paper. Sugar is ris', my boy." Another would set a sum—"If a pound of mutton-candles cost sevenpence-halfpenny, how much must Dobbin cost?" and a roar would follow from all the circle of young knaves, usher and all, who rightly considered that the selling of goods by retail is a shameful and infamous practice, meriting the contempt and scorn of all real gentlemen.

"Your father's only a merchant, Osborne," Dobbin said in private to the little boy who had brought down the storm upon him. At which the latter replied haughtily, "My father's a gentleman, and keeps his carriage;" and

Mr. William Dobbin retreated to a remote outhouse in the playground, where he passed a half-holiday in the bitterest sadness and woe. Who among us is there that does not recollect similar hours of bitter, bitter childish grief? Who feels injustice; who shrinks before a slight; who has a sense of wrong so acute, and so glowing a gratitude for kindness, as a generous boy? and how many of those gentle souls do you degrade, estrange, torture, for the sake of a little loose arithmetic, and miserable dog-Latin.

Now William Dobbin, from an incapacity to acquire the rudiments of the above language, as they are propounded in that wonderful book, the Eton Latin Grammar, was compelled to remain among the very last of Dr. Swishtail's scholars, and was "taken down" continually by little fellows with pink faces and pinafores when he marched up with the lower form, a giant among them, with down-cast, stupefied look, his dog's-eared primer, and his tight corduroys. High and low, all made fun of him. They sewed up those corduroys, tight as they were. They cut his bed-strings. They upset buckets and benches, so that he might break his shins over them, which he never failed to do. They sent him parcels, which, when opened, were found to contain the paternal soap and candles. There was no little fellow but had his jeer and joke at Dobbin; and he bore everything quite patiently, and was entirely dumb and miserable.

Cuff, on the contrary, was the great chief and dandy of the Swishtail Seminary. He smuggled wine in. He fought the town-boys. Ponies used to come for him to ride home on Saturdays. He had his top-boots in his room, in which he used to hunt in the holidays. He had a gold repeater: and took snuff like the Doctor. He had been to the opera, and knew the merits of the principal actors, preferring Mr. Kean to Mr. Kemble. He could

knock you off forty Latin verses in an hour. He could make French poetry. What else didn't he know, or couldn't he do? They said even the Doctor himself was afraid of him.

Cuff, the unquestioned king of the school, ruled over his subjects, and bullied them, with splendid superiority. This one blacked his shoes: that toasted his bread, others would fag out, and give him balls at cricket during whole summer afternoons. "Figs" was the fellow whom he despised most, and with whom, though always abusing him, and sneering at him, he scarcely ever condescended to hold personal communication.

One day in private, the two young gentlemen had had a difference. Figs, alone in the schoolroom, was blundering over a home letter; when Cuff, entering, bade him go upon some message, of which tarts were probably the subject.

"I can't," says Dobbin; "I want to finish my letter."

"You *can't*!" says Mr. Cuff, laying hold of that document (in which many words were scratched out, many were misspelt, on which had been spent I don't know how much thought, and labor, and tears; for the poor fellow was writing to his mother, who was fond of him, although she was a grocer's wife, and lived in a back parlor in Thames Street). "You *can't*," says Mr. Cuff: "I should like to know why, pray? Can't you write to old Mother Figs to-morrow?"

"Don't call names," Dobbin said, getting off the bench very nervous.

"Well, sir, will you go?" crowed the cock of the school.

"Put down the letter," Dobbin replied; "no gentleman readth letterth."

"Well, *now* will you go?" says the other.

"No, I won't. Don't strike, or I'll *thmash* you," roars out Dobbin, springing to a leaden inkstand, and looking so

wicked, that Mr. Cuff paused, turned down his coat sleeves again, put his hands into his pockets, and walked away with a sneer. But he never meddled personally with the grocer's boy after that; though we must do him
5 the justice to say he always spoke of Mr. Dobbin with contempt behind his back.

Some time after this interview, it happened that Mr. Cuff, on a sunshiny afternoon, was in the neighborhood of poor William Dobbin, who was lying under a tree in
10 the playground, spelling over a favorite copy of the *Arabian Nights* which he had—apart from the rest of the school, who were pursuing their various sports—quite lonely, and almost happy. If people would but leave children to themselves; if teachers would cease to bully them; if
15 parents would not insist upon directing their thoughts, and dominating their feelings—those feelings and thoughts which are a mystery to all (for how much do you and I know of each other, of our children, of our fathers, of our neighbor, and how far more beautiful and sacred are the
20 thoughts of the poor lad or girl whom you govern likely to be, than those of the dull and world-corrupted person who rules him?)—if, I say, parents and masters would leave their children alone a little more,—small harm would accrue, although a less quantity of *as in præsenti* might be
25 acquired.

Well, William Dobbin had for once forgotten the world, and was away with Sindbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds, or with Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peribanou in that delightful cavern where the Prince found her, and
30 whither we should all like to make a tour; when shrill cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke up his pleasant reverie; and looking up, he saw Cuff before him, belaboring a little boy.

It was the lad who had peached upon him about the

grocer's cart; but he bore little malice, not at least toward the young and small. "How dare you, sir, break the bottle?" says Cuff to the little urchin, swinging a yellow cricket-stump over him.

The boy had been instructed to get over the playground wall (at a selected spot where the broken glass had been removed from the top, and niches made convenient in the brick); to run a quarter of a mile; to purchase a pint of rumshrub on credit; to brave all the Doctor's outlying spies, and to clamber back into the playground again; during the performance of which feat, his foot had slipped, and the bottle was broken, and the shrub had been spilt, and his pantaloons had been damaged, and he appeared before his employer a perfectly guilty and trembling, though harmless, wretch.

"How dare you, sir, break it?" says Cuff; "you blundering little thief. You drank the shrub, and now pretend to have broken the bottle. Hold out your hand, sir."

Down came the stump with a great heavy thump on the child's hand. A moan followed. Dobbin looked up. The Fairy Peribanou had fled into the inmost cavern with Prince Ahmed: the Roc had whisked away Sindbad the Sailor out of the Valley of Diamonds out of sight, far into the clouds: and there was everyday life before honest William; and a big boy beating a little one without cause.

"Hold out your other hand, sir," roars Cuff to his little school-fellow, whose face was distorted with pain. Dobbin quivered, and gathered himself up in his narrow old clothes.

"Take that, you little devil!" cried Mr. Cuff, and down came the wicket again on the child's hand.—Don't be horrified, ladies, every boy at a public school has done it. Your children will so do and be done by, in all probability. —Down came the wicket again; and Dobbin started up.

I can't tell what his motive was. Torture in a public school is as much licensed as the knout in Russia. It would be ungentlemanlike (in a manner) to resist it. Perhaps Dobbin's foolish soul revolted against that exercise of tyranny; or perhaps he had a hankering feeling of revenge in his mind, and longed to measure himself against that splendid bully and tyrant, who had all the glory, pride, pomp, circumstance, banners flying, drums beating, guards saluting, in the place. Whatever may have been his incentive, however, up he sprang, and screamed out, "Hold off, Cuff; don't bully that child any more; or I'll——"

"Or you'll what?" Cuff asked in amazement at this interruption. "Hold out your hand, you little beast."

"I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life," Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff's sentence; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder and incredulity at seeing this amazing champion put up suddenly to defend him: while Cuff's astonishment was scarcely less. Fancy our late monarch George III when he heard of the revolt of the North American colonies: fancy brazen Goliath when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting; and you have the feelings of Mr. Reginald Cuff when this rencontre was proposed to him.

"After school," says he, of course; after a pause and a look, as much as to say, "Make your will, and communicate your last wishes to your friends between this time and that."

"As you please," Dobbin said. "You must be my bottle-holder, Osborne."

"Well, if you like," little Osborne replied; for you see his papa kept a carriage, and he was rather ashamed of his champion.

Yes, when the hour of battle came, he was almost ashamed to say, "Go it, Figs;" and not a single other boy in the place uttered that cry for the first two or three rounds of this famous combat, at the commencement of which the scientific Cuff, with a contemptuous smile on his face, and as light and as gay as if he was at a ball, planted his blows upon his adversary, and floored that unlucky champion three times running. At each fall there was a cheer; and everybody was anxious to have the honor of offering the conqueror a knee.

"What a licking I shall get when it's over," young Osborne thought, picking up his man. "You'd best give in," he said to Dobbin; "it's only a thrashing, Figs, and you know I'm used to it." But Figs, all whose limbs were in a quiver, and whose nostrils were breathing rage, put his little bottle-holder aside, and went in for a fourth time.

As he did not in the least know how to parry the blows that were aimed at himself, and Cuff had begun the attack on the three preceding occasions, without ever allowing his enemy to strike, Figs now determined that he would commence the engagement by a charge on his own part; and accordingly, being a left-handed man, brought that arm into action, and hit out a couple of times with all his might—once at Mr. Cuff's left eye, and once on his beautiful Roman nose.

Cuff went down this time, to the astonishment of the assembly. "Well hit, by Jove," says little Osborne, with the air of a connoisseur, clapping his man on the back. "Give it him with the left, Figs, my boy."

Figs' left made terrific play during all the rest of the combat. Cuff went down every time. At the sixth round, there were almost as many fellows shouting out, "Go it, Figs," as there were youths exclaiming, "Go it, Cuff." At the twelfth round the latter champion was all abroad,

as the saying is, and had lost all presence of mind and power of attack or defence. Figs, on the contrary, was as calm as a Quaker. His face being quite pale, his eyes shining open, and a great cut on his under lip bleeding profusely, 5 gave this young fellow a fierce and ghastly air, which perhaps struck terror into many spectators. Nevertheless, his intrepid adversary prepared to close for the thirteenth time.

If I had the pen of a Napier, or a Bell's Life, I should 10 like to describe this combat properly. It was the last charge of the Guard—(that is, it *would* have been, only Waterloo had not yet taken place)—it was Ney's column breasting the hill of La Haye Sainte, bristling with ten thousand bayonets, and crowned with twenty eagles,—it 15 was the shout of the beef-eating British, as leaping down the hill they rushed to hug the enemy in the savage arms of battle,—in other words, Cuff coming up full of pluck, but quite reeling and groggy, the Fig-merchant put in his left as usual on his adversary's nose, and sent him down 20 for the last time.

"I think *that* will do for him," Figs said, as his opponent dropped as neatly on the green as I have seen Jack Spot's ball plump into the pocket at billiards; and the fact is, when time was called, Mr. Reginald Cuff was not able, or 25 did not choose, to stand up again.

And now all the boys set up such a shout for Figs as would have made you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle; and as absolutely brought Dr. Swishtail out of his study, curious to know the 30 cause of the uproar. He threatened to flog Figs violently, of course; but Cuff, who had come to himself by this time, and was washing his wounds, stood up and said, "It's my fault, sir—not Figs's—not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy; and he served me right." By which mag-

nanimous speech he not only saved his conqueror a whipping, but got back all his ascendancy over the boys which his defeat had nearly cost him.

Young Osborne wrote home to his parents an account of the transaction.

5

“Sugarcane House, Richmond, March 18th.

“Dear Mama,—I hope you are quite well. I should be much obliged to you to send me a cake and five shillings. There has been a fight here between Cuff & Dobbin. Cuff, you know, was the Cock of the School. They fought thirteen rounds, and Dobbin 1
Licked. So Cuff is now Only Second Cock. The fight was about me. Cuff was licking me for breaking a bottle of milk, and Figs wouldn’t stand it. We call him Figs because his father is a Grocer—Figs & Rudge, Thames St., City—I think as he fought for me you ought to buy your Tea & Sugar at his 15
father’s. Cuff goes home every Saturday, but can’t this, because he has 2 Black Eyes. He has a white Pony to come and fetch him, and a groom in livery on a bay mare. I wish my Papa would let me have a Pony, and I am

Your dutiful Son,

20

“GEORGE SEDLEY OSBORNE.

“P. S.—Give my love to little Emmy. I am cutting her out a Coach in cardboard. Please not a seed-cake, but a plum-cake.”

In consequence of Dobbin’s victory, his character rose prodigiously in the estimation of all his schoolfellows, and 25
the name of Figs, which had been a byword of reproach, became as respectable and popular a nickname as any other in use in the school. “After all, it’s not his fault that his father’s a grocer,” George Osborne said, who, though a little chap, had a very high popularity among the 30
Swishtail youth; and his opinion was received with great applause. It was voted low to sneer at Dobbin about this accident of birth. “Old Figs” grew to be a name of

kindness and endearment; and the sneak of an usher jeered at him no longer.

And Dobbin's spirit rose with his altered circumstances. He made wonderful advances in scholastic learning. The
5 superb Cuff himself, at whose condescension Dobbin could only blush and wonder, helped him on with his Latin verses; "coached" him in play-hours: carried him triumphantly out of the little-boy class into the middle-sized form; and even there got a fair place for him. It was
10 discovered, that although dull at classical learning, at mathematics he was uncommonly quick. To the contentment of all he passed third in algebra, and got a French prize-book at the public Midsummer examination. You should have seen his mother's face when *Télémaque* (that
15 delicious romance) was presented to him by the Doctor in the face of the whole school and the parents and company, with an inscription to Gulielmo Dobbin. All the boys clapped hands in token of applause and sympathy. His blushes, his stumbles, his awkwardness, and the
20 number of feet which he crushed as he went back to his place, who shall describe or calculate? Old Dobbin, his father, who now respected him for the first time, gave him two guineas publicly; most of which he spent in a general tuckout for the school: and he came back in a
25 tail-coat after the holidays.

Dobbin was much too modest a young fellow to suppose that this happy change in all his circumstances arose from his own generous and manly disposition: he chose, from some perverseness, to attribute his good fortune to the sole
30 agency and benevolence of little George Osborne, to whom henceforth he vowed such a love and affection as is only felt by children—such an affection, as we read in the charming fairy-book, uncouth Orson had for splendid young Valentine his conqueror. He flung himself down

at little Osborne's feet and loved him. Even before they were acquainted, he had admired Osborne in secret. Now he was his valet, his dog, his man Friday. He believed Osborne to be the possessor of every perfection, to be the handsomest, the bravest, the most active, the 5 cleverest, the most generous of created boys. He shared his money with him: bought him uncountable presents of knives, pencil-cases, gold seals, toffee, Little Warblers, and romantic books, with large colored pictures of knights and robbers, in many of which latter you might read inscriptions 10 to George Sedley Osborne, Esquire, from his attached friend William Dobbin—the which tokens of homage George received very graciously, as became his superior merit.

THE EGYPTIANS*

GEORGE BORROW

ONE day it happened that, being on my rambles, I 15 entered a green lane which I had never seen before; at first it was rather narrow, but as I advanced it became considerably wider; in the middle was a driftway with deep ruts, but right and left was a space carpeted with a sward of trefoil and clover; there was no lack of trees, 20 chiefly ancient oaks, which, flinging out their arms from either side, nearly formed a canopy, and afforded a pleasing shelter from the rays of the sun, which was burning fiercely above. Suddenly a group of objects attracted my attention. Beneath one of the largest of the trees, upon the 25 grass, was a kind of low tent or booth, from the top of

*From *Lavengro*, Chapter v, G. P. Putman's Sons, 1900.

• which a thin smoke was curling; beside it stood a couple of light carts, while two or three lean horses or ponies were cropping the herbage, which was growing nigh. Wondering to whom this odd tent could belong, I advanced till I
5 was close before it, when I found that it consisted of two tilts, like those of wagons, placed upon the ground and fronting each other, connected behind by a sail or large piece of canvas, which was but partially drawn across the top; upon the ground, in the intervening space, was a fire,
10 over which, supported by a kind of iron crowbar, hung a caldron. My advance had been so noiseless as not to alarm the inmates, who consisted of a man and woman, who sat apart, one on each side of the fire; they were both busily employed—the man was carding plaited straw
15 while the woman seemed to be rubbing something with a white powder, some of which lay on a plate beside her. Suddenly the man looked up, and, perceiving me, uttered a strange kind of cry, and the next moment both the woman and himself were on their feet and rushing upon me.
20 I retreated a few steps, yet without turning to flee. I was not, however, without apprehension, which, indeed, the appearance of these two people was well calculated to inspire. The woman was a stout figure, seemingly between thirty and forty; she wore no cap, and her long hair
25 fell on either side of her head like horse-tails, half-way down her waist; her skin was dark and swarthy, like that of a toad, and the expression of her countenance was particularly evil; her arms were bare, and her bosom was but half concealed by a slight bodice, below which she
30 wore a coarse petticoat, her only other article of dress. The man was somewhat younger, but of figure equally wild; his frame was long and lathy, but his arms were remarkably short, his neck was rather bent, he squinted slightly, and his mouth was much awry; his complexion

was dark, but, unlike that of the woman, was more ruddy than livid; there was a deep scar on his cheek, something like the impression of a halfpenny. The dress was quite in keeping with the figure: in his hat, which was slightly peaked, was stuck a peacock's feather; over a waistcoat of 5 hide, untanned and with the hair upon it, he wore a rough jerkin of russet hue; smallclothes of leather, which had probably once belonged to a soldier, but with which pipe-clay did not seem to have come in contact for many a year, protected his lower man as far as the knee; his legs were 10 cased in long stockings of blue worsted, and on his shoes he wore immense old-fashioned buckles.

Such were the two beings who now came rushing upon me; the man was rather in advance, brandishing a ladle in his hand. 15

"So I have caught you at last," said he; "I'll teach ye, you young highwayman, to come skulking about my properties!"

Young as I was, I remarked that his manner of speaking was different from that of any people with whom I had been 20 in the habit of associating. It was quite as strange as his appearance, and yet it nothing resembled the foreign English which I had been in the habit of hearing through the palisades of the prison; he could scarcely be a foreigner. 25

"Your properties!" said I; "I am in the King's Lane. Why did you put them there, if you did not wish them to be seen?"

"On the spy," said the woman, "hey? I'll drown him in the sludge in the toad-pond over the hedge." 30

"So we will," said the man, "drown him anon in the mud!"

"Drown me, will you?" said I; "I should like to see you! What's all this about? Was it because I saw you

with your hands full of straw plait, and my mother there—”

“Yes,” said the woman; “what was I about?”

MYSELF: How should I know? Making bad money, perhaps!

And it will be as well here to observe, that at this time there was much bad money in circulation in the neighborhood, generally supposed to be fabricated by the prisoners, so that this false coin and straw plait formed the standard subjects of conversation at Norman Cross.

10 “I’ll strangle thee,” said the beldame, dashing at me. “Bad money, is it?”

“Leave him to me, wifelkin,” said the man, interposing; “you shall now see how I’ll baste him down the lane.”

15 MYSELF: I tell you what, my chap, you had better put down that thing of yours; my father lies concealed within my tepid breast, and if to me you offer any harm or wrong, I’ll call him forth to help me with his forked tongue.

MAN: What do you mean ye Bengui’s bantling? I never heard such discourse in all my life; playman’s speech or
20 Frenchman’s talk—which I wonder? Your father! tell the mumping villain that if he comes near my fire I’ll serve him out as I will you. Take that—Tiny Jesus! what have we got here? Oh, delicate Jesus! what is the matter with the child?

25 I had made a motion which the viper understood; and now, partly disengaging itself from my bosom, where it had lain perdu, it raised its head to a level with my face, and stared upon my enemy with its glittering eyes.*

The man stood like one transfixed, and the ladle with
30 which he had aimed a blow at me, now hung in the air like the hand which led it; his mouth was extended, and his cheeks became of a pale yellow, save alone that place which

*In a previous chapter of the book, Borrow tells how he had been taught, by an old half-witted man, to catch harmless snakes and carry them about with him. [Editor.]

bore the mark which I have already described, and this shone now portentously, like fire. He stood in this manner for some time; at last the ladle fell from his hand, and its falling appeared to arouse him from his stupor.

"I say, wifelkin," said he in a faltering tone, "did you 5
ever see the like of this here?"

But the woman had retreated to the tent, from the entrance of which her loathly face was now thrust, with an expression partly of terror and partly of curiosity. After gazing some time longer at the viper and myself, the man 10
stooped down and took up the ladle; then, as if somewhat more assured, he moved to the tent, where he entered into conversation with the beldame in a low voice. Of their discourse, though I could hear the greater part of it, I understood not a single word; and I wondered what it 15
could be, for I knew by the sound that it was not French. At last the man, in a somewhat louder tone, appeared to put a question to the woman, who nodded her head affirmatively, and in a moment or two produced a small stool, which she delivered to him. He placed it on the ground, 20
close to the door of the tent, first rubbing it with his sleeve, as if for the purpose of polishing its surface.

MAN: Now, my precious little gentleman, do sit down here by the poor people's tent; we wish to be civil in our slight way. Don't be angry, and say no; but look kindly 25
upon us, and satisfied, my precious little God Almighty.

WOMAN: Yes, my gorgeous angel, sit down by the poor bodies' fire, and eat a sweetmeat. We want to ask you a question or two; only first put that serpent away.

MYSELF: I can sit down, and bid the serpent go to sleep, 30
that's easy enough; but as for eating a sweetmeat, how can I do that? I have not got one, and where am I to get it?

WOMAN: Never fear, my tiny tawny, we can give you

one, such as you never ate, I dare say, however far you may have come from.

The serpent sunk into its usual resting-place, and I sat down on the stool. The woman opened a box, and
5 took out a strange little basket or hamper, not much larger than a man's fist, and formed of a delicate kind of matting. It was sewed at the top; but, ripping it open with a knife, she held it to me, and I saw to my surprise, that it contained candied fruits of a dark green hue, tempt-
10 ing enough to one of my age. "There, my tiny," said she; "taste, and tell me how you like them."

"Very much," said I; "where did you get them?"

The beldame leered upon me for a moment, then, nodding her head thrice, with a knowing look, said: "Who
15 knows better than yourself, my tawny?"

Now I knew nothing about the matter; but I saw that these strange people had conceived a very high opinion of the abilities of their visitor, which I was nothing loath to encourage. I therefore answered boldly, "Ah! who in-
20 deed!"

"Certainly," said the man; "who should know better than yourself, or who so well? And now my tiny one, let me ask you one thing—you didn't come to do us any harm?"

25 "No," said I, "I had no dislike to you; though, if you were to meddle with me——"

MAN: Of course, my gorgeous, of course you would; and quite right too. Meddle with you!—what right have we? I should say it would not be quite safe. I see how it is;
30 you are one of them there;—and he bent his head toward his left shoulder.

MYSELF: Yes, I am one of them,—for I thought he was alluding to the soldiers,—you had best mind what you are about, I can tell you.

MAN: Don't doubt we will for our own sake; Lord bless you, wifelkin, only think that we should see one of them there when we least thought about it. Well I have heard of such things, though I never thought to see one; however, seeing is believing. Well! now you are come, 5 and are not going to do us any mischief, I hope you will stay; you can do us plenty of good if you will.

MYSELF: What good can I do you?

MAN: What good? plenty! Would you not bring us luck? I have heard say, that one of them there always 10 does, if it will but settle down. Stay with us, you shall have a tilted cart all to yourself if you like. We'll make you our little God Almighty, and say our prayers to you every morning!

MYSELF: That would be nice; and if you were to give 15 me plenty of these things I should have no objection. But what would my father say? I think he would hardly let me.

MAN: Why not? he would be with you; and kindly would we treat him. Indeed, without your father you 20 would be nothing at all.

MYSELF: That's true; but I do not think he could be spared from his regiment. I have heard him say that they could do nothing without him.

MAN: His regiment! What are you talking about?— 25 what does the child mean?

MYSELF: What do I mean! why, that my father is an officer-man at the barracks yonder, keeping guard over the French prisoners.

MAN: Oh! then that sap is not your father? 30

MYSELF: What, the snake? Why, no! Did you think he was?

MAN: To be sure we did. Didn't you tell me so?

MYSELF: Why, yes; but who would have thought you

would have believed it? It is a tame one. I hunt vipers and tame them.

MAN: O—h!

“O—h!” grunted the woman, “that’s it, is it?”

5 The man and woman, who during this conversation had resumed their former positions within the tent, looked at each other with a queer look of surprise, as if somewhat disconcerted at what they now heard. They then entered into discourse with each other in the same strange tongue
10 which had already puzzled me. At length the man looked me in the face, and said, somewhat hesitatingly, “So you are not one of them there, after all?”

MYSELF: One of them there? I don’t know what you mean.

15 MAN: Why, we have been thinking you were a goblin—a devilkin! However I see how it is: you are a sap-engro, a chap who catches snakes and plays tricks with them! Well, it comes very nearly to the same thing; and if you please to list with us and bear us pleasant company, we
20 shall be glad of you. I’d take my oath upon it that we might make a mort of money by you and that sap, and the tricks it could do; and, as you seem fly to everything, I shouldn’t wonder if you would make a prime hand at telling fortunes.

25 “I shouldn’t wonder,” said I.

MAN: Of course. And you might still be our God Almighty, or at any rate our clergyman, so you should live in a tilted cart by yourself and say prayers to us
30 night and morning—to wifelkin here, and all our family; there’s plenty of us when we are all together; as I said before, you seem fly, I shouldn’t wonder if you could read.

“Oh, yes!” said I, “I can read;” and, eager to display my accomplishments, I took my book out of my pocket, and opening it at random, proceeded to read how a certain

man while wandering about a certain solitary island, entered a cave, the mouth of which was overgrown with brushwood, and how he was nearly frightened to death in that cave by something which he saw.

"That will do," said the man; "that's the kind of 5 prayers for me and my family, ar'n't they, wifelkin? I never heard more delicate prayers in all my life! Why, they beat the rubricals hollow!—and here comes my son Jasper. I say, Jasper, here's a young sap-engro that can read, and is more fly than yourself. Shake hands with 10 him; I wish ye to be two brothers."

With a swift but stealthy pace Jasper came toward us from the farther part of the lane; on reaching the tent he stood still and looked fixedly upon me as I sat upon the stool; I looked fixedly upon him. A queer look had 15 Jasper; he was a lad of some twelve or thirteen years, with long arms, unlike the singular being who called himself his father; his complexion was ruddy, but his face was seamed, though it did not bear the peculiar scar which disfigured the countenance of the other; nor, though 20 roguish enough, a certain evil expression which that of the other bore, and which the face of the woman possessed in a yet more remarkable degree. For the rest, he wore drab breeches, with certain strings at the knee, a rather gay waistcoat, and tolerably white shirt; under his arm 25 he bore a mighty whip of whalebone with a brass knob, and upon his head was a hat without either top or brim.

"There, Jasper! shake hands, with the sap-engro."

"Can he box, father?" said Jasper, surveying me rather contemptuously. "I should think not, he looks so 30 puny and small."

"Hold your peace, fool! said the man; "he can do more than that—I tell you he's fly; he carries a sap about, which would sting a ninny like you to dead."

"What, a sap-engro!" said the boy, with a singular whine, and, stooping down, he leered curiously in my face, kindly, however, and then patted me on the head. "A sap-engro," he ejaculated; "lor!"

5 "Yes, and one of the right sort," said the man; "I am glad we have met with him; he is going to list with us, and be our clergyman and God Almighty, a'n't you, my tawny?"

"I don't know," said I; "I must see what my father will say."

10 "Your father; bah!"—but here he stopped, for a sound was heard like the rapid galloping of a horse, not loud and distinct as on a road, but dull and heavy as if upon a grass sward; nearer and nearer it came, and the man, starting up, rushed out of the tent, and looked around anxiously.

15 I arose from the stool upon which I had been seated, and just at that moment, amidst a crashing of boughs and sticks a man on horseback bounded over the hedge into the lane at a few yards' distance from where we were; from the impetus of the leap the horse was nearly down on his knees; the rider however, by dint of vigorous handling of the
20 reins, prevented him from falling, and then rode up to the tent. "'Tis Nat," said the man; "what brings him here?" The new comer was a stout burly fellow, about

25 his face was nearly covered over with carbuncles; he wore a broad slouching hat, and was dressed in a gray coat, cut in a fashion which I afterward learned to be the genuine Newmarket cut, the skirts being exceedingly short; his waistcoat was of red plush, and he wore broad corduroy
30 breeches and white top boots. The steed which carried him was of iron gray, spirited and powerful, but covered with sweat and foam. The fellow glanced fiercely and suspiciously around, and said something to the man of the tent in a harsh and rapid voice. A short and hurried

conversation ensued in the strange tongue. I could not take my eyes off this new comer. Oh, that half-jockey, half-bruiser countenance, I never forgot it! More than fifteen years afterward I found myself amidst a crowd before Newgate; a gallows was erected, and beneath it 5 stood a criminal, a notorious malefactor. I recognized him at once; the horseman of the lane is now beneath the fatal tree, but nothing altered; still the same man; jerking his head to the right and left with the same fierce and under glance, just as if the affairs of this world had the 10 same kind of interest to the last; gray coat of Newmarket cut, plush waistcoat, corduroys, and boots, nothing altered; but the head, alas! is bare and so is the neck. Oh, crime and virtue, virtue and crime!—it was old John Newton, I think, who, when he saw a man going to be hanged, said: 15 “There goes John Newton, but for the grace of God!”

But the lane, the lane, all was now in confusion in the lane; the man and woman were employed in striking the tents and in making hurried preparations for departure; the boy Jasper was putting the harness upon the ponies 20 and attaching them to the carts; and, to increase the singularity of the scene, two or three wild-looking women and girls, in red cloaks and immense black beaver bonnets, came from I know not what direction, and, after exchanging a few words with the others, commenced with fierce 25 and agitated gestures to assist them in their occupation. The rider meanwhile sat upon his horse, but evidently in a state of great impatience; he muttered curses between his teeth, spurred the animal furiously, and then reined it in, causing it to rear itself up nearly perpendicular. At last 30 he said: “Curse ye, for Romans, how slow ye are! well, it is no business of mine, stay here all day if you like; I have given ye warning, I am off to the big north road. However, before I go, you had better give me all you have of that.”

"Truly spoken, Nat, my pal," said the man; "give it him, mother. There it is; now be off as soon as you please, and rid us of evil company."

The woman had handed him two bags formed of
5 stocking, half full of something heavy, which looked through them for all the world like money of some kind. The fellow, on receiving them, thrust them without ceremony into the pockets of his coat, and then without a
10 word of farewell salutation, departed at a tremendous rate, the hoofs of his horse thundering for a long time on the hard soil of the neighboring road, till the sound finally died away in the distance. The strange people were not slow in completing their preparations, and then, flogging their animals terrifically, hurried away seemingly in the
15 same direction.

The boy Jasper was last of the band. As he was following the rest, he stopped suddenly, and looked on the ground appearing to muse; then, turning round, he came up to me where I was standing, leered in my face, and then,
20 thrusting out his hand, he said, "Good-bye, Sap, I dare say we shall meet again, remember we are brothers, two gentle brothers."

Then whining forth, "What a sap-engro, lor!" he gave me a parting leer, and hastened away.

25 I remained standing in the lane gazing after the retreating company. "A strange set of people," said I at last, "I wonder who they can be."

SUGGESTIONS: "A Holiday" is what is commonly called "narration without plot,"—that is, we are concerned, not so much with what happens, as with the characters of the children, and in particular with the mood of the narrator.

From whose point of view is the story told? What is the difference between this point of view and that in "Dobbin of Ours?" What relative advantages and disadvantages has each?

Characterize the words in "A Holiday." Pick out a number of words and expressions that seem to you, for any reason, distinctive.

Has "Dobbin of Ours" a more distinct plot? Why? What is the climax of this narrative? Just how much surprise does the reader feel over Dobbin's victory? How is his character shown? What are some of the means by which Thackeray rouses our sympathy for Dobbin?

What differences in style and treatment do you note between these two narratives and "The Egyptians?" What one of the three narratives do you prefer, and why?

Choose for the adapted theme some occurrence of your own past life that may be treated in a similar manner. Try to create a fair amount of suspense, that is, emphasize some events and eliminate others, so that your reader may be not quite sure beforehand of the outcome. Decide carefully whether you will tell the story yourself, in the first person, or whether you will make some imaginary third person tell it.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

How I Ran Away from Home.

The Biggest Fight I Ever Had.

Afraid of the Dark.

My First Cigar.

Having My Own Way and What Came of It.

How We Went Swimming.

A DOG IN EXILE*

W. H. HUDSON

AT the English estate up the river, where I made so long a stay, there were several dogs, some of them of the common dog of no breed found throughout Argen-

*Reprinted from *Idle Days in Patagonia*, chapter v, by permission of D. Appleton & Company.

tina, a smooth-haired animal, varying greatly in color, but oftenest red or black; also differing much in size, but in a majority of cases about as big as a Scotch collie. There were also a few others, dogs of good breeds, and
5 these were specially interesting to me, because they were not restrained nor directed in any way, nor any use made of them in their special lines. Left to their own devices, and to rough it with the others, the result was rather curious. The only one among them that had proved capable of
10 accommodating himself to the new circumstances was a Scotch collie—a fine animal of pure blood.

The common dog of the country is a jack-of-all-trades; a great lover of the chase, but a bad hunter, a splendid scavenger, a good watch dog and vermin-killer; an indif-
15 ferent sheep dog, but invaluable in gathering up and driving cattle. Beyond these things which he picks up, you can really teach him nothing useful, although with considerable trouble you might be able to add a few ornamental subjects, such as giving his paw, and keeping guard over a
20 coat or stick left in his charge. He is a generalized beast, grandson to the jackal, and first cousin to the cur of Europe and the Eastern pariah. To this primitive, or only slightly-improved type of dog, the collie perhaps comes nearest of all the breeds we value; and when he is thrown
25 back on nature he is "all there," and not hindered as the pointer and other varieties are by more deeply-rooted special instincts. At all events, this individual took very kindly to the rude life and work of his new companions, and by means of his hardihood and inexhaustible energy,
30 became their leader and superior, especially in hunting. Above everything he loved to chase a fox; and when in the course of a ride in the valley one was started, he invariably threw all the native dogs out and caught and killed it himself. If these dogs had all together taken to

a feral life, I do not think the collie would have been worse off than the others.

It was very different with the grayhounds. There were four, all of pure breed; and as they were never taken out to hunt, and could not, like the collie, take their share in the ordinary work of the establishment, they were absolutely useless, and certainly not ornamental. When I first noticed them they were pitiable objects, thin as skeletons, so lame that they could scarcely walk, and wounded and scratched all over with thorns. I was told that they had been out hunting on their own account in the thorny upland, and that this was the result. For three or four days they remained inactive, sleeping the whole time, except when they limped to the kitchen to be fed. But day by day they improved in condition; their scratches healed, their ribbed sides grew smooth and sleek, and they recovered from their lameness; but scarcely had they got well before it was discovered one morning that they had vanished. They had gone off during the night to hunt again on the uplands. They were absent two nights and a day, then returned, looking even more reduced and miserable than when I first saw them, to recover slowly from their hurts and fatigue; and when well again they were off once more; and so it continued during the whole time of my visit. These hounds, if left to themselves, would have soon perished.

Another member of this somewhat heterogeneous canine community was a retriever, one of the handsomest I have ever seen, rather small, and with a most perfect head. The extreme curliness of his coat made him look at a little distance like a dog cut out of a block of ebony, with the surface carved to almost symmetrical knobbiness. Major—that was his name—would have lent himself well to sculpture. He was old, but not too fat, nor inactive;

sometimes he would go out with the other dogs, but apparently he could not keep up the pace, as after a few hours he would return always alone, looking rather disconsolate.

I have always been partial to dogs of this breed; not on
5 account of the assistance they have been to me, but because when I have wished to have a dog at my side I have found them more suitable than other kinds for companions. They are not stupid nor restless, but ready to fall in with a quiet mood, and never irritate by a perpetual impatient
10 craving for notice. A fussy, demonstrative dog, that can never efface himself, I object to: he compels your attention, and puts you in a subordinate place: you are his attendant, not he yours.

Major's appearance attracted me from the first, and he,
15 on his side, joyfully responded to my advances, and at once attached himself to me, following me about the place as if he feared to lose sight of me even for a minute. My host, however, hastened to warn me not to take him with me when I went out shooting, as he was old and blind, and
20 subject, moreover, to strange freaks, which made him worse than useless. Major had formerly been an excellent retriever, my host informed me, but even in his best days not wholly to be trusted, and now he was nothing but bad.

I could scarcely credit the blindness, as he did not show
25 it in his brown, intelligent and wistful eyes, and always appeared keenly alive and interested in everything going on about him; but by experimenting I found that he could scarcely see further than about six inches from his nose; but his hearing and scent were so good, and guided him so
30 well, that no person on a slight acquaintance would have made the discovery of his defective sight.

Of course, after this, I could have nothing more to do with the retriever, further than patting him on the head, and speaking a kind word to him whenever he chanced to

be in my way. But this was not enough for old Major. He was a sporting dog, full of energy, and with undiminished faith in his own powers, in spite of his years, and when a sportsman had come to the house, and had deliberately singled him out for friendly notice, he could not 5 and would not believe that it was to go no further. Day after day he clung to the delusion that he was to accompany me in my walks and little shooting excursions in the neighborhood; and every time I took down a gun he would rush forward from his post by the door with so many demonstrations of joy, and with such imploring looks and gestures, that I found it very hard to rebuke him. It was sad to have him standing there, first cocking up one ear, then the other, striving to pierce the baffling mists that intervened between his poor purblind eyes and my face, to find 15 some sign of relenting in it.

It was evident that old Major was not happy, in spite of all he had to make him so; although he was well fed and fat, and treated with the greatest kindness by every one on the place, and although all the other dogs about the house looked up to him with that instinctive respect they 20 always accord to the oldest, or strongest, or most domineering member, his heart was restless and dissatisfied. He could not endure an inactive life. There was, in fact, only one way in which he could or was allowed to work off 25 his superabundant energy. This was when we went down to the river to bathe in the afternoon, and when we would amuse ourselves, some of us, by throwing enormous logs and dead branches into the current. They were large and heavy, and thrown well out into one of the most rapid 30 rivers in the world, but Major would have perished forty times over, if he had had forty lives to throw away, before he would have allowed one of those useless logs to be lost. But this was wasted energy, and Major could not have

known it better if he had graduated with honors at the Royal School of Mines, consequently his exertions in the river did not make him happy. His unhappiness began to prey on my mind, and I never left the house but that
5 mute imploring face haunted me for an hour after, until I could bear it no longer. Major conquered, and to witness his boundless delight and gratitude when I shouldered my gun and called him to me, was a pleasure worth many dead birds.

Nothing important happened during our first few expeditions. Major behaved rather wildly, I thought, but
10 he was obedient and anxious to please, and my impression was that he had been too long neglected, and would soon settle down to do his share of the work in a sober, business-like manner.

15 Then a day came when Major covered himself with glory. I came one morning on a small flock of flamingoes in a lagoon; they were standing in the water, about seventy-five or eighty yards from the shore, quietly dozing. Fortunately the lagoon was bordered by a dense bed of tall
20 rushes, about fifteen yards in breadth, so that I was able to approach the birds unseen by them. I crept up to the rushes in a fever of delighted excitement; not that flamingoes are not common in that district, but because I had noticed that one of the birds before me was the largest
25 and loveliest flamingo I had ever set eyes on, and I had long been anxious to secure one very perfect specimen. I think my hand trembled a great deal; nevertheless, the bird dropped when I fired; and then how quickly the joy I experienced was changed to despair when I looked on
30 the wide expanse of mud, reeds and water that separated him from me! How was I ever to get him? It is as much as a man's life is worth to venture into one of these long river-like lagoons in the valley, as under the quiet water there is a bed of mire, soft as clotted cream, and deep

enough for a giant's grave. I thought of Major, but not for a moment did I believe that he, poor dog! was equal to the task. When I fired he dashed hurriedly forward, and came against the wall of close rushes, where he struggled hopelessly for a little while, and then floundered back 5 to me. There was, however, nothing else to be done. "Major, come here," I called, and, taking a lump of clay I threw it as far as I could toward the floating bird. He raised his ears, and listened to get the right direction, and when the splash of the stone reached us he dashed in and 10 against the rushes once more. After a violent struggle he succeeded in getting through them, and, finding himself in deep water, struck straight out, and then began swimming about in all directions, until, getting to windward of the bird, he followed up the scent and found it. 15 This was the easiest part of the task, as the bird was very large, and when Major got back to the rushes with it, and I heard him crashing and floundering through, snorting and coughing as if half-suffocated, I was sure that if I ever got my flamingo at all it must be hopelessly damaged. At 20 length he appeared, so exhausted with his exertions that he could hardly stand, and deposited the bird at my feet. Never had I seen such a splendid specimen! It was an old cock bird, excessively fat, weighing sixteen pounds, yet Major had brought it out through this slough of des- 25 pond without breaking its skin, or soiling its exquisitely beautiful crimson, rose-colored, and faintly-blushing white plumage! Had he not himself been so plastered with mud and slime I should, in gratitude, have taken him into my arms; but he appeared very well satisfied with the 30 words of approval I bestowed on him, and we started homeward in a happy frame of mind, each feeling well pleased with the other—and himself.

That evening as I sat by the fire greatly enjoying my

after-dinner coffee, and a pipe of the strongest cavendish, I related the day's adventures, and then for the first time heard from my host something of Major's antecedents and remarkable history.

5 He was a Scotch dog by birth, and had formerly belonged to the Earl of Zetland, and as he proved to be an exceptionally clever and good-looking young dog, he was for a time thought much of; but there was a drop of black blood in Major's heart, and in a moment of temptation it led
10 him into courses for which he was finally condemned to an ignominious death; he escaped to become a pioneer of civilization in the wilderness, and to show even in old age and when his sight had failed him, of what stuff he was made. Killing sheep was his crime; he had hunted the
15 swift-footed cheviots and black-faces on the hills and moors; he had tasted their blood and had made the discovery that it was sweet, and the ancient wild dog instinct was hot in his heart. The new joy possessed his whole being, and in a moment swept away every restraint. The
20 savage life was the only real life after all, and what cared Major about the greatest happiness for the greatest number, and new fangled notions about the division of labor, in which so mean a part was assigned him! Was he to spend a paltry puppy existence retrieving birds, first
25 flushed by a stupid pointer or setter, and shot by a man with a gun—the bird, after all, to be eaten by none of them; and he, in return for his share in the work, to be fed on mild messes and biscuits, and beef, killed somewhere out of sight by a butcher? Away with such a complex state
30 of things! He would not be stifled by such an artificial system; he would kill his own mutton on the moors, and eat it raw and warm in the good old fashion, and enjoy life, as, doubtless, every dog of spirit had enjoyed it a thousand years ago!

This was not to be permitted on a well-conducted estate; and as it was thought that chains and slavery would be less endurable than death to a dog of Major's spirit, to death he was forthwith condemned.

Now it happened that a gentleman, hearing all this from the earl's gamekeeper, before the dread sentence had been executed, all at once remembered that one of his friends, who was preparing to emigrate to Patagonia, purposed taking out some good dogs with him, and thinking that this retriever would form an acceptable gift, he begged for it. The gamekeeper gave it to him, and he in turn gave it to his friend. In this way Major escaped the penalty, and in due time, after seeing and doubtless reflecting much by the way, arrived at his destination. I say advisedly that Major probably reflected a great deal, for in his new home he never once gave way to his criminal appetite for sheep's blood; but whenever the flock came in his way, which was often enough, he turned resolutely aside and skulked off out of the sound of their bleating as quickly as possible.

All I heard from my host only served to raise my opinion of Major, and, remembering what he had accomplished that day, I formed the idea that the most glorious period of his life had just dawned, that he had now begun a series of exploits, compared with which the greatest deeds of all retrievers in other lands would sink into insignificance.

I have now to relate Major's second important exploit, and on this occasion the birds were geese.

The upland geese are excellent eating, and it was our custom to make an early breakfast off a cold goose, or of any remnants left in the larder. Cold boiled goose and coffee, often with no bread—it sounds strange, but never shall I forget those delicious early Patagonian breakfasts.

Now the geese, although abundant at that season, were excessively wary, and hard to kill; and as no other person

went after them, although all grumbled loudly when there was no goose for breakfast, I was always very glad to get a shot at them when out with the gun.

One day I saw a great flock congregated on a low mud
5 bank in one of the lagoons, and immediately began to maneuver to get within shooting distance without disturbing them. Fortunately they were in a great state of excitement, keeping up a loud incessant clamor, as if something very important to the upland geese were being
10 discussed, and in the general agitation they neglected their safety. More geese in small flocks were continually arriving from various directions, increasing the noise and excitement; and by dint of much going on hands and knees and crawling over rough ground, I managed to get within
15 seventy yards of them and fired into the middle of the flock. The birds rose up with a great rush of wings and noise of screams, leaving five of their number floundering about in the shallow water. Major was quickly after them, but two of the five were not badly wounded, and soon swam
20 beyond his reach; to the others he was guided by the tremendous flapping they made in the water in their death struggles; and one by one he conveyed them, not to his expectant master, but to a small island about a hundred and twenty yards from the shore. No sooner had he got
25 them all together than, to my unspeakable astonishment and dismay, he began worrying them, growling all the time with a playful affectation of anger, and pulling out mouthfuls of feathers which he scattered in clouds over his head. To my shouts he responded by wagging his tail, and barking
30 a merry crisp little bark, then flying at the dead birds again. He seemed to be telling me, plainly as if he had used words, that he heard me well enough, but was not disposed to obey, that he found it very amusing playing with the geese and intended to enjoy himself to his heart's content.

"Major! Major!" I cried, "you base ungrateful dog! Is this the way you repay me for all my kindness, for befriending you when others spoke evil of you, and made you keep at home, and treated you with contemptuous neglect! Oh, you wretched brute, how many glorious breakfasts are you spoiling with those villainous teeth!"

In vain I stormed and threatened, and told him that I would never speak to him again, that I would thrash him, that I had seen dogs shot for less than what he was doing. I screamed his name until I was hoarse, but it was all useless. Major cared nothing for my shouts, and went on worrying the geese. At length, when he grew tired of his play, he coolly jumped into the water and swam back to me, leaving the geese behind. I waited for him, a stick in my hand, burning for vengeance, and fully intending to collar and thrash him well the moment he reached me. Fortunately he had a long distance to swim, and before he reached land I began to reflect that if I received him roughly, with blows, I would never get the geese—those three magnificent white and maroon-colored geese that had cost me so much labor to kill. Yes, I thought, it will be better to dissemble and be diplomatic and receive him graciously, and then perhaps he will be persuaded to go again and fetch the geese. In the midst of these plans Major arrived, and sat down facing me without shaking himself, evidently beginning to experience some qualms of conscience.

"Major," said I, addressing him in a mild, gentle voice, and patting his wet black head, "you have treated me very badly, but I am not going to punish you—I am going to give you another chance, old dog. Now, Major, good and obedient dog, go and fetch me the geese." With that I pushed him gently toward the water. Major understood me, and went in, although in a somewhat perfunctory manner, and swam back to the island. On reaching it

he went up to the geese, examined them briefly with his nose and sat down to deliberate. I called him; but he paid no attention. With what intense anxiety I waited his decision!

5 At last he appeared to have made up his mind; he stood up, shook himself briskly and—will it be believed?—began to worry the geese again! He was not merely playing with them now, and did not scatter the feathers about and bark, but bit and tore them in a truculent mood. When he had
10 torn them pretty well to pieces he swam back once more, but this time he came to land at a long distance from me, knowing, I suppose, that I was now past speaking mildly to him; and, skulking through the reeds, he sneaked home by himself. Later, when I arrived at the house, he care-
15 fully kept out of my way.

I believe that when he went after the geese the second time he really did mean to bring them out, but finding them so much mutilated he thought that he had already hope-
20 lessly offended me, and so concluded to save himself the labor of carrying them. He did not know, poor brute, that his fetching them would have been taken as a token of repentance, and that he would have been forgiven. But it was impossible to forgive him now. All faith in him was
25 utterly and for ever gone, and from that day I looked on him as a poor degraded creature. If I ever bestowed a caress on his upturned face, I did it in the spirit of a man who flings a copper to an unfortunate beggar in the street; and it was a satisfaction to me that Major appeared to know what I thought of him.

30 But all this happened years ago, and now I can but look back with kindly feelings for the old blind retriever who retrieved my geese so badly. I can even laugh at myself for having allowed an ineradicable anthropomorphism to carry me so far in recalling and describing our joint adventures.

But such a fault is almost excusable in this instance, for he was really a remarkable dog among other dogs, like a talented man among his fellow-men. I doubt if any other retriever, in such circumstances and handicapped by such an infirmity, could have retrieved that splendid flamingo; 5 but with this excellence there was the innate capacity to go wrong, a sudden reversion to the irresponsible wild dog—the devilry, to keep to human terms, that sent him into exile and made him at the last so interesting and pathetic a figure.

10

SUGGESTIONS: This narrative achieves great vividness along with great simplicity. These qualities, together with an unusually sympathetic treatment, give the narrative its charm.

What does Mr. Hudson mean by his own “ineradicable anthropomorphism” in narrating the story of Major? Does he really fail, at any point, to convince his reader?

Decide whether you will tell your own story in the first or in the third person. What, in this case, are the disadvantages of each point of view?

ADAPTED SUBJECTS*

The Dog I Knew Best.

A Rabbit and His Master.

The Battle of the Ants.

Rescuing Six Kittens.

A Horse's Intelligence.

How We Swarmed the Bees.

The Tragedy of a Bird's Nest.

THE CAPTURE OF A TROUT†

R. D. BLACKMORE

HILARY followed a path through the meadows, with the calm bright sunset casting his shadow over the shorn grass, or up in the hedge-road, or on the brown banks where the drought had struck. On his back he

*To be extended, of course, by suggestions from individual students.

†From *Alice Lorraine*.

carried a fishing-basket, containing his bits of refreshment; and in his right hand a short springy rod, the absent sailor's favorite. After long council with Mabel, he had made up his mind to walk up stream, as far as the spot
5 where two brooks met, and formed body enough for a fly flipped in very carefully to sail downward. Here he began, and the creak of his reel and the swish of his rod were music to him, after the whirl of London life.

The brook was as bright as the best cut-glass, and the
10 twinkles of its shifting facets only made it seem more clear. It twisted about a little, here and there; and the brink was fringed now and then with something, a clump of loose-strife, a tuft of avens, or a bed of flowering water-cress, or any other of the many plants that wash and look into the
15 water. But the trout, the main object in view, were most objectionably too much in view. They scudded up the brook at the shadow of a hair, or even the tremble of a blade of grass; and no pacific assurance could make them even stop to be reasoned with. "This won't do," said
20 Hilary, who very often talked to himself, in lack of a better comrade; "I call this very hard upon me. The beggars won't rise till it is quite dark. I must have the interdict off my tobacco, if this sort of thing is to go on. How I should enjoy a pipe just now! I may just as well
25 sit on a gate and think. No, hang it, I hate thinking now. There are troubles hanging over me, as sure as the tail of that comet grows. How I detest that comet! No wonder the fish won't rise. But if I have to strip and tickle them in the dark, I won't go back without some for her."

30 He was lucky enough to escape the weight of such horrible poaching upon his conscience; for suddenly to his ears was borne the most melodious of all sounds, the flop of a heavy fish sweetly jumping after some excellent fly or grub.

"Ha, my friend!" cried Hilary, "so you are up for your

supper, are you? I myself will awake right early. Still I behold the ring you made. If my right hand forget not its cunning, you shall form your next ring in the frying-pan.

He gave that fish a little time to think of the beauty of that mouthful, and get ready for another; the while he 5 was putting a white moth on, in lieu of his blue upright. He kept the grizzled palmer still for tail-fly, and he tried his knots, for he knew that this trout was a Triton.

Then, with a delicate sidling and stooping, known only to them that fish for trout in very bright water of the 10 summer-time—compared with which art the coarse work of the salmon-fisher is as that of a scene-painter to Mr. Holman Hunt's—with, or in, and by a careful manner, not to be described to those who have never studied it, Hilary won access to the water, without any doubt in the mind of 15 the fish concerning the prudence of appetite. Then he flipped his short collar in, not with a cast, but a spring of the rod, and let his flies go quietly down a sharpish run into that good trout's hole. The worthy trout looked at them both, and thought; for he had his own favorite spot 20 for watching the world go by, as the rest of us have. So he let the grizzled palmer pass, within an inch of his upper lip; for it struck him that the tail turned up in a manner not wholly natural, or at any rate unwholesome. He looked at the white moth also, and thought that he had never 25 seen one at all like it. So he went down under his root again, hugging himself upon his wisdom, never moving a fin, but oaring and helming his plump, spotted sides with his tail.

“Upon my word, it is too bad!” said Hilary, after three 30 beautiful throws, and exquisite management down stream: “everything Kentish beats me hollow. Now, if that had been one of our trout, I would have laid my life upon catching him. One more throw, however. How would

it be if I sunk my flies? That fellow is worth some patience."

While he was speaking, his flies alit on the glassy ripple, like gnats in their love-dance; and then by a turn of the wrist, he played them just below the surface, and let them go gliding down the stickle, into the shelfy nook of shadow, where the big trout hovered. Under the surface, floating thus, with the check of ductile influence, the two flies spread their wings and quivered, like a centiplume moth in a spider's web. Still the old trout, calmly oaring, looked at them both suspiciously. Why should the same flies come so often, and why should they have such crooked tails, and could he be sure that he did not spy the shadow of a human hat about twelve yards up the water? Revolving these things he might have lived to a venerable age—but for that noble ambition to teach, which is fatal to even the wisest. A young fish, an insolent whipper-snapper, jumped in his babyish way at the palmer, and missed it through over-eagerness. "I'll show you the way to catch a fly," said the big trout to him; "open your mouth like this, my son."

With that he bolted the palmer, and threw up his tail, and turned to go home again. Alas! his sweet home now shall know him no more. For suddenly he was surprised by a most disagreeable sense of grittiness, and then a keen stab in the roof of his mouth. He jumped, in his wrath, a foot out of the water, and then heavily plunged to the depths of his hole.

"You've got it, my friend," cried Hilary, in a tingle of fine emotions; "I hope the sailor's knots are tied with professional skill and care. You are a big one, and a clever one too. It is much if I ever land you. No net, or gaff, or anything. I only hope that there are no stakes here. Ah, there you go! Now comes the tug."

Away went the big trout down the stream, at a pace

very hard to exaggerate, and after him rushed Hilary, knowing that his line was rather short, and that if it ran out, all was over. Keeping his eyes on the water only, and the headlong speed of the fugitive, headlong over a stake he fell, and took a deep wound from another stake. 5 Scarcely feeling it, up he jumped, lifting his rod, which had fallen flat, and fearing to find no strain on it. "Aha, he is not gone yet!" he cried, as the rod bowed like a springbow.

He was now a good hundred yards down the brook from the corner where the fight began. Through his swiftness 10 of foot, and good management, the fish had never been able to tighten the line beyond yield of endurance. The bank had been free from bushes, or haply no skill could have saved him; but now they were come to a corner where a nut-bush quite overhung the stream. 15

"I am done for now," said the fisherman; "the villain knows too well what he is about. Here ends this adventure."

Full though he was of despair, he jumped anyhow into the water, kept the point of his rod close down, reeled up a little, as the fish felt weaker, and just cleared the drop of the 20 hazel boughs. The water flapped into the pockets of his coat, and he saw red streaks flow downward. And then he plunged out to an open reach of shallow water and gravel slope.

"I ought to have you now," he said; "though nobody knows what a rogue you are; and a pretty dance you have 25 led me!"

Doubting the strength of his tackle to lift even the dead weight of the fish, and much more to meet his despairing rally, he happily saw a little shallow gut, or backwater, where a small spring ran out. Into this by a dexterous 30 turn he rather led than pulled the fish, who was ready to rest for a minute or two; then he stuck his rod into the bank, ran down stream, and with his hat in both hands appeared at the only exit from the gut. It was all up now

with the monarch of the brook. As he skipped and jumped, with his rich yellow belly, and chaste silver sides, in the green of the grass, joy and glory of the highest merit, and gratitude, glowed in the heart of Lorraine. "Two
 5 and three-quarters you must weigh. And at your very best you are! How small your head is! And how bright your spots are!" he cried, as he gave him the stroke of grace. "You really have been a brave and fine fellow. I hope they will know how to fry you."

10 While he cut his fly out of this grand trout's mouth, he felt for the first time a pain in his knee, where the point of the stake had entered it. Under the buckle of his breeches blood was soaking away inside his gaiters; and then he saw how he had dyed the water.

SUGGESTIONS: Read this narrative through carefully and then state your first general impression. Is the narrative lifelike? Is it sufficiently exciting? From whose point of view is the capture narrated? Does the point of view shift at any stage? What of the ending,—skill, emphasis, etc.?

Try to characterize Blackmore's vocabulary. Do you find many words used in unfamiliar senses? How specific are the words as compared with, say, Stevenson's? What do you consider the most effective portion of the narrative?

ADAPTED SUBJECT

Narrate an experience of your own in hunting, fishing, or trapping.

FAME'S LITTLE DAY*

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

15 **N**OBODY ever knew, except himself, what made a foolish young newspaper reporter, who happened into a small old-fashioned hotel in New York, observe

*From the *Life of Nancy*, Boston, 1895. Copyright, 1895, by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

Mr. Abel Pinkham with deep interest, listen to his talk, ask a question or two of the clerk, and then go away and make up an effective personal paragraph for one of the morning papers. He must have had a heart full of fun, this young reporter, and something honestly rustic and 5 pleasing must have struck him in the guest's demeanor, for there was a flavor in the few lines he wrote that made some of his fellows seize upon the little paragraph, and copy it, and add to it, and keep it moving. Nobody knows what starts such a thing in journalism, or keeps it alive after it is 10 started, but on a certain Thursday morning the fact was made known to the world that among the notabilities then in the city, Abel Pinkham, Esquire, a distinguished citizen of Wetherford, Vermont, was visiting New York on important affairs connected with the maple-sugar industry 15 of his native State. Mr. Pinkham had expected to keep his visit unannounced, but it was likely to occasion much interest in business and civic circles. This was something like the way that the paragraph started; but here and there a kindred spirit of the original journalist caught it up and 20 added discreet lines about Mr. Pinkham's probable stay in town, his occupation of an apartment on the fourth floor of the Ethan Allen Hotel, and other circumstances so uninteresting to the reading public in general that presently in the next evening edition, one city editor after another 25 threw out the item, and the young journalists, having had their day of pleasure, passed on to other things.

Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham had set forth from home with many forebodings, in spite of having talked all winter about taking this journey as soon as the spring opened. They 30 would have caught at any reasonable excuse for giving it up altogether, because when the time arrived it seemed so much easier to stay at home. Mrs. Abel Pinkham had never seen New York; her husband himself had not been

to the city for a great many years; in fact, his reminiscences of the former visit were not altogether pleasant, since he had foolishly fallen into many snares, and been much gulled in his character of honest young countryman.

5 There was a tarnished and worthless counterfeit of a large gold watch still concealed between the outer boarding and the inner lath and plaster of the lean-to bedroom which Mr. Abel Pinkham had occupied as a bachelor; it was not the only witness of his being taken in by city sharpers, and he had winced ever since at the thought of their wiles. 10 But he was now a man of sixty, well-to-do, and of authority in town affairs; his children were all well married and settled in homes of their own, except a widowed daughter, who lived at home with her young son, and was her mother's 15 lieutenant in household affairs.

The boy was almost grown, and at this season, when the maple-sugar was all made and shipped, and it was still too early for spring work on the land, Mr. Pinkham could leave home as well as not, and here he was in New York, 20 feeling himself to be a stranger and foreigner to city ways. If it had not been for that desire to appear well in his wife's eyes, which had buoyed him over the bar of many difficulties, he could have found it in his heart to take the next train back to Wetherford, Vermont, to be there rid of 25 his best clothes and the stiff rim of his heavy felt hat. He could not let his wife discover that the noise and confusion of Broadway had the least power to make him flinch: he cared no more for it than for the woods in snow-time. He was as good as anybody, and she was 30 better. They owed nobody a cent; and they had come on purpose to see the city of New York.

They were sitting at the breakfast table in the Ethan Allen Hotel, having arrived at nightfall the day before. Mrs. Pinkham looked a little pale about the mouth. She

had been kept awake nearly all night by the noise, and had enjoyed but little the evening she had spent in the stuffy parlor of the hotel, looking down out of the window at what seemed to her but garish scenes, and keeping a reproachful and suspicious eye upon some unpleasantly noisy young women of forward behavior who were her only companions. Abel himself was by no means so poorly entertained in the hotel office and smoking-room. He felt much more at home than she did, being better used to meeting strange men than she was to strange women, and he found two or three companions who had seen more than he of New York life. It was there, indeed, that the young reporter found him, hearty and country-fed, and loved the appearance of his best clothes, and the way Mr. Abel Pinkham brushed his hair, and loved the way that he spoke in a loud and manful voice the beliefs and experience of his honest heart.

In the morning at breakfast time the Pinkhams were depressed. They missed their good bed at home; they were troubled by the roar and noise of the streets that hardly stopped over night before it began again in the morning. The waiter did not put what mind he may have had to the business of serving them; and Mrs. Abel Pinkham, whose cooking was the triumph of parish festivals at home, had her own opinion about the beefsteak. She was a woman of imagination, and now that she was fairly here, spectacles and all, it really pained her to find that the New York of her dreams, the metropolis of dignity and distinction, of wealth and elegance, did not seem to exist. These poor streets, these unlovely people, were the end of a great illusion. They did not like to meet each other's eyes, this worthy pair. The man began to put on an unbecoming air of assertion, and Mrs. Pinkham's face was full of lofty protest.

“My gracious me, Mary Ann! I *am* glad I happened to get the *Tribune* this mornin’,” said Mr. Pinkham, with sudden excitement. “Just you look here! I’d like well to know how they found out about our comin’!” and he handed the paper to his wife across the table. “There—there ’tis; right by my thumb,” he insisted. “Can’t you see it?” and he smiled like a boy as she finally brought her large spectacles to bear upon the important paragraph.

“I guess they think somethin’ of us, if you don’t think much o’ them,” continued Mr. Pinkham, grandly, “oh, they know how to keep the run o’ folks who are somebody to home! Draper and Fitch knew we was comin’ this week: you know I sent word I was comin’ to settle with them myself. I suppose they send folks around to the hotels, these newspapers, but I shouldn’t thought there’d been time. Anyway, they’ve thought ’t was worth while to put us in!”

Mrs. Pinkham did not take the trouble to make a mystery out of the unexpected pleasure. “I want to cut it out an’ send it right up home to daughter Sarah,” she said, beaming with pride, and looking at the printed names as if they were flattering photographs. “I think ’t was most too strong to say we was among the notables. But there! ’tis their business to dress up things, and they have to print somethin’ every day. I guess I shall go up and put on my best dress,” she added, inconsequently; “this one’s kind of dusty; it’s the same I rode in.”

“Le’ me see that paper again,” said Mr. Pinkham jealously. “I didn’t more’n half sense it, I was so taken aback. Well, Mary Ann, you didn’t expect you was goin’ to get into the papers when you came away. ‘*Abel Pinkham, Esquire, of Wetherford, Vermont.*’ It looks well, don’t it? But you might have knocked me down with a feather when I first caught sight of them words.”

"I guess I shall put on my other dress," said Mrs. Pinkham, rising, with quite a different air from that with which she had sat down to her morning meal. "This one looks a little out o' style, as Sarah said, but when I got up this mornin' I was so homesick that it didn't seem 5 to make any kind o' difference. I expect that saucy girl last night took us to be nobodies. I'd like to leave the paper round where she couldn't help seein' it."

"Don't take any notice of her," said Abel, in a dignified tone. "If she can't do what you want an' be civil, we'll 10 go somewheres else. I wish I'd done what we talked of at first an' gone to the Astor House, but that young man in the cars told me 't was remote from the things we should want to see. The Astor House was the top o' everything when I was here last, but I expected to find some changes. 15 I want you to have the best there is," he said, smiling at his wife as if they were just making their wedding journey. "Come, let's be stirrin'; 'tis long past eight o'clock," and he ushered her to the door, newspaper in hand.

Later that day the guests walked up Broadway, holding 20 themselves erect, and feeling as if every eye was upon them. Abel Pinkham had settled with his correspondents for the spring consignments of maple-sugar, and a round sum in bank-bills was stowed away in his vest pocket. One of the partners had been a Wetherford boy, so when 25 there came a renewal of interest in maple-sugar, and the best confectioners were ready to do it honor, the finest quality being at a large premium, this partner remembered that there never was any sugar made in Wetherford of such melting and delicious flavor as from the trees on the old 30 Pinkham farm. He had now made a good bit of money for himself on this private venture, and was ready that morning to pay Mr. Abel Pinkham cash down, and to

give him a handsome order for the next season for all he could make. Mr. Fitch was also generous in the matter of such details as freight and packing; he was immensely polite and kind to his old friends, and begged them to
5 come out and stay with him and his wife, where they lived now, in a not far distant New Jersey town.

"No, no, sir," said Mr. Pinkham promptly. "My wife has come to see the city, and our time is short. Your folks will be up this summer, won't they? We'll wait and
10 visit them."

"You must certainly take Mrs. Pinkham up to the Park," said the commission merchant. "I wish I had time to show you round myself. I suppose you've been seeing some things already, haven't you? I noticed your
15 arrival in the *Herald*."

"The *Tribune* it was," said Mr. Pinkham, blushing through a smile and looking round at his wife.

"Oh no; I never read the *Tribune*," said Mr. Fitch. "There was quite an extended notice in my paper. They
20 must have put you and Mrs. Pinkham into the *Herald* too." And so the friends parted laughing. "I am much pleased to have a call from such distinguished parties," said Mr. Fitch, by way of final farewell, and Mr. Pinkham waved his hand grandly in reply.

25 "Let's get the *Herald*, then," he said, as they started up the street. "We can go an' sit over in that little square that we passed as we came along, and rest an' talk things over about what we'd better do this afternoon. I'm tired out a-trampin' and standin'. I'd rather have set still
30 while we were there, but he wanted us to see his store. Done very well, Joe Fitch has, but 'taint a business I should like."

There was a lofty look and sense of behavior about Mr. Pinkham of Wetherford. You might have thought him a

great politician as he marched up Broadway, looking neither to right hand nor left. He felt himself to be a person of great responsibilities.

"I begin to feel sort of at home myself," said his wife, who always had a certain touch of simple dignity about her. "When we was comin' yesterday New York seemed to be all strange, and there wasn't nobody expectin' us. I feel now just as if I'd been here before."

They were now on the edge of the better looking part of the town; it was still noisy and crowded, but noisy with fine carriages instead of drays, and crowded with well-dressed people. The hours for shopping and visiting were beginning, and more than one person looked with appreciative and friendly eyes at the comfortable, pleased-looking elderly man and woman who went their easily beguiled and loitering way. The pavement peddlers detained them, but the cabmen beckoned them in vain; their eyes were busy with the immediate foreground. Mrs. Pinkham was embarrassed by the recurring reflection of herself in the great windows.

"I wish I had seen about a new bonnet before we came," she lamented. "They seem to be havin' on some o' their spring things."

"Don't you worry, Mary Ann. I don't see anybody that looks any better than you do," said Abel, with boyish and reassuring pride.

Mr. Pinkham had now bought the *Herald* and also the *Sun*, well recommended by an able newsboy, and presently they crossed over from that corner by the Fifth Avenue Hotel which seems like the heart of New York, and found a place to sit down on the Square,—an empty bench, where they could sit side by side and look the papers through, reading over each other's shoulder, and being impatient from page to page. The paragraph was indeed repeated,

with trifling additions. Ederton of the *Sun* had followed the *Tribune* man's lead, and fabricated a brief interview, a marvel of art and discretion, but so general in its allusions that it could create no suspicion; it almost deceived Mr. Pinkham himself, so that he found unaffected pleasure in the fictitious occasion, and felt as if he had easily covered himself with glory. Except for the bare fact of the interview's being imaginary, there was no discredit to be cast upon Mr. Abel Pinkham's having said that he thought the country near Wetherford looked well for the time of year, and promised a fair hay crop, and that his income was augmented one-half to three-fifths by his belief in the future of maple-sugar. It was likely to be the great coming crop of the Green Mountain State. Ederton suggested that there was talk of Mr. Pinkham's presence in the matter of a great maple-sugar trust in which much of the capital of Wall Street would be involved.

"How they do hatch up these things, don't they?" said the worthy man at this point. "Well, it all sounds well, Mary Ann."

"It says here that you are a very personable man," smiled his wife, "and have filled some of the most responsible town offices" (this was the turn taken by Goffey of the *Herald*.) "Oh, and that you are going to attend the performance at Barnum's this evening, and occupy reserved seats. Why, I didn't know—who have you told about that?—who was you talkin' to last night, Abel?"

"I never spoke o' goin' to Barnum's to any livin' soul," insisted Abel, flushing. "I only thought of it two or three times to myself that perhaps I might go and take you. Now that is singular; perhaps they put that in just to advertise the show."

"Ain't it a kind of a low place for folks like us to be seen in?" suggested Mrs. Pinkham timidly. "People seem to

be payin' us all this attention, an' I don't know's 'twould be dignified for us to go to one o' them circus places."

"I don't care; we shan't live but once. I ain't comin' to New York an' confine myself to evenin' meetin's," 5 answered Abel, throwing away discretion and morality together. "I tell you I'm goin' to spend this sugar-money just as we've a mind to. You worked hard, an' counted a good while on comin', an' so've I; an' I ain't goin' to mince my steps an' pinch and screw for nobody. I'm goin' to 10 hire one o' them hacks an' ride up to the Park."

"Joe Fitch said we could go right up in one o' the elevated railroads for five cents, and return when we was ready," protested Mary Ann, who had a thriftier inclination than her husband; but Mr. Pinkham was not to be 15 let or hindered, and they presently found themselves going up Fifth Avenue in a somewhat battered open landau. The spring sun shone upon them, and the spring breeze fluttered the black ostrich tip on Mrs. Pinkham's durable winter bonnet, and brought the pretty color to her faded 20 cheeks.

"There! this is something like. Such people as we are can't go meechin' round; it ain't expected. Don't it pay for a lot o' hard work?" said Abel; and his wife gave him a pleased look for her only answer. They were both 25 thinking of their gray farmhouse high on a long western slope, with the afternoon sun full in its face, the old red barn, the pasture, the shaggy woods that stretched far up the mountain side.

"I wish Sarah Ann an' little Abel was here to see us 30 ride by," said Mary Ann Pinkham, presently. "I can't seem to wait to have 'em get that newspaper. I'm so glad we sent it right off before we started this mornin'. If Abel goes to the post office comin' from school, as he

always does, they'll have it to read to-morrow before supper time."

This happy day in two plain lives ended, as might have been expected, with the great Barnum show. Mr. and
5 Mrs. Pinkham found themselves in possession of countless advertising cards and circulars next morning, and these added somewhat to their sense of responsibility. Mrs. Pinkham became afraid that the hotel-keeper would charge them double. "We've got to pay for it some way;
10 there. I don't know but I'm more'n willin'," said the good soul. "I never did have such a splendid time in all my life. Findin' you so respected way off here is the best of anything; and then seein' them dear little babies in their nice carriages, all along the streets and up to the
15 Central Park! I never shall forget them beautiful little creatures. And then the houses, an' the hosses, an' the store-windows, an' all the rest of it! Well, I can't make my country pitcher hold no more, an' I want to get home an' think it over, goin' about my housework."

20 They were just entering the door of the Ethan Allen Hotel for the last time, when a young man met them and bowed cordially. He was the original reporter of their arrival, but they did not know it, and the impulse was strong within him to formally invite Mr. Pinkham to make
25 an address before the members of the Produce Exchange on the following morning; but he had been a country boy himself, and their look of seriousness and self-consciousness appealed to him unexpectedly. He wondered what effect this great experience would have upon their after-
30 life. The best fun, after all, would be to send marked copies of his paper and Ederton's to all the weekly newspapers in that part of Vermont. He saw before him the evidence of their happy increase of self-respect, and he

would make all their neighborhood agree to do them honor. Such is the dominion of the press.

"Who was that young man? He kind of bowed to you," asked the lady from Wetherford, after the journalist had meekly passed; but Abel Pinkham, Esquire, could 5 only tell her that he looked like a young fellow who was sitting in the office the evening that they came to the hotel. The reporter did not seem to these distinguished persons to be a young man of any consequence.

SUGGESTIONS: The narrative technique of this little story of Miss Jewett's is interesting because of its combined simplicity and effectiveness. After your first reading of it, state the whole plot briefly in your own words, and note the difference between such a summary and the actual finished story. In what form, or from what source should you guess that the story first occurred to its author? How long a period of time is covered or suggested by the complete sequence of events? How late in the development of this sequence of events, or "action," does the actual printed narrative begin? How are we informed as to the life of Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham before their New York visit begins? What is the result, upon the final effect, of this apparent reversal of chronological order?

Who tells the story? Are we, on the whole, in more confidential relations with any one character than with another? What changes in the narrative would inevitably occur if Mr. Pinkham or Mrs. Pinkham were to tell the story, in the first person?

How vivid, to you, are the characters, respectively? How is their representation accomplished?

What of the setting and the "local color" of this story?

In writing your own story, from one of the adapted plots, decide first of all upon that point in the sequence of events at which your own actual written narrative had best begin. This decision will be especially significant in the case of plot (b). In all three plots, however, the greatest possible briefness, and concentration of the "action proper" should be secured.

Determine carefully the point of view, *i. e.*, the person who

is to tell the story. Let your characters exhibit themselves by their own conversation alone, in so far as this is possible.

Give due thought to the mode of actually starting your story. Choose appropriate names for persons and places.

ADAPTED PLOTS

(a). An old farmer and his wife have lived during their whole lives in a remote New England village. At length the time comes when their married son, in New York City, considers it unsafe for the old people to live longer alone and insists that they shall come to make their home with him. The old couple, however, are deeply grieved at the idea of giving up their own home, and—as they consider it—their independence. At last, the doctor tells them that neither one of them will probably survive another rigorous winter in the country. Upon this, the old man and his wife deliberately expose themselves to a severe storm, in order to contract pneumonia and thus avoid the dreaded removal.

Finish the plot in any way which seems to you appropriate.

(b). An old woman had lived for many years as servant to a family in a remote New England village. Upon the death of the last member of the family, the town seized the estate for taxes, and the old woman was left destitute, except for a few articles of household furniture bequeathed to her by her former employer. There was no almshouse in the village, and no private family was willing to take her in. The old woman conceives the idea of moving her bed and stove into the gallery of the meeting-house, and earning her living by being sexton. This she does, in the face of a refusal from the deacons. After she is installed in the church, the community cannot turn her out, and she cares for the church so faithfully, that their pity and sympathy are finally awakened, and by common consent they permit her to stay.

(c). A young workingman is living happily with his bride in a small manufacturing town. Quite suddenly the husband is discharged, without being able to learn the reason why. He and his wife start out together, on foot, to seek work in another town. They walk for a long distance, but are always unsuccessful. At last they take refuge in a deserted farmhouse, and the husband falls ill. The wife finds a half broken-down buggy

in the old barn, and harnessing herself to this, draws her husband three miles to the next town, to beg a doctor's aid. A kind family gives them shelter, the husband gets well, and finds work at last.

THE MAN WHO WAS

RUDYARD KIPLING

LET it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of western peoples instead of the most westerly of easterns that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next. 5

Dirkovitch was a Russian—a Russian of the Russians—who appeared to get his bread by serving the Czar as an officer in a Cossack regiment, and corresponding for a Russian newspaper with a name that was never twice alike. He was a handsome young Oriental, fond of wandering through unexplored portions of the earth, and he arrived in India from nowhere in particular. At least, 15 no living man could ascertain whether it was by way of Balkh, Badakshan, Chitral, Beluchistan, Nepaul, or anywhere else. The Indian Government, being in an unusually affable mood, gave orders that he was to be civilly treated and shown everything that was to be seen. 20 So he drifted, talking bad English and worse French, from one city to another till he foregathered with Her Majesty's White Hussars in the city of Peshawur, which stands at the mouth of that narrow sword-cut in the hills that men call the Khyber Pass. He was undoubtedly 25

an officer, and he was decorated after the manner of the Russians with little enameled crosses, and he could talk, and (although this has nothing to do with his merits) he had been given up as a hopeless task, or cask, by the black
5 Tyrones, who, individually and collectively, with hot whiskey and honey, mulled brandy and mixed spirits of every kind, had striven in all hospitality to make him drunk. And when the Black Tyrones, who are exclusively Irish, fail to disturb the peace of head of a foreigner, that for-
10 eigner is certain to be a superior man.

The White Hussars were as conscientious in choosing their wine as in charging the enemy. All that they possessed, including some wondrous brandy, was placed at the absolute disposition of Dirkovitch, and he enjoyed
15 himself hugely—even more than among the Black Tyrones.

But he remained distressingly European through it all. The White Hussars were "My dear true friends," "Fellow-soldiers glorious," and "Brothers inseparable." He would unburden himself by the hour on the glorious
20 future that awaited the combined arms of England and Russia when their hearts and their territories should run side by side, and the great mission of civilizing Asia should begin. That was unsatisfactory, because Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods
25 of the West. There is too much Asia and she is too old. You cannot reform a lady of many lovers, and Asia has been insatiable in her flirtations aforetime. She will never attend Sunday-school or learn to vote save with swords for tickets.

30 Dirkovitch knew this as well as any one else, but it suited him to talk special-correspondently, and to make himself as genial as he could. Now and then he volunteered a little—a very little—information about his own Sotnia of Cossacks left apparently to look after themselves

somewhere at the back of beyond. He had done rough work in Central Asia, and had seen rather more help-yourself fighting than most men of his years. But he was careful never to betray his superiority, and more than careful to praise on all occasions the appearance, drill, 5 uniform, and organization of Her Majesty's White Hussars. And, indeed, they were a regiment to be admired. When Mrs. Durgan, widow of the late Sir John Durgan, arrived in their station, and after a short time had been proposed to by every single man at mess, she put the public senti- 10 ment very neatly when she explained that they were all so nice that unless she could marry them all, including the colonel and some majors already married, she was not going to content herself with one Hussar. Wherefore she wedded a little man in a rifle regiment, being by nature contra- 15 dictious; and the White Hussars were going to wear crape on their arms, but compromised by attending the wedding in full force, and lining the aisle with unutterable reproach. She had jilted them all—from Basset-Holmer, the senior captain, to little Mildred, the junior subaltern, 20 who could have given her four thousand pounds a year and a title.

The only persons who did not share the general regard for the White Hussars were a few thousand gentlemen of Hebrew extraction who lived across the border and 25 answered to the name of Pathan. They had once met the regiment officially, and for something less than twenty minutes, but the interview, which was complicated with many casualties, had filled them with prejudice. They even called the White Hussars children of the devil and sons 30 of persons whom it would be perfectly impossible to meet in decent society. Yet they were not above making their aversion fill their money-belts. The regiment possessed carbines—beautiful Martini-Henry carbines that would lob

a bullet into an enemy's camp at one thousand yards, and were even handier than the long rifle. Therefore they were coveted all along the border, and since demand inevitably breeds supply, they were supplied at the risk of life and limb
5 for exactly their weight in coined silver—seven and one-half pounds' weight of rupees, or sixteen pounds sterling, reckoning the rupee at par. They were stolen at night by snaky-haired thieves, who crawled on their stomachs under the nose of the sentries; they disappeared mysteriously from locked arm-racks, and in the hot weather,
10 when all the barrack doors and windows were open, they vanished like puffs of their own smoke. The border people desired them for family vendettas and contingencies. But in the long cold nights of the Northern Indian winter
15 they were stolen most extensively. The traffic of murder was liveliest among the hills at that season, and prices ruled high. The regimental guards were first doubled and then trebled. A trooper does not much care if he loses a weapon—Government must make it good—but
20 he deeply resents the loss of his sleep. The regiment grew very angry, and one rifle-thief bears the visible marks of their anger upon him to this hour. That incident stopped the burglaries for a time, and the guards were reduced accordingly; and the regiment devoted itself
25 to polo with unexpected results, for it beat by two goals to one that very terrible polo corps, the Lushkar Light Horse, though the latter had four ponies apiece for a short hour's fight, as well as a native officer, who played like a lambent flame across the ground.

30 They gave a dinner to celebrate the event. The Lushkar team came, and Dirkovitch came, in the fullest full uniform of a Cossack officer, which is as full as a dressing-gown, and was introduced to the Lushkars and opened his eyes as he regarded. They were lighter

men than the Hussars, and they carried themselves with the swing that is the peculiar right of the Punjab frontier force and all irregular horse. Like everything else in the service, it has to be learned; but, unlike many things, it is never forgotten, and remains on the body till death.

The great beam-roofed mess room of the White Hussars was a sight to be remembered. All the mess plate was out on a long table—the same table that had served up the bodies of five officers after a forgotten fight long and long ago—the dingy, battered standards faced the door of entrance, clumps of winter roses lay between the silver candlesticks, and the portraits of eminent officers deceased looked down on their successors from between the heads of sambhur, nilghai, markhor, and, pride of all the mess, two grinning snow-leopards that had cost Basset-Holmer four months' leave that he might have spent in England instead of on the road to Thibet, and the daily risk of his life by ledge, snow-slide and grassy slope.

The servants, in spotless white muslin and the crests of their regiments on the brow of their turbans, waited behind their masters, who were clad in the scarlet and gold of the White Hussars, and the cream and silver of the Lushkar Light Horse. Dirkovitch's dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big onyx eyes made up for it. He was fraternizing effusively with the captain of the Lushkar team, who was wondering how many of Dirkovitch's Cossacks his own long, lathy down-countrymen could account for in a fair charge. But one does not speak of these things openly.

The talk rose higher and higher, and the regimental band played between the courses, as is the immemorial custom, till all tongues ceased for a moment with the removal of the dinner slips and the first toast of obligation, when the colonel, rising, said, "Mr. Vice, the Queen,"

and little Mildred from the bottom of the table answered !
"The Queen, God bless her!" and the big spurs clanked
as the big men heaved themselves up and drank the Queen,
upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to settle their
mess bills. That sacrament of the mess never grows old,
and never ceases to bring a lump into the throat of the
listener wherever he be, by sea or by land. Dirkovitch
rose with his "brothers glorious," but he could not under-
stand. No one but an officer could tell what the toast
means; and the bulk have more sentiment than compre-
hension. Immediately after the little silence that follows
on the ceremony there entered the native officer who had
played for the Lushkar team. He could not, of course, eat
with the mess, but he came in at dessert, all six feet of him,
with the blue and silver turban atop and the big black
boots below. The mess rose joyously as he thrust for-
ward the hilt of his saber, in token of fealty, for the colonel
of the White Hussars to touch, and dropped into a vacant
chair amid shouts of "Rung ho, Hira Singh!" (which
being translated means, "Go in and win!"). "Did I
whack you over the knee, old man?" "Ressaidar Sahib,
what the devil made you play that kicking pig of a pony
in the last ten minutes?" "Shabash, Ressaidar, Sahib!"
Then the voice of the colonel, "The health of the Ressai-
dar Hira Singh!"

After the shouting had died away, Hira Singh rose to
reply, for he was the cadet of a royal house, the son of
a king's son, and knew what was due on these occasions.
Thus he spoke in the vernacular: "Colonel Sahib and offi-
cers of this regiment, much honor have you done me. This
will I remember. We came down from afar to play you.
But we were beaten." ("No fault of yours, Ressaidar
Sahib. Played on our own ground, y'know. Your ponies
were cramped from the railway. Don't apologize!")

"Therefore, perhaps, we will come again if it be so ordained." ("Hear! Hear! Hear, indeed! Bravo! Hsh!") "Then we will play you afresh—" ("Happy to meet you") "—till there are left no feet upon our ponies. Thus far for sport." He dropped one hand on his sword-hilt and his eye wandered to Dirkovitch lolling back in his chair. "But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo game, then be assured, Colonel Sahib and officers, that we will play it out side by side, though they," again his eye sought Dirkovitch, "though they, I say, have fifty ponies to our one horse." And with a deep-mouthed Rung ho! that sounded like a musket butt on flagstones, he sat down amid leaping glasses.

Dirkovitch, who had devoted himself steadily to the brandy—the terrible brandy aforementioned—did not understand, nor did the expurgated translations offered to him at all convey the point. Decidedly Hira Singh's was the speech of the evening, and the clamor might have continued to the dawn had it not been broken by the noise of a shot without that sent every man feeling at his defenseless left side. Then there was a scuffle and a yell of pain.

"Carbine-stealing again!" said the adjutant, calmly sinking back into his chair. "This comes of reducing the guards. I hope the sentries have killed him."

The feet of armed men pounded on the veranda flags and it was as though something was being dragged.

"Why don't they put him in the cells till the morning?" said the colonel testily. "See if they've damaged him, sergeant."

The mess sergeant fled out into the darkness and returned with two troopers and a corporal, all very much perplexed.

"Caught a man stealin' carbines, sir," said the cor-

poral, "leastways 'e was crawlin' toward the barricks, sir, past the main road sentries, an' the sentry 'e says, sir—"

The limp heap of rags upheld by the three men groaned.

5 Never was seen so destitute and demoralized an Afghan. He was turbanless, shoeless, caked with dirt, and all but dead with rough handling. Hira Singh started slightly at the sound of the man's pain. Dirkovitch took another glass of brandy.

10 "What does the sentry say?" said the colonel.

"Sez 'e speaks English, sir," said the corporal.

"So you brought him into the mess instead of handing him over to the sergeant! If he spoke all the tongues of the Pentecost you've no business—"

15 Again the bundle groaned and muttered. Little Mildred had risen from his place to inspect. He jumped back as though he had been shot.

"Perhaps it would be better, sir, to send the men away,"

said he to the colonel, for he was a much privileged sub-
20 altern. He put his arms round the rag-bound horror as he spoke, and dropped him into a chair. It may not have been explained that the littleness of Mildred lay in his being six feet four and big in proportion. The corporal, seeing that an officer was disposed to look after the cap-
25 ture, and that the colonel's eyes were beginning to blaze, promptly removed himself and his men. The mess was left alone with the carbine thief, who laid his head on the table, and wept bitterly, hopelessly, and inconsolably, as little children weep.

30 Hira Singh leaped to his feet. "Colonel Sahib," said he, "that man is no Afghan, for they weep *Ai! Ai!* Nor is he of Hindustan, for they weep *Oh! Ho!* He weeps after the fashion of the white men, who say *Ow! Ow!*"

"Now where the dickens did you get that knowledge, Hira Singh?" said the captain of the Lushkar team.

"Hear him!" said Hira Singh, simply, pointing at the crumpled figure that wept as though it would never cease.

"He said 'My God!'" said little Mildred. "I heard him say it."

The colonel and the mess-room looked at the man in silence. It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man must cry from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces.

"Poor devil!" said the colonel, coughing tremendously. "We ought to send him to hospital. He's been man-handled."

Now the adjutant loved his carbines. They were to him as his grandchildren, the men standing in the first place. He grunted rebelliously: "I can understand an Afghan stealing, because he's built that way. But I can't understand his crying. That makes it worse."

The brandy must have affected Dirkovitch, for he lay back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. There was nothing special in the ceiling beyond a shadow as of a huge black coffin. Owing to some peculiarity in the construction of the mess room this shadow was always thrown when the candles were lighted. It never disturbed the digestion of the White Hussars. They were in fact rather proud of it.

"Is he going to cry all night?" said the colonel, "or are we supposed to sit up with little Mildred's guest until he feels better?"

The man in the chair threw up his head and stared at the mess.

"Oh, my God!" he said, and every soul in the mess

rose to his feet. Then the Lushkar captain did a deed for which he ought to have been given the Victoria Cross—distinguished gallantry in a fight against overwhelming curiosity. He picked up his team with his eyes as the hostess picks up the ladies at the opportune moment, and pausing only by the colonel's chair to say, "This isn't our affair, you know, sir," led them into the veranda and the gardens. Hira Singh was the last to go and he looked at Dirkovitch. But Dirkovitch had departed into a brandy paradise of his own. His lips moved without sound and he was studying the coffin on the ceiling.

"White—white all over," said Basset-Holmer, the adjutant. "What a pernicious renegade he must be! I wonder where he came from?"

The colonel shook the man gently by the arm, and "Who are you?" said he.

There was no answer. The man stared around the mess room and smiled in the colonel's face. Little Mildred, who was always more of a woman than a man till "Boot and saddle" was sounded, repeated the question in a voice that would have drawn confidences from a geyser. The man only smiled. Dirkovitch, at the far end of the table, slid gently from his chair to the floor. No son of Adam in this present imperfect world can mix the Hussars' champagne with the Hussars' brandy by five and eight glasses of each without remembering the pit whence he was digged and descending thither. The band began to play the tune with which the White Hussars from the date of their formation have concluded all their functions. They would sooner be disbanded than abandon that tune; it is a part of their system. The man straightened himself in his chair and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I don't see why we should entertain lunatics," said

the colonel. "Call a guard and send him off to the cells. We'll look into the business in the morning. Give him a glass of wine first, though."

Little Mildred filled a sherry glass with the brandy and thrust it over to the man. He drank, and the tune rose 5 louder, and he straightened himself yet more. Then he put out his long-taloned hands to a piece of plate opposite and fingered it lovingly. There was a mystery connected with that piece of plate, in the shape of a spring which converted what was a seven-branched candlestick, three 10 springs on each side and one in the middle, into a sort of wheel-spoke candelabrum. He found the spring, pressed it, and laughed weakly. He rose from his chair and inspected a picture on the wall, then moved on to another picture, the mess watching him without a 15 word. When he came to the mantelpiece he shook his head and seemed distressed. A piece of plate representing a mounted hussar in full uniform caught his eye. He pointed to it, and then to the mantelpiece, with inquiry in his eyes. 20

"What is it—Oh! what is it?" said little Mildred. Then as a mother might speak to a child, "That is a horse. Yes, a horse."

Very slowly came the answer in a thick, passionless guttural: "Yes, I—have seen. But—where is *the* horse?" 25

You could have heard the hearts of the mess beating as the men drew back to give the stranger full room in his wanderings. There was no question of calling the guard.

Again he spoke—very slowly, "Where is *our* horse?" 30

There is but one horse in the White Hussars, and his portrait hangs outside the door of the mess-room. He is the piebald drum-horse, the king of the regimental band, that served the regiment for seven-and-thirty years, and in

the end was shot for old age. Half the mess tore the thing down from its place and thrust it into the man's hands. He placed it above the mantelpiece; it clattered on the ledge as his poor hand dropped it, and he staggered towards the bottom of the table, falling into Mildred's chair. Then all the men spoke to one another after this fashion: "The drum-horse hasn't hung over the mantelpiece since '67." "How does he know?" "Mildred, go and speak to him again." "Colonel, what are you going to do?" "Oh, dry up and give the poor devil a chance to pull himself together." "It isn't possible, anyhow. The man's a lunatic."

Little Mildred stood at the colonel's side talking in his ear. "Will you be good enough to take your seats please, gentlemen?" he said, and the mess dropped into the chairs. Only Dirkovitch's seat, next to little Mildred's, was blank, and little Mildred himself had found Hira Singh's place. The wide-eyed mess sergeant filled the glasses in dead silence. Once more the colonel rose, but his hand shook, and the port spilled on the table as he looked straight at the man in little Mildred's chair, and said hoarsely: "Mr. Vice, the Queen." There was a little pause, but the man sprang to his feet and answered without hesitation, "The Queen, God bless her!" and as he emptied the glass he snapped the shank between his fingers.

Long and long ago, when the Empress of India was a young woman, and there were no unclean ideals in the land, it was the custom of a few messes to drink the Queen's toast in broken glass, to the huge delight of the mess contractors. The custom is now dead, because there is nothing to break anything for, except now and again the word of a Government, and that has been broken already.

"That settles it," said the colonel, with a gasp. "He's not a sergeant. What in the world is he?"

The entire mess echoed the word, and the volley of questions would have scared any man. Small wonder that the ragged, filthy invader could only smile and shake his head.

From under the table, calm and smiling, rose Dirkovitch, who had been roused from healthful slumber by feet upon his body. By the side of the man he rose, and the man shrieked and grovelled. It was a horrible sight, coming so swiftly upon the pride and glory of the toast that had brought the strayed wits together.

Dirkovitch made no effort to raise him, but little Mildred heaved him up in an instant. It is not good that a gentleman who can answer to the Queen's toast should lie at the feet of a subaltern of Cossacks.

The hasty action tore the wretch's upper clothing nearly to the waist, and his body was seamed with dry black scars. There is only one weapon in the world that cuts in parallel lines, and it is neither the cane nor the cat. Dirkovitch saw the marks and the pupils of his eyes dilated. Also his face changed. He said something that sounded like *Shto ve takete*, and the man fawning answered, *Chetyre*.

"What's that?" said everybody together.

"His number. That is number four you know," Dirkovitch spoke very thickly.

"What has a Queen's officer to do with a qualified number?" said the colonel, and there was an unpleasant growl around the table.

"How can I tell?" said the affable Oriental with a sweet smile. "He is a—how you have it?—escape—runaway, from over there." He nodded towards the darkness of the night.

"Speak to him if he'll answer you, and speak to him

gently," said little Mildred, settling the man in a chair. It seemed most improper to all present that Dirkovitch should sip brandy as he talked in purring, spitting Russian to the creature who answered so feebly and with such
5 evident dread. But since Dirkovitch appeared to understand, no one said a word. They breathed heavily, leaning forward, in the long gaps of the conversation. The next time they have no engagements on hand the White Hussars intend to go to St. Petersburg in a body
10 to learn Russian.

"He does not know how many years ago," said Dirkovitch, facing the mess, "but he says it was very long ago, in a war. I think there was an accident. He says he was of this glorious and distinguished regiment in the
15 war."

"The rolls! The rolls! Holmer, get the rolls!" said little Mildred, and the adjutant darted off bareheaded to the orderly room, where the muster rolls of the regiment were kept. He returned just in time to hear Dirkovitch conclude, "Therefore, my dear friends, I am most
20 sorry to say there was an accident which would have been reparable if he had apologized to that our colonel, which he had insulted."

Then followed another growl which the colonel tried
25 to beat down. The mess was in no mood just then to weigh insults to Russian colonels.

"He does not remember, but I think that there was an accident, and so he was not exchanged among the prisoners, but he was sent to another place—how do you say?—
30 the country. So, he says, he came here. He does not know how he came. Eh? He was at Chepany"—the man caught the word, nodded, and shivered—"at Zhigansk and Irkutsk. I cannot understand how he escaped. He says, too, he was in the forest for many years, but how

many years he has forgotten—that with many things. It was an accident, done because he did not apologize to that our colonel. Ah!”

Instead of echoing Dirkovitch's sigh of regret, it is sad to record that the White Hussars lively exhibited unchristian delight and other emotions, hardly restrained by their sense of hospitality. Holmer flung the frayed and yellow regimental rolls on the table, and the men flung themselves a-top of these.

“Steady! Fifty-six—fifty-five—fifty-four,” said Holmer. “Here we are. ‘Lieut. Austin Limmason. Missing.’ That was before Sebastopol. What an infernal shame! Insulted one of their Colonels and was quietly shipped off. Thirty years of his life wiped out.”

“But he never apologized. Said he'd see him d—d first,” chorused the mess.

“Poor chap! I suppose he never had the chance afterwards. How did he come here?” said the Colonel.

The dingy heap in the chair could give no answer.

“Do you know who you are?”

It laughed weakly.

“Do you know that you are Limmason—Lieut. Limmason, of the White Hussars?”

Swiftly as a shot came the answer, in a slightly surprised tone. “Yes, I'm Limmason, of course.” The light died out in his eyes, and he collapsed afresh, watching every movement of Dirkovitch with terror. A flight from Siberia may fix a few elementary facts in the mind, but it does not seem to lead to continuity of thought. The man could not explain how, like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his own old mess again. Of what he had suffered or seen he knew nothing. He cringed before Dirkovitch as instinctively as he had pressed the spring of the candlestick, sought the picture

of the drum-horse, and answered to the toast of the Queen. The rest was a blank that the dreaded Russian tongue could only in part remove. His head bowed on his breast and he giggled and cowered alternately.

5 The devil that lived in the brandy prompted Dirkovitch at this extremely inopportune moment to make a speech. He rose, swaying slightly, gripped the table-edge, while his eyes glowed like opals, and began:

“Fellow-soldiers glorious, true friends and hospitable.

10 —It was an accident, and deplorable, most deplorable.”

Here he smiled sweetly all around the mess. “But you will think of this little, little thing. So little, is it not? The Czar! Posh! I slap my fingers—I snap my fin-

15 Slav who has done nothing, *him* I believe. Seventy—how much—millions peoples that have done nothing—not one thing. Posh! Napoleon was an episode.”

He banged a hand on the table. “Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world—out here. All our

20 work is to do; and it shall be done, old peoples. Get away!” He waved his hand imperiously, and pointed to the man. “You see him. He is not good to see.

He was just one little—oh, so little—accident, that no one remembered. Now he is *That*. So will you be,

25 brother soldiers so brave—so will you be. But you will never come back. You will all go where he is gone, or—” he pointed to the great coffin-shadow on the ceiling, and muttering, “Seventy millions—get away, you old peoples,” fell asleep.

30 “Sweet and to the point,” said little Mildred.

“What’s the use of getting wroth. Let’s make this poor devil comfortable.”

But that was a matter suddenly and swiftly taken from the loving hands of the White Hussars. The Lieu-

tenant had returned only to go away again three days later, when the wail of the Dead March, and the tramp of the squadrons, told the wondering station, who saw no gap in the mess-table, that an officer of the regiment had resigned his new-found commission. 5

And Dirkovitch, bland, supple, and always genial, went away, too, by a night train. Little Mildred and another man saw him off, for he was the guest of the mess, and even had he smitten the Colonel with the open hand, the law of that mess allowed no relaxation 10 of hospitality.

"Good-by, Dirkovitch, and a pleasant journey," said Mildred.

"*Au revoir*," said the Russian.

"Indeed! But we thought you were going home?" 15

"Yes, but I will come again. My dear friends, is that road shut?" He pointed to where the North Star burned over the Khyber Pass.

"By Jove! I forgot. Of course. Happy to meet you, old man, any time you like. Got everything you want? 20 Cheroots, ice, bedding? That's all right. Well, *au revoir*, Dirkovitch."

"Um," said the other man, as the tail-lights of the train grew small. "Of—all—the—unmitigated—!"

Little Mildred answered nothing, but watched the 25 North Star, and hummed a selection from a recent Simla burlesque that had much delighted the White Hussars. It ran:

I'm sorry for Mister Bluebeard,
I'm sorry to cause him pain;
But a terrible spree there's sure to be
When he comes back again. 30

SUGGESTIONS: Observe particularly, in *The Man Who Was*, the way in which a long series of events is managed, and com-

bined. The events of the story have covered a period of thirty years,—the “action proper” of the narrative has a much shorter duration.

At what stage of the whole occurrence does the story itself begin? Could it begin earlier or later, with profit? What is the point of view? *i. e.*, Who tells the story? Could one of the actors tell the story to better advantage? What is the artistic function of Dirkovitch? Could any parts of the story be omitted, with profit?

Decide very carefully, in connection with the particular plot you choose, the point at which your narrative shall actually begin. Who will be the best person to tell your story? Change the setting, if necessary, to a more familiar one. Choose carefully your title, and the names of your characters. Consider well the best way to end each story.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

From one of the following plots, write a story which shall be modeled in structure, on this story of Kipling's.

(a). There was a young lieutenant in an English regiment. His family had been rich, but now they were very poor, and had hard work to keep up appearances. At a great dinner given by the colonel, the young officer secreted in his pocket some delicacies for his mother. It happened that, during the dinner, one of the guests lost a very valuable jewel. All but the lieutenant consented to be searched. He was disgraced. The jewel was afterward found in a cup of coffee. The lieutenant received amends from his superior officers, and finally explained his plight confidentially to the colonel.”

(Quoted from *Composition from Models*, Alexander and Libbey, p. 82.)

(b). An old peasant woman had lived for many years in the district of Virelogne, France. She had one child only, a son, who at length was drafted into the French army during the Franco-Prussian war. Some time after this, four young Prussian soldiers were quartered in the old woman's hut. One day, she had tidings of the killing of her son by a Prussian shell. That night, while the Prussian soldiers were sleeping, she set fire to the place, consuming both hut and men. She then gave herself up to justice.

(c). A young man has worked his way through college against the utmost difficulties, and has reached his Senior year. He desires ardently to gain a Rhodes Scholarship. He learns by accident, that the examination papers, which have arrived in a sealed packet from England, have been carelessly left on a desk in the registrar's office, in one of the college buildings. He becomes possessed with a desire to see them, and forcing open a window of the office, gains access to the papers. After he has broken the seal, however, a wave of remorse overcomes him, and he starts to retreat, only to be confronted by the night watchman.

The night watchman reports to the president, and the young man makes a clean breast of the whole matter. The president believes his story and allows him to take the examinations. The young man passes first and, receiving the Rhodes Scholarship, is, henceforward, an exemplary character.

(Adapted from *Materials for the Study of Rhetoric and Composition*, by F. N. Scott.)

THE PURLOINED LETTER

EDGAR ALLEN POE

Nil sapientiæ odiosius acumine nimio.

SENECA

AT Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend, C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, *au troisième*, No. 33, Rue Dunôt, Faubourg Saint Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere

of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery
5 attending the murder of Marie Rogêt. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

10 We gave him a hearty welcome, for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again without
15 doing so, upon G——'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin,
20 as he forebore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"This is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute
25 legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled toward him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now," I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

30 "Oh, no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is *very* simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which 5 puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?" 10

"A little *too*, self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused, "O Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

"And what, after all, *is* the matter on hand?" I 15 asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding 20 the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold, were it known that I had confided it to any one."

"Proceed," said I.

"Or not," said Dupin. 25

"Well, then; I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, 30 also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appear-

ance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber's possession;—that is to say from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it.”

5 “Be a little more explicit,” I said.

“Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable.” The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

10 “Still I do not quite understand,” said Dupin.

“No? Well; the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holders of the document an ascen-

15 dency over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized.”

“But this ascendancy,” I interposed, “would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—”

20 “The thief,” said G——, “is the minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone

25 in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage, from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The

30 address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed,

and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage, who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped, leaving his own letter—one of no importance—upon the table.”

“Here, then,” said Dupin to me, “you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the robber’s knowledge of the loser’s knowledge of the robber.”

“Yes,” replied the Prefect; “and the power thus attained has for some months past been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced every day of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me.”

“Than whom,” said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, “no more sagacious agent could I suppose, be desired, or even imagined.”

“You flatter me,” replied the Prefect; “but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained.”

“It is clear,” said I, “as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs.”

“True,” said G——; “and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister’s hôtel; and here my chief embarrassment

lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

5 "But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"Oh yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— Hôtel. My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully

10 20 satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice 5 waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself the trouble," said Dupin. "D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings, as a matter 10 of course."

"Not *altogether* a fool," said G——; "but then he's a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True," said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, "although I have been guilty 15 of certain doggerel, myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. 20 I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is 25 impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is so plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not 30 escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

“Sometimes the top of a table or other similarly arranged piece of furniture is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The
5 bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way.”

“But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?”
I asked.

“By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides,
10 in our case we were obliged to proceed without noise.”

“But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you
15 mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?”

20 “Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the hôtel, and indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it
25 instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the gluing, any unusual gaping in the joints, would have sufficed to insure detection.”

“I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the
30 boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bed-clothes, as well as the curtains and carpets.”

“That, of course; and when we had absolutely completed every article of furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into

compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly, we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-cover, with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G——. "I am
5 not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the hôtel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

10 "Oh, yes." And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely
15 depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterward he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said:—

"Well, but, G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the re-examination,
25 however, as Dupin suggested; but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward—I don't
30 like to say how much precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to any one who brings me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If

it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really—think, G——, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. 5 You might do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How? in what way?"

"Why, [puff, puff] you might [puff, puff] employ counsel in the matter, eh? [puff, puff, puff]. Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?" 10

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private 15 company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

"‘We will suppose,’ said the miser, ‘that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take?’ 20

"‘Take!’ said Abernethy, ‘why, take *advice*, to be sure.’"

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "*I* am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to any one who would aid 25 me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check-book, "you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter." 30

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from

their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and, after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a check for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin.

5 The latter examined it carefully, and deposited it in his pocket-book; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having offered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

15 When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises of the Hôtel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labors extended."

"So far as his labors extended?" said I.

25 "Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

30 I merely laughed, but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case and to the man. A certain

set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd' attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand asks, 'Are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies, 'odd,' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, 'The simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd;' he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first he would have reasoned thus. 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and in the second he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess even;' he guesses even, and wins. Now, this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows term 'lucky,' what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

“It is,” said Dupin; “and, upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: ‘When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how
5 good, or how wicked is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond
10 with the expression.’ This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucauld, to La Bougive, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella.”

“And the identification,” I said, “of the reasoner’s in-
15 tellect with that of his opponent depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent’s intellect is admeasured.”

“For its practical value it depends upon this,” replied Dupin; “and the Prefect and his cohort fail so frequently,
20 first, by default of this identification, and secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in
25 which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of *the mass*; but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is
30 above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old mode of *practice*, without touching their principles. What,

for example, in this case of D——, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration of *the application* of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the Prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg—but, at least, in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see also, that such *recherche* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects—for in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherche* manner, is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed: and thus its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the political eyes, when the reward is of magnitude—the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the Prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect—its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that

the minister is a fool, because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the Prefect *feels*; and he is merely guilty of a *non distributio medii* in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

5 "But is this really the poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know; and both have attained reputation in letters. The minister, I believe, has written learnedly on the Differential Calculus. He is a mathematician, and no poet."

10 "You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet *and* mathematician he would reason well; as mere mathematician he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the Prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions, which
15 have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has long been regarded as *the reason par excellence*."

"*Il y a à parier,*" replied Dupin, quoting from Cham-
20 fort, "*que toute idee publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise, car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre.*" The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as
25 truth. With an art worthy a better cause, for example, they have insinuated the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French are the originators of this practical deception; but if the term is of any importance—if words derive any value from applicability—then 'analysis' conveys, in algebra, about as much as, in Latin, '*ambitus*'
30 implies 'ambition,' '*religio*,' 'religion,' or '*homines honesti*,' a set of *honorable* men."

"You have a quarrel on hand, I see," said I, "with some of the algebraists of Paris; but proceed."

"I dispute the availability, and thus the value, of that reason which is cultivated in any special form other than the abstractly logical. I dispute, in particular, the reason educated by mathematical study. The mathematics are the science of form and quantity; mathematical reasoning is merely logic applied to observation upon form and quantity. The great error lies in supposing that even the truths of what is called *pure algebra* are abstract or general truths. And this error is so egregious that I am confounded at the universality with which it has been received. Mathematical axioms are not axioms of general truth. What is true of *relation*, of form and quantity, is often grossly false in regard to morals, for example. In this latter science it is very unusually *untrue* that the aggregated parts are equal to the whole. In chemistry, also, the axiom fails. In the consideration of motive it fails; for two motives, each of a given value, have not, necessarily, a value, when united, equal to the sum of their values apart. There are numerous other mathematical truths which are only truths within the limits of *relation*. But the mathematician argues, from his *finite truths*, through habit, as if they were of an absolutely general applicability—as the world indeed imagines them to be. Bryant, in his very learned *Mythology*, mentions an analogous source of error, when he says that 'although the Pagan fables are not believed, yet we forget ourselves continually, and make inferences from them as existing realities.' With the algebraists, however, who are Pagans themselves, the 'Pagan fables' are believed; and the inferences are made, not so much through lapse of memory, as through an unaccountable addling of the brains. In short, I never yet encountered the mere mathematician who could be trusted out of equal roots, or one who did not clandestinely hold it as a point of his faith that $x^2 + px$ was

absolutely and unconditionally equal to q . Say to one of these gentlemen, by way of experiment if you please, that you believe occasions may occur where $x^2 + px$ is not altogether equal to q , and, having made him understand what you mean, get out of his reach as speedily as convenient, for, beyond doubt, he will endeavor to knock you down.

“I mean to say,” continued Dupin, while I merely laughed at his last observation, “that if the minister had been no more than a mathematician, the Prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this check. I knew him, however, as both mathematician and poet; and my measures were adapted to his capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I know him as courtier, too, and as a bold *intrigant*. Such a man, I consider, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary political modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as *ruses*, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of political action in searches for articles concealed, I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. *He* could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most in-

tricate and remote recess of his hôtel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of 5 choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident."

"Yes," said I, "I remember his merriment well. I 10 really thought he would have fallen into convulsions."

"The material world," continued Dupin, "abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus some color of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma, that metaphor, or simile, may be made to strengthen an 15 argument, as well as to embellish a description. The principle of the *vis inertiae*, for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former, that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its sub- 20 sequent *momentum* is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of 25 hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again; have you ever noticed which of the street signs over the shop doors are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is 30 played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word—the name of town, river, state, or empire—any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally

seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch, in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-largely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

“But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary’s ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

“Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hôtel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

“To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole

apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

“I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical 5 instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

“At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of paste board, 10 that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in 15 two, across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the minister him- 20 self. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

“No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, 25 it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here the address, to the minister, was diminutive 30 and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt, the

soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the
5 hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived—these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

10 “I protracted my visit as long as possible; and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its
15 external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* ap-
20 pearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a
25 glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the minister good-morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

“The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding
30 day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hôtel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the

meantime, I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile* (so far as regards external(s)) which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D—— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

5

“The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When 10 he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterward I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay.”

“But what purpose had you,” I asked, “in replacing 15 the letter by a *fac-simile*. Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly, and departed?”

“D——,” replied Dupin, “is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hôtel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interest. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, 20 I might never have left the ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen 25 months the minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself, at once, to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will 30 not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*; but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I

have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being
 5 defied by her whom the Prefect terms ‘a certain personage,’ he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack.”

“How? did you put anything particular in it?”

“Why, it did not seem altogether right to leave the
 10 interior blank—that would have been insulting. D——, at Vienna, once did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought
 15 it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my MS.; and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words—

“‘——*Un dessein si funeste,
 S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyeste.*’

They are to be found in Crébillon's *Atrée*.”

SUGGESTIONS: From what point of view is *The Purloined Letter* told? What is gained by this point of view? Cf. Conan Doyle's stories of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson.

How long a period of time is covered by the whole sequence of events connected with the story? How long a time is covered by the actual story itself, *i. e.*, the “action proper?” What general law for short story writing can we deduce from this? How effective is the actual beginning of *The Purloined Letter*? Compare this mode of starting a story with the modes employed in *Fame's Little Day*, and *The Man Who Was*, respectively.

After you have selected a plot for your own story, decide upon the number and type of characters to be introduced. Use a point of view similar to that in *The Purloined Letter*. Decide carefully upon the best point for the “action proper” to begin. Plan a solution of the mystery that shall be sufficiently ingenious to arouse your reader's interest and suspense.

ADAPTED SUBJECTS

From any one of the following plots write a "tale of ratiocination," with Dupin as the man who solves the mystery.

(a) "While A. M. Jones and his wife, of Pittsburgh, were taking dinner last night at the Hotel Woodstock, No. 127 West Forty-third Street, where they are stopping, their big black touring car was stolen.

"At six-thirty this morning, Lieutenant Kauff of the West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street police station found an automobile at One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. Its cylinders were cold, so Lieutenant Kauff thought it had been abandoned.

"The car was in good shape and intact. Pinned to one of the rugs was an envelope addressed to Mrs. Jones, so Lieutenant Kauff communicated with her. He then hailed a milk-wagon, and the auto was towed to the station house, where Mrs. Jones later claimed it. The envelope contained a ten-dollar bill, with the words "Thank you," written on a slip of paper. No clue to the person or persons who thus borrowed the machine has yet been found."

(b) "London, April 13.—At the Clerkenwell Sessions to-day Lord William Nevill was found guilty of the charge of swindling a pawnbroker and was sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

"Lord William Nevill is the fourth son of the Marquis of Abergavenny. He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude on February 15, 1898, for fraud in connection with a promissory note. The crime for which Lord William was sentenced to-day was stealing from a pawnbroker a box containing \$2000 worth of jewelry, by exchanging it for a similar box, apparently containing the jewels. When this box was opened, it was found to contain two pieces of coal wrapped in tissue paper."

(c) "Laredo, Texas, May 2.—The Wells Fargo Express Company has reported to the authorities of Torreon, Mexico, a loss of \$63,000 in Mexican currency, which they say was taken from a 'through' safe on their City of Mexico train. The money was consigned to one of the banks of Chihuahua.

"Two arrests have been made in Torreon, although it is not believed by the officials here that these men have the money. It appears that one of the agents of the company boarded the

express train at a station between the City of Mexico and Torreon, afterward leaving the train. It is said that he was the only man who was in the car who knew the combination of the safe. He has not yet been apprehended."

DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THAT very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was, that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It

*From *Twice Told Tales*, vol. 1. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each others' throats for her sake. And, before proceeding 5 further, I will merely hint, that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves; as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woful recollections. 10

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must 15 have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber festooned with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios, and black-letter quartos, and the upper 20 with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood 25 a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that 30 the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait

of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago. Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; 5 but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There 10 were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one 15 foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said—"Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as 20 ebony, stood in the center of the room sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase, so that a mild splendor was 25 reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?" 30

Now Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own

veracious self; and if any passage of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands. 5 10 15

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five and fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?" 20 25

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first, it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to 30

be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the
5 rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dew-drops were sparkling.

10 "That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show; "pray how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the 'Fountain of Youth?'" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce De Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce De Leon ever find it?" said the Widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought
20 it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept
25 as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect
30 of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear Colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid, as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own

part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter sceptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea, that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing; "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands, they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more wofully.

They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water!" cried they, eagerly. "We are younger—but we are still too old! Quick—give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment, with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service."

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulp

Was it delusion? Even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentlemen, of middle age, and a 5 woman, hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak. 10

The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner 15 as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness, caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, 20 but whether relating to the past, present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some 25 perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killi- 30 grew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table,

Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

5 As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror courtesying and simpering to her own image. and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot
10 had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair, that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me
15 with another glass!"

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" replied the complaisant doctor; "see! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous
20 glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset, that the chamber had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moonlight splendor gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests and on the doctor's
25 venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved, oaken arm-chair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of
30 the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of

cares, and sorrows, and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost, and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings, in a new-created universe. 5

"We are young! We are young!" they cried exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly-marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor, like a goûty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly—if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face. 10 15 20 25

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me!" And then the four young people laughed louder than ever to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut. 30

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor, quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over

long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara!" cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no, I will be her partner!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

5 "She promised me her hand fifty years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp—another threw his arm about her waist—the third buried his hand among the
10 glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry,
15 with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires, ridiculously contending for the skinny
20 ugliness of a shrivelled grandam.

But they were young: their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening
25 glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline
30 of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come gentlemen!—come, Madame Wycherly,"

exclaimed the doctor, "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still, and shivered; for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved arm-chair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand, the four rioters resumed their seats; the more readily, because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds; "it appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chillness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again, so soon?" cried they, dolefully.

In truth they had. The Water of Youth possessed

merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

“Yes, friends, ye are old again,” said Dr. Heidegger; “and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well—I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!”

But the doctor’s four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon, and night, from the Fountain of Youth.

SUGGESTIONS: Note especially the quiet simplicity with which this solemn and beautiful story begins. What point of view is employed? What would the story gain or lose if Dr. Heidegger himself were the narrator?

Where does the action of the story take place? How long a time does the “action proper” cover? What general rules of treatment may we deduce from Hawthorne’s practice in this regard?

In writing your own story, from one of these unused plots by Hawthorne, choose with the utmost care your point of view. Try to get a significant title, and suitable names for the characters. In connection with plot (d), read likewise, if possible, *The Minister’s Black Veil*, and *The Wedding Knell*, also in *Twice-Told Tales*.

ADAPTED PLOTS

(a) “A person to be in possession of something as perfect as mortal man has a right to demand; he tries to make it better, and ruins it entirely.”—HAWTHORNE, *American Note Books*, Oct. 1837.

(b) "A person to spend all his life and splendid talents in trying to achieve something naturally impossible,—as to make a conquest over Nature."—*Ibid.*

(c) "A dreadful secret to be communicated to several people of various characters,—grave or gay,—and they all to become insane, according to their characters, by the influence of the secret."—*Ibid.*, Dec. 1837.

(d) "Stories to be told of a certain person's appearance in public, of his having been seen in various situations, and of his making visits in private circles; but finally, on looking for this person, to come upon his old grave and mossy tombstone." *Ibid.*

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